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GENERAL JOFFRE: THE VICTOR OF THE MARNE

BY CAPTAIN X, OF THE FRENCH STAFF

IT was in the early days of last September, those stirring and crowded days that preceded the great battle of the Marne. My division, retreating from Belgian Luxembourg by way of Mézières and Rethel, had just reached Vitry-les-Reims, some five miles north of Rheims.

"This," I said to myself, "marks the end of our retreat. The Rheims forts, old as they are, will give us a fairly good base; and protected by them we shall give battle and win."

Notwithstanding our steady retirement, nothing could have been better than the morale of our army. Twice already our division had been pitted in serious and bloody battle against the Saxon army of von Hausen. On each occasion, though confronted by forces superior to our own, we had inflicted heavy losses on the enemy and remained the uncontested masters of the field. Nevertheless, after each battle the order to retreat (dictated, as we well knew, by considerations based on the situation along the entire front) had been given two or three hours later; and off we had started in the night, down the dark country roads, through the sleeping villages, abandoning to the invader yet another portion of the sacred soil of France.

"This time at least," said I to myself, "we shall stand firm and keep a solid grip above Rheims."

And now, at about eleven o'clock at night, the head of the staff suddenly sent for me. "We are to evacuate Rheims," he said, "and continue our retreat. You must start at once for Tauxières and get our staff quarters ready. The division will begin to march at midnight."

I listened with a heavy heart. But there is this much good in the soldier's trade, that it leaves no time for discouragement. I had only ten minutes in which to wake my orderly and my chauffeur, to pack my belongings, and be off.

It was a moonless night, but beautifully, divinely clear. The air trembled with soft, warm breezes. I took my place beside the chauffeur to help him find the road, which neither of us knew. Not a soul was stirring in the streets of Rheims. In the deep silence of the night not even a footfall awakened the deserted squares, and there were no lights in any of the houses. It was like an abandoned town. In my perplexity as to the right road I aimed for the cathedral, whose huge yet slender mass stained the night sky with a darker shadow. The lofty towers seemed almost to touch the stars, and a mysterious serenity, emanating from them, enveloped the ancient city.

I stopped at the door of one of the hotels in front of the cathedral and rang the bell. After a long delay the sleepy porter appeared. I asked him to show me the road, and he pointed it out, and then asked: "Captain, are our troops falling back? Are the Germans coming?" I had not the heart to lie to the poor fellow after waking him up at that hour. "The Germans will be here to-morrow

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evening," I said. "But we shall come back and drive them out again."

As we climbed the slope among the famous vineyards, through Verzenay and Verzy, and began to cross the great forest of Rheims, my mind was full of dark thoughts, and of feelings of doubt and anguish. Should we succeed in holding our own against this terrible foe, who had prepared his campaign down to the smallest details, who was spending men and ammunition recklessly, hurling against us ten, even a dozen, times in succession the close formations of his battalions, spreading panic in the country by ruthlessly burning every village in his path and shooting down the harmless inhabitants? In proportion as we retreated and as he advanced, his military strength and his certainty of victory were both bound to increase, like an avalanche gathering bulk as it sweeps down the mountainside. And as to our own soldiers, would not this continuous retreat finally affect their spirits and destroy the self-confidence, the obstinate invincible faith in the destinies of France, which was the one condition of victory whenever the great battle began?

These disquieting thoughts continued to haunt me as we drove on through the night. But little by little, with the first approach of dawn, my sombre presentiments vanished. What mattered a few leagues of countryside, a few villages, and even towns, temporarily abandoned to the enemy? France, I saw, was not a mere expanse of territory, not only groups of houses or monuments of stone. The France of to-day is her army, and the army's spirit remains unsubdued. Never had indifference to fatigue, to suffering, and even to death, complete self-effacement, complete surrender of one's self, attained a higher degree in officers and in men. Never had the flower of heroism so magnificently bloomed. And the spirit of the average citizen at home was the same as the soldier's. From Paris, where one hears the very heart-beat of France, one of our comrades had sent me the day before the report of a little incident that had struck me as worthy of the great traditions of Greece and Rome. As my friend came out of the church of the Madeleine and paused on the upper steps of the portico, a poorly but neatly dressed little boy, not more than ten years old, came up to him and pushed into his hand a bit of paper on which was written: "We must not despair; France cannot be beaten." My friend ran after the child and asked who had told him to distribute the paper. He learned that for two days and nights the boy's whole family—his mother, his two sisters and an aged relative—had been steadily at work in their poor lodgings, writing several thousands of the papers which the lad was handing to passers-by.

From the humblest soldier to the highest chiefs the entire French army has complete unflinching faith in its commander-in-chief. From the very first engagements his firm and resolute hold upon the reins had inspired his troops with courage and confidence. The result of our first encounters with the enemy had not been what we had hoped. The incompleteness of our organization, our lack of heavy artillery, our inadequate information as to the German army, all these deficiencies were cruelly evident in the early battles. Nor did all our generals display in the same degree the qualities of intelligence and energy required of a great military leader—for the simple reason that in times of peace it is all but impossible to prognosticate a general's worth in war. Only the test of battle gives the true measure of a general's merits. This or that brilliant reputation, won during the big manœuvres, falls to pieces with the first crack of the rifle and the bursting of the first shells; while an officer on whom only slight hopes have been founded may display at the first test the qualities of a born leader.

From the outset, whenever General Joffre detected in his generals the slightest weakness of character or talent he promptly and pitilessly removed them. It mattered not if the delinquents were among his oldest comrades, his closest friends: they were at once replaced by those among their subordinates who, during the first battles, had established their military aptitude and their general superiority; and the entire army, by its silent verdict, its mute approbation, never failed to ratify these appointments.

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One of my chiefs had seen General Joffre at the general headquarters two days before our retreat from Rheims. He had brought back from the visit an impression of absolute confidence. "I mean to deliver the big battle," the general had said to him, "in the most favorable conditions, at my own time, and on the ground I have chosen. If necessary I shall continue to retreat. I shall bide my time. No consideration whatever will make me alter my plans."

I recalled all this as the motor rushed along through the night, and as I repeated to myself the words of the commander-in-chief, glorious with their hint of hope, our retreat seemed less unbearably painful. Since wait we must, we would wait.

We had not to wait long. Three days later, on the morning of September 5th, just as we reached a point a little to the north of Fère-Champenoise, a sensational order was brought to us. The retreat of the French armies was at an end. That very evening preparations for a general attack were to be made, and on the morrow the whole army, from Paris to the Vosges, was to assume the offensive.

The morning of the 6th of September marks a capital date in the history of the world. It was the beginning of the great battle of the Marne. That morning General Joffre issued to our soldiers the great Order of the Day, which was read along the entire front. It reveals the unshakable confidence of the chief in his soldiers, and of the soldiers in their general:

"At the moment of engaging a battle on which the fate of the country hangs it is necessary to remind every one that the time has passed for looking backward. Every effort must be made to attack and to drive back the enemy. Troops that can no longer advance must at all costs stand their ground, and let themselves be killed on the spot rather than retreat. In the present circumstances no weakness can be tolerated."

For four days and four nights the battle raged. On the evening of the fourth day every one of the German armies was in full retreat. At certain points the retreat had turned into a rout. General Joffre and his army had won the biggest victory of all time.

It is not too much to assert that a victory so complete, a recovery so startling, is without a parallel in military history. The only analogy it suggests is that of a wrestler, already down, with shoulders all but touching, who, leaping suddenly to his feet, takes his antagonist by the throat, throws him and makes him bite the dust. It is not surprising that some people believed in a miracle. But there are no miracles in battle. Miracles in war are due, nine times out of ten, or even ninety-nine times out of a hundred, to the heroism of the men and the genius of their chiefs.

General Joffre plays an open game. He is never afraid to show his hand. When he had won the victory of the Marne he himself undertook to show how he had won it. He has just published the series of his "General Orders" during the days before the great battle, from the 25th of August to the 6th of September, 1914. These despatches are official documents of indisputable authenticity and authority. They contain the irrefutable and naked truth, and they confirm the contention that the great battle of the Marne was clearly foreseen, and planned in all its details, by the commander-in-chief.

The first of General Joffre's orders is dated August 25th; but before dwelling on its importance and significance it is necessary to outline briefly the respective situations, at that date, of the French and German armies.

The French War Office was well aware of the plan of the German general staff, which consisted in making a violent attack through Belgium, with the purpose of turning our left flank. All our officers knew that the German army would violate the neutrality of Belgium; but the enveloping movement of the German armies was made on a scale, and with an offensive dash, that entirely exceeded our expectations. We had not supposed it possible that the Germans, on the first day, could bring their entire reserves into action. But that was what they did; and the striking force of their army corps was thereby more than doubled. Their reserve corps were ready to support the

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active army; and these reserves were exactly as well trained, as well equipped, and as abundantly provided with heavy artillery as their active force.

For years past the German Government had been spending at least twenty millions of marks a year to maintain, among their continental neighbors, and especially in France, a horde of spies who had penetrated everywhere and ferreted out all the secrets of our War Office. A country as peaceful and republican as France has neither the money nor the resources, even if it had the inclination, to indulge in such extravagances of espionage. The German aim was to finish with France within a few weeks, in order to have a free hand to deal with Russia, while the latter country was still struggling with the difficulties of mobilization. At the outset, therefore, the Germans left a relatively small force on the Russian frontier: four corps of the active army (out of twenty-five and a half) and a few formations of the reserve. All the rest—that is to say, about fifty army corps, or two million five hundred thousand men—were thrown at once against France.

France, owing to her inferior population, was unable to provide so big an army to face this formidable onset. The fact of this inferiority is one which cannot be too insistently dwelt upon. The French forces, at the opening of the war, must have been numerically inferior by at least a million men; while the British army, at the same date, numbered three divisions, or from seventy to eighty thousand men at the most.

What, in presence of the German plan, was to be the French retort? A plan based on the principle of the immediate offensive was held to be best suited to our national temperament and the well-known dash of our soldiers. Four simultaneous attacks were contemplated. The first was through upper Alsace toward Mulhouse; and Mulhouse was captured by us, then lost, and then a third time retaken. But this was only a secondary episode of the war.

Our second attack was through Lorraine and the passes of the Vosges, in the direction of Saarbourg and Saverne. After some successes on this frontier our troops, in the region of Morhange, came upon largely superior forces and very strong positions which the Germans had had ample time to fortify. Heavy artillery, with which the enemy was abundantly provided, played an important part in these early engagements. We had to retire. Lunéville was taken and Nancy threatened by German guns.

Our third plan of attack was through Belgian Luxembourg, and here too we had to beat a retreat.

Finally, our army on the left wing, supported by the British, was to assume the offensive in Belgium, and make a flanking attack on the German army, while the latter sought, by an enveloping movement, to cross the Meuse between Liège and Namur. A little delay in carrying out this plan threw away our chance of success. The battle of Charleroi, where the Anglo-French armies were engaged against very large forces, was a virtual defeat. Germany had pitted against us the main bulk of her forces, and the English and French armies were compelled to begin a rapid retreat. This released Von Kluck's army, which was left free to plunge headlong, fifty kilometres at a stride, on its march to Paris.

Such was the general situation about the 22d of last August; such the imminent peril which General Joffre had to face. No heavier burden, no more formidable responsibility, ever weighed on human shoulders. A moment's discouragement, an instant's hesitation, and France would have been lost, and Europe and the rest of the world left to discover the meaning of such a disaster as the triumph of Germany.

General Joffre did not have that moment's hesitation. He showed himself the immediate master of a situation of unparalleled danger. He might have chosen to dispute with the invader every inch of French territory; but such a plan would have entailed the gravest risks. It would have necessitated giving battle at once and in the most unfavorable conditions. Our army on the left, operating with the British army, would not have had time to pull itself together; and, given the immense number of men that the Germans were able to put into the field, our forces would have been exposed to an overwhelming defeat.

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The commander-in-chief's plan was of a much higher kind. He decided squarely to refuse battle both with his left wing and his centre and, while withdrawing these two armies, to carry out a fresh concentration of his forces which should quietly shift them from the east to the west. While Von Kluck was rapidly pushing southward, Joffre, with the object of turning his right flank, as rapidly formed a fresh army under the command of General Maunoury. Here is the order of the day (dated August 25) which embodies this project.

"In the region of Amiens a fresh group of forces will be created by the units transported by rail (Seventh Corps), the Fourth Division of Reserves, and perhaps another active army corps, formed between the 22d of August and 2d of September."

Such was the origin of the army of Maunoury, which, by menacing Von Kluck's forces, played so important a part during the battle of the Marne. The creation of this army was entirely due to the foresight of General Joffre.

Two days later, on August 27, the commander-in-chief formed, at the very centre of the line, another army, which he placed under the command of one of our most eminent chiefs, General Foch. The creation of the Maunoury army on the left, and of the Foch army in the centre—these are the two acts which contain in germ the victory on the Marne.

It will be seen by the indisputable evidence of the dates above given that, ten days before the great battle, General Joffre had made all his preparations for it. The fresh shifting of our forces, the mobilization by rail of the various army corps, was affected without a hitch, and it only remained to await developments. Once Von Kluck had advanced sufficiently to uncover his right wing, thus exposing it to the attack of Maunoury's army, the battle could begin.

The right moment arrived on the 4th of September. On that day cavalry reconnoissances and the reports of the aviators showed that Von Kluck had turned southeast, toward Meaux and Coulommiers, well off the straight road to Paris. Instantly, on the afternoon of September 4, General Joffre gave the order to attack. The main lines of this order are as follows:

I. Advantage must be taken of the precarious situation of the first German army (Von Kluck) to bring to bear against it the forces of the Allied armies on the extreme left. All arrangements will be made on September 5, in view of an attack on the 6th.

II. The disposition of forces to be effected on the evening of the 5th of September will be:

(*a*) All the forces at the disposal of the sixth army (Maunoury), northeast of Meaux, must be ready to cross the Ourcq between Lizy-sur-Ourcq and May-en-Multien, in the general direction of Château-Thierry. For this operation the elements of the first cavalry corps in the neighborhood will be placed under General Maunoury's orders.

(*b*) The British army on the Changis-Coulommiers front facing eastward will be ready to attack in the general direction of Montmirail.

(*c*) The fifth army (General Franchet d'Espérey), in slightly closer formation on the left, will take its position along the general line Courtacon-Isternay-Sézanne ready to attack in the general direction of south-north. The second cavalry corps will secure the connection between the British and the fifth army.

(*d*) The ninth army (General Foch) will cover the right of the fifth army and hold the southern approaches of the Marshes of St. Gond. A portion of its forces will take up their position on the plateau north of Sézanne.

III. The offensive will be taken by these various armies on the morning of the 6th of September.

(Signed) J. Joffre.

On the morrow the fourth army, under General Langle de Cary, and the third army, under General Sarrail, received instructions in harmony with these general orders.

All preparations had been made and all the orders given. Everything which it was humanly possible for a great commander to do in anticipation of a great battle had been done. The result depended on the capacity of the chiefs and the valor of the troops.

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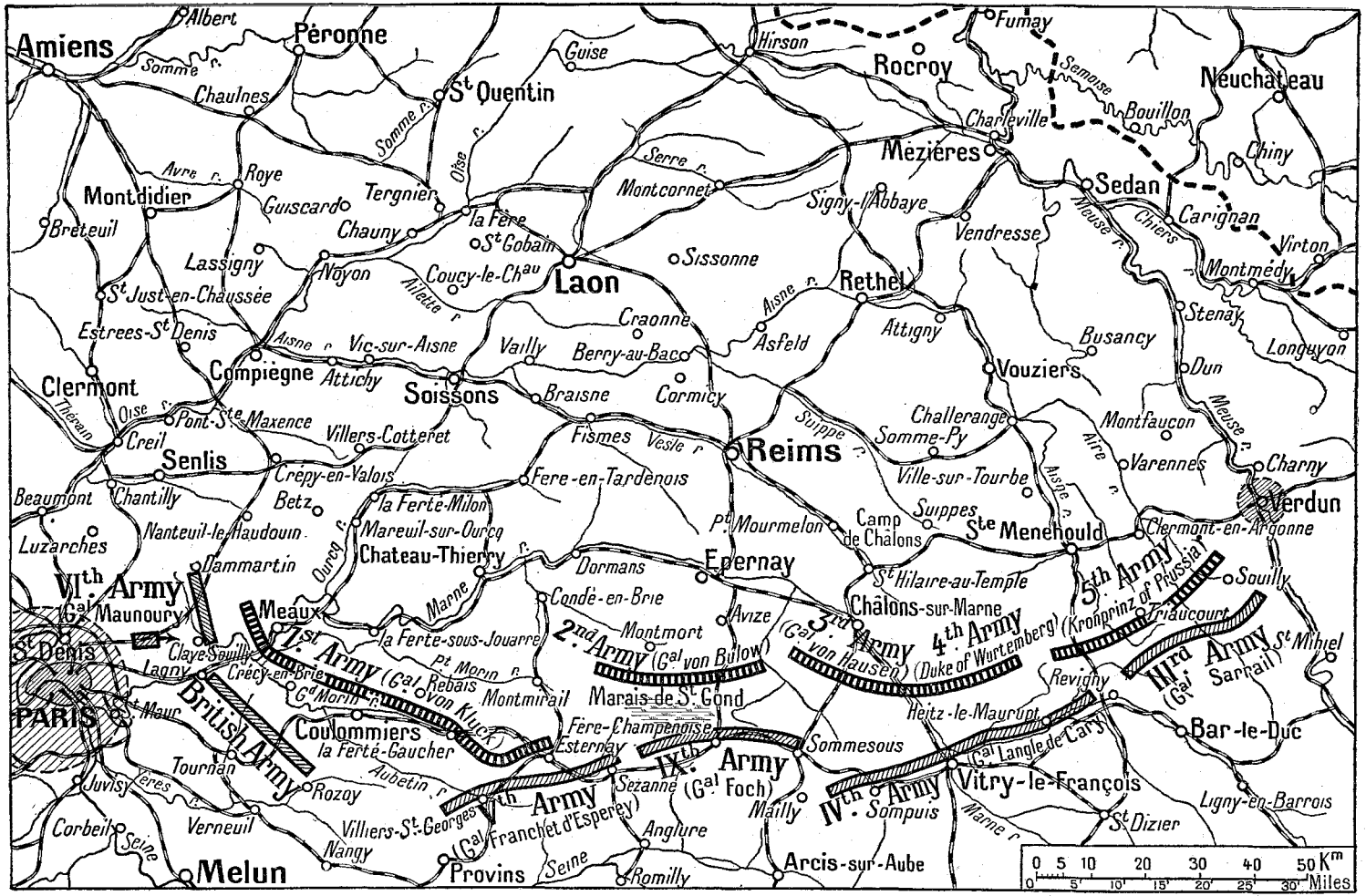

The battle of the Marne.

Position of the armies, September 5, 1914.

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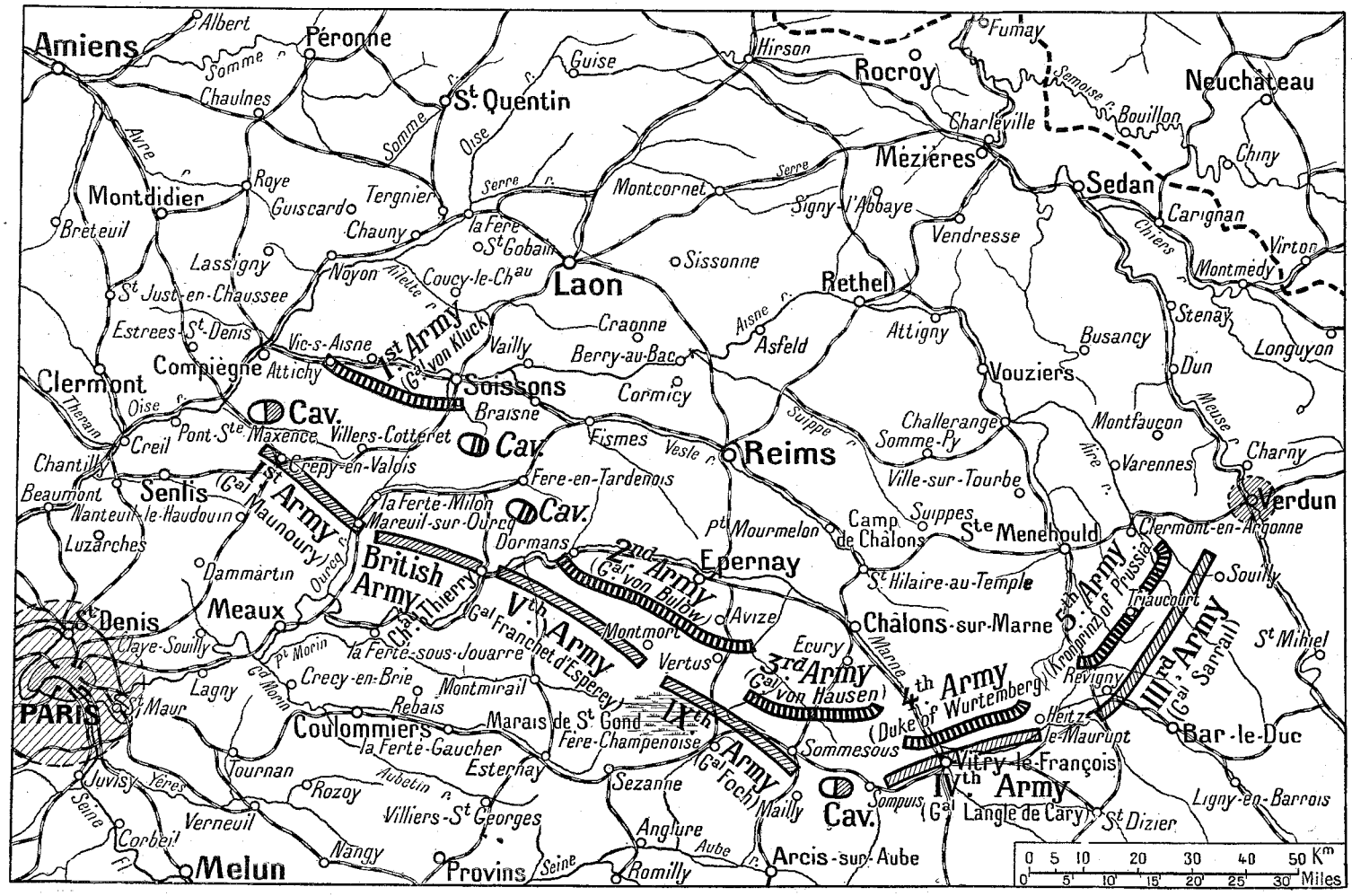

The battle of the Marne.

Position of the armies, September 10, 1914.

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Picture for a moment what must have been the state of mind of General Joffre on the 6th of September, the tragic hour on the eve of the great battle! Here was a man of great moral elevation, of pure and ardent patriotism, intensely alive to the terrible responsibility weighing upon him; a character of the old heroic mould, modest and reticent, disdainful of vulgar ambition and self-advertisement; and this man was aware that in the battle which was to be fought on the morrow the very existence of France was at stake. If the battle was lost, Paris would be taken and France conquered for all time.

General Joffre knew the tragic and desperate nature of the crisis confronting him. With the fullest consciousness of that crisis, and moved by intense emotion, he despatched to the government at Bordeaux a telegram which, when it is made public, will show France that her chief is made of the stuff of Plutarch's men.

The gist of the message was as follows: General Joffre informed the President of the Republic that he had done all he could to save the state, that the die was cast, and that it only remained to await results. His tone was calm and confident. He affirmed his conviction that the impending battle would be fought under conditions favorable to France. He described the enemy as being held in a vice between Paris and Verdun; he declared that the spirit of the troops had never been better, and he summed up by saying that the preponderance of chances was on our side.

The wonderful forecast embodied in this despatch was soon to be realized. At the appointed moment all our armies opened a simultaneous attack. Maunoury's army on the Ourcq so completely shattered one of Von Kluck's divisions that the German commander, threatened with immediate envelopment, was suddenly compelled to shift his forces to meet the British army. The British army and that of General Franchet d'Espérey, taking advantage of this retreat, plunged straight ahead, drove the German corps back by a vigorous thrust, and in this way gained a good deal of ground toward the north. At the same time all our armies were advancing along the entire line from west to east, each army fastening itself to the one preceding it with the successive forward jerks of a parrot climbing along a stick.

Those were soul-thrilling days. We who lived through them, in actual contact with them, knew that they marked a dividing line in our experience, and that henceforward all we did and were would gravitate about that central moment of our lives.

The Germans instantly saw the danger menacing them. They made a frantic effort to break through the centre of our line, between Sézanne and Fère Champenoise, in the region of the marshes of St. Gond. The Imperial Guard and all the picked troops were massed at that point. Their object was to overthrow Foch's army. By a serious of repeated onslaughts, led with the most reckless violence, they attempted to pierce our lines and cut our armies in two. Once this result obtained, they would only have had to fall back against our left and right to compass our defeat.

At one time, on the third day and on the morning of the fourth (September 8 and 9), it looked very much as if they might succeed. They had pushed back the whole right wing of the army of Foch. The Guard had occupied Fère Champenoise. But the left of Foch's army still clung desperately to the outskirts of the plateau overlooking the marshes of St. Gond. In vain the Germans multiplied their attacks and wore themselves out in prodigious onslaughts. The Moroccan division, under General Humbert, held fast to every inch of ground, replying to each German thrust by a still more furious assault. Not for a single instant did General Foch admit the possibility of retreat. At a critical moment one of his officers came to him. "General, my troops are worn out!"

"So are the Germans. Attack!" was the curt reply.

At the most crucial period of the struggle General Foch conceived and executed a manœuvre which, together with Maunoury's movement, was one of the determining causes of victory. The right of Foch's army had given way, while the left was still holding out. Instantly he transferred an excellent division from left

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to right, taking the Germans by an unexpected flanking movement and checking their advance.

The Germans, far from being able to pierce our centre, were by this time in the gravest peril. On their right wing the situation of Von Kluck's army was becoming more and more critical: it was in imminent danger of envelopment. Everywhere the Germans' losses had been terrible—some of their regiments lost a third of their strength. More than once I have heard General Joffre say that this prodigious slaughter was one of the main causes of the German retreat.

On the evening of September 9 the Kaiser was compelled to sign the general order for the retreat of the whole of his armies. Good-by to Paris, and the hope of a triumphal entry! The very troops which, a few days before, had swept so arrogantly through our villages now traversed them again with lowered heads. In many instances the retreat turned into a veritable rout. The German troops seemed astounded by the sudden disaster —the repulse was a staggering one. Two days after the battle the proprietor of the principal hotel at Châlons-sur-Marne told me a characteristic anecdote. A German general staff had taken up its quarters in the hotel, which happens to be well known for its cellar. The general was a Royal Highness who was treated by the staff with the profoundest deference. On the evening of September 9 the officers had all gone to bed after an excellent dinner and much riotous drinking. Toward midnight there were hurried steps in the passages and the prince and his staff, hastily roused, rushed out of their rooms in their night-clothes. "We must be off at once!" shouted his Highness. "Order the motors! The French are here!" In fifteen minutes the hotel was empty—the whole general staff had vanished, forgetting, in their panic, several cases of champagne of a vintage they had found greatly to their taste. The moral of the story is that the French troops arrived only two days later.

The victory of the Marne is immense, gigantic in character. It took place along a front of four hundred kilometres, which should be viewed as a whole—that is to say, from Paris to the Vosges—and not be studied at any isolated point of the line. The tendency to view it in that way has misled many people ignorant of all the facts of the campaign. They think only of the army of Maunoury and its manœuvre. They forget all the other elements at work, and imagine it was that single manœuvre which determined the victory. To do this is like looking through the small end of a telescope. It is as if some one at a concert, who happened to be seated close to the violin or the violoncello, should conclude that the merits of the symphony were due to those two instruments alone. As a matter of fact, the applause is due to the leader of the whole orchestra, that is to say, to General Joffre. This is the inevitable inference to be drawn from any rational examination of the facts.

It is also said that but for Von Kluck's inexplicable manœuvre in turning to the southeast on September 4, instead of immediately attacking Paris, the victory of the Marne could not have been won, the capital would have fallen, and the war soon afterward have come to a disastrous end. All these assertions are equally mistaken. If Von Kluck was really in a position, on September 4, to end the war at a single blow, and did not do it, he is undoubtedly the most inefficient general who has ever commanded a German army. And, if this is the case, it is hard to see why the Kaiser keeps him in command and showers honors and decorations on him, when he ought obviously to have been court-martialed and shot.

It implies an unparalleled ignorance of military matters to suppose that the general at the head of one of the six or seven German armies then invading France was free to make so important a move without first getting into touch with the German general staff. The truth is, Von Kluck could not dream of besieging Paris before getting well rid of those of our forces, in front and on his flank, which would have certainly fallen on him while he was engaged in the attack on the capital. He could not, and he had no right to, act otherwise than he did. It is an absolute rule of German strategy that the enemy's army must first be destroyed before the investment of a fortified place

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is attempted. In the present instance this rule was imperative. For (as will some day be known) there was already too big a gap, there was in fact a veritable hole, between the army of Von Kluck and the other German army on his left. General Joffre, as has been seen, has not hesitated to publish the series of his military orders previous to the battle of the Marne. Whenever his example is followed in Germany, and the orders of the German general staff are published, it will be seen which of the two series of documents is distinguished by clearness and precision, and which is confused and vague.

The German orders given before the battle of the Marne happen to be in the possession of our staff, and I have had the privilege of reading them. At that time the German general staff used ciphered radiograms, and as we had discovered the cipher all the communications of the German headquarters were immediately known to us. In the early days of the war the German War Office had but one purpose—to act rapidly and to strike hard. Strategic scruples did not hamper the German generals any more than diplomatic scruples hampered the German statesmen. The different German armies were engaged in a sort of steeplechase toward the centre of France. The fastest was to win the prize. The Germans were so confident in the force of their momentum that they fancied they could overwhelm and shatter everything they encountered. This confidence naturally grew in proportion as the French armies retreated. The Germans believed they were driving the French before them in headlong rout. They have never been brilliant psychologists, and the fine shades of the French temperament escaped their perspicacity, and doubtless always will. The fact is illustrated by the attitude and the utterances of Von Kluck on Sunday, September 6, at Coulommiers. The picture is curious enough to claim a moment's attention, and we possess definite proof of its accuracy. Never have German pride and self-sufficiency broken out with finer effect. It is really worth while to record the attitude of Von Kluck on the day of the battle of the Marne.

The French soldiers had evacuated Coulommiers the night before. During the night the German troops arrived, battalion after battalion, and were immediately sent on toward the south. It was Sunday afternoon. The few inhabitants left in the little town had shut themselves into their houses. Suddenly a hundred or more German soldiers carrying revolvers rushed into the main street, knocking at all the doors and shouting: "Shut the windows, the staff is coming!" A quarter of an hour later, in a magnificent 60 h.-p. car, his Excellency General von Kluck arrived. He took up his quarters in the finest house in the town. One of his officers, who had preceded him, had already ordered dinner: two dishes of meat, peas and pork (his Excellency's favorite dish), washed down with champagne, and a good deal of it. The general enjoyed his dinner and, when it was over, settled himself down in a big armchair in the doorway. He summoned the fine military band which always accompanies him. "Some French airs," he commanded: "Only French airs—*Carmen*, *La Mascotte*." The band played *La Mascotte* and *Carmen*, and Von Kluck's satisfaction increased. "Why don't the people turn up to listen to my band? They've never heard a better one!" He sent an imperious summons to his aged hostess, who presented herself in fear and trembling. "Don't be afraid, madam," he said affably. "Where are your husband and children?" The poor woman said that her husband was dead and that her three sons were in the army. "Oh, well, they'll be Germans," returned Von Kluck consolingly; "and so will you. The half of France is going to be German, and it's the best thing that could happen to it. You'll see what we'll make of you when you've had a course of German discipline and culture. You French have a lot of showy qualities: what you want is discipline. We're going to defeat your army—the job is half done now—and by the end of the week we shall be in Paris." With this he allowed the poor lady to retire.

The entire German army, from the soldiers to the generals, share the views of this typical chief. This is why it has made such a reckless expenditure of energy, striking right and left to the point of exhaustion in its uncontrollable frenzy of

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destruction. At the outset of the war the whole German army shared Von Kluck's conviction that everything would be over in a few weeks. One day our regiment had been fighting from dawn until sunset, withstanding seven or eight German attacks. Our men were utterly done up—they hardly had the strength to prepare their evening meal. We were all sure that that night the Germans, who were bound to be as tired as we were, and who had suffered enormous losses, would leave us time to get a few hours' sleep. But at about ten o'clock a terrible fusillade burst out suddenly all along the line of outposts—the quick-firing guns had begun the music which is so like the staccato notes of a mowing-machine bent on business. And thereupon there followed an astounding, terrifying impression—a great shower of luminous fusees burst out from beyond the German lines, shedding over the entire battle-field the fantastic shifting gleams of Bengal fires. Then search-lights, suddenly unmasked, sent a flood of blinding light along our front; and at the same moment we saw a German column, at least three battalions strong, charging toward our lines. The men advanced in close formation, four by four, as if on parade. We saw distinctly the subalterns and the officers, driving forward with the flat of their swords some soldiers who had fallen out of line. The regimental band was playing, fifes screaming, drums rolling. The whole astounding spectacle—the music, the illuminations, the brilliant search-lights, and the massed battalions—called forth from the colonel who was standing at my side: "It's the finest show I ever saw in my life!"

Our outposts had hastily retired. Almost instantly our machine guns opened an infernal fire against this magnificent target. The rifles came to the aid of the machine guns and were joined by our "75," which was still trained for action. Every shot made its mark in those serried columns. We saw whole lines go down: it was like a gigantic game of nine-pins. This attack, for all its insane temerity, was absolutely without result, and almost the whole regiment must have been wiped out. During the four days and four nights of the battle of the Marne the Germans again and again rushed on death in the same way—the losses they suffered were appalling. Military critics, in Germany as well as in France, hold it to be an axiom that a troop which has lost by fire a quarter of its men is incapable of continuing the struggle, and the case of the Prussian Guard at St. Privat is often cited as an instance. The cautious and reasonable Joffre is no spendthrift of his soldiers. At the battle of the Marne he indulged in no such luxury of hecatombs, and his self-restraint did not deprive him of victory.

Photographs and portraits have made the face of the commander-in-chief familiar to the whole world. The impression he produces is one of massive force and vigor. He is tall and robustly built, and there is great straightforwardness and kindness in his calm face crowned with white hair. I have often seen him at the general headquarters. They are situated in a delightful little town not far from Paris, a town known to all Americans who come to France; and the general staff is lodged in a famous building familiar to visitors from overseas. The first impression received on entering the headquarters is one of quiet and repose. Once I was summoned there at the very moment when a great battle was being fought in Flanders. From the particular spot in which I stood all orders were being sent out and there all the information from the whole front converged. The general staff headquarters is both the heart and the brain of that gigantic organism, an army of three million men. One would have expected a scene of intense activity, a general sense of hurry and confusion; but nothing could less resemble what I saw. In the hall a few officers were passing to and fro with bundles of papers under their arms. In one corner a group of soldiers, bent over a table, were sealing some big envelopes. A lift took me to an upper story. I went down a narrow passage where two orderlies were on duty, and was ushered into the office of General Pellé, who is the right arm of the commander-in-chief. He wore the khaki of our Moroccan troops, whom he commanded before the war, and his handsome face looked somewhat thin and drawn from prolonged vigils and overwork.

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General Pellé was for some time our military attaché in Berlin. He is thoroughly acquainted, not only with the German army, but with the German people. Our "Yellow Book" contains a report by him, written in 1912, which is a marvel of perspicacity, and even of prophetic insight. After a few moments' talk, he told me that General Joffre would receive me at once, and without further ceremony he opened a door on the opposite side of the room and led me into the great general's presence. The room was very small and furnished like an ordinary sitting-room in a small hotel. "The four feet square of my cabinet," said Richelieu; Joffre, too, might speak of his "four feet square."

The commander-in-chief was sitting at a small table on which there were two or three sheets of paper and a map. There is a look in his steel-blue eyes that all his photographs and portraits fail to show. It is a look that admits of no reply: there is finality in his glance. The minute and searching precision with which he questioned me about the object of my visit showed me that he knew in its smallest details every sector of the interminable front extending from the North Sea to the Vosges, from Nieuport almost up to Mulhouse. He listened attentively to my explanations, and put into a few words, the fewest possible, his observations and orders; then, with a vigorous handshake, he turned to other duties.

General Joffre gets up every morning at five o'clock and is always in bed by nine in the evening. Strict orders are given not to wake him except in cases of emergency. Self-command and insight are the dominant qualities of a great military chief, and neither of these qualities is possible without a good sleep. As often as possible the general gets away from his headquarters to visit the front and inspect his troops. I recall a day, two weeks after the victory of the Marne, when we were near Rheims, at the fort of Montbré. From the outworks, which formed a splendid observatory, we had a view of the entire battle-field. As we were watching the results of our gun-fire on the German trenches just across the valley, suddenly, without warning, General Joffre arrived with General Foch. He had come to congratulate our chief, General H——, on his magnificent conduct during the battle of the Marne, and a few cordial moving words conveyed his joy in his officer's achievement.

Two powerful limousines for his officers and a third motor for detectives form the entire escort of the commander-in-chief. On his arrival at any particular point he reviews with the utmost care and precision the battalions under arms. He inspects everything, questions the soldiers, bestows decorations, showing an unflagging diligence in the fulfilment of this part of his duties, which brings him in constant personal contact with his men. After these inspections and reviews General Joffre and a dozen or more officers meet at a short military luncheon in some small town. The talk on these occasions is perfectly free from constraint, all the officers present frankly exchanging their impressions. The general himself does not say much—he has often been called "Joffre the Silent." But he does not dislike to hear others talk and has no objection to laughter and gayety; in fact, he is not without his own quiet sense of humor. I once heard it remarked in his presence that the moustaches and hair of many of our generals had grown suddenly white since the war. "It's the worry, the fatigue, the responsibility," somebody suggested. "No doubt," the chief agreed; "and perhaps also the lack of certain indispensable toilet articles."

The conclusion to be drawn from all the conversations and all the isolated sayings of General Joffre is that he possesses an unshakable belief in the successful issue of the present war. This robust faith emanates from him like a powerful current. It is a pity that all those who criticise and lament—their number in France is luckily not great—all the fault-finders and unbelievers—cannot be given a bath of confidence at our general headquarters. They would come back cured.

General Joffre does not admit for an instant that there can be the slightest doubt as to our victory, our complete and comprehensive victory. And his faith in the outcome is based on the fact that, over and above the daily incidents and accidents of the struggle, he perceives its deep realities and profound determining

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causes. These causes are all in our favor. Even taking matters at the worst, as far as we are concerned, even supposing that we never succeed in breaking through the German lines and in driving the enemy back a kilometre; even in that case (and it is unthinkable) there remains for Germany the certainty of ultimate defeat and disaster. To consider only the question of reserves of soldiers, leaving aside the whole matter of money and other economic considerations, the resources of Germany and Austria are strictly limited. The day is at hand when these resources will be exhausted. Those of the Allies, on the contrary, are almost infinite; and victory is mathematically assured to them.

Germany, seventeen years ago (the calculation should be made from that date, since it is impossible to enlist soldiers under seventeen years of age) had fifty-five millions of inhabitants: in other words, a third more than France. Since the beginning of the war she has formed twice as many army corps as we have, and this virtually means that, relatively to the figure of her population, she has accomplished a far greater military effort than we. For instance, while France out of a thousand inhabitants enlisted one hundred soldiers, Germany out of the same number enlisted from a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and thirty. These figures are indisputable. Germany has drawn much more largely on her reserves than France, and they are bound to be much sooner exhausted.

During the first months of the war the force left by Germany on the Russian front was relatively small—it represented scarcely an eighth part of her total strength. But as the Austrian army began to weaken and the menace of the Russian invasion of Hungary became more pressing, Germany had to come to the rescue of her ally. It was impossible for her to withdraw any considerable number of troops from the western front, as she has been inaccurately said to have done. She transferred only some cavalry divisions which were not particularly useful to her, and a certain amount of heavy artillery; but she placed on the Russian front a considerable portion of the fresh formations then being created in Germany. It is only necessary to consider the furious onslaughts in Poland and in Galicia, where battles last for more than a month, to know that relatively few of those fresh troops will ever be in a condition to be brought back to the French or the Italian frontiers. In fact, by August or September every time we kill or wound a German soldier on our front Germany will have increasing difficulty in finding a substitute; and the time will eventually come when it will be impossible for her to find any. That moment will strike the hour of her defeat.

The whole aggressive plan of campaign of Germany was based on a short sharp assault lasting a few weeks or a few months. That was why she did not scruple to expend her maximum force at the outset. At the very first shock she utilized everything she could dispose of; and hereafter her strength, instead of increasing, must steadily diminish. Our own, on the contrary, is in almost all respects as steadily increasing. We have abundant reserves of men, since, in contradistinction to the German method, we have made only a small number of new formations. The English army is constantly growing, Italy is flinging into the mêlée her fresh troops, numbering, at the minimum, one million five hundred thousand men; and there still remains the inexhaustible reservoir of Russia. We are manufacturing more and more shells, and every day proves more emphatically the preponderating part which ammunition plays in the present war. Finally, our heavy artillery, which was deficient at the outset, is daily becoming more considerable.

These are only some of the reasons, all as solid as granite, on which the robust optimism of General Joffre is based. When people speak to him in discouraging tones he merely shrugs his broad shoulders and smiles. The one thing to beware of, in his opinion, is impatience. Germany is virtually a besieged citadel. She is holding firm to the very last moment, she seems to be making light of her enemies, she never ceases to proclaim her invincibility. But some day the citadel will fall, and all will be over.

Immediately after our victory on the Marne the Germans took to the trenches. That fact was of itself more than a half-confession of failure. For it should be

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noted that they might have retreated a little farther (as we ourselves had done two weeks before), and then manœuvred in such a way as to deliver a new battle which, if they had won it, would have given them decisive results. Instead of that they condemned themselves to the wearing-out process of trench warfare, which precluded all possibility of a quick and resounding success. The hope of such a success is over for all time. It is no longer within their power to inflict on us the violent shattering blow they were so confident of dealing. All the attacks they have attempted since the battle of the Marne have been checked: the effort to invest Verdun at the end of September, the advance on Calais, the battle of the Yser in September and October, the offensive movement against Soissons in January. Since this last attack, that is to say for more than six months, they have not made a single serious assault against the French front. Since January they have left to us the initiative and held themselves strictly and entirely on the defensive. They explain this inactivity by saying that they want to finish with the Russians once for all in order to be free to return with all their forces against the French. This explanation may satisfy the credulity of strategists beyond the Rhine, but two minutes' reflection will show what it is worth. There is no such thing as finishing "once for all" with the Russians. However badly they may now and then be beaten (and Germany has inflicted more than one serious defeat on them), the Russian forces invariably pull themselves together again and are ready almost at once to begin the struggle all over again. As Prince von Bülow has put it, "Fighting the Russians is like pounding a pillow."

The Austro-Germans have just driven the Russians back about two hundred kilometres in Galicia. There can be no doubt as to the reality of the victory, but it is a victory that can have no lasting consequences. The Russians, instead of giving battle on the Dunajetz, are fighting on the Dniester; that is all!

Now, suppose that instead of this advance of two hundred kilometres on the eastern front Germany had been able to progress, say, some fifteen kilometres on the French front; that she had been able, for instance, to take Compiègne or Amiens. Would not the moral and material consequences of such an advance have been of a very different importance? Obviously, if Germany has not tried to do this, it is because she feels she is in no position to undertake it.

Such considerations as these determine the confidence of General Joffre. Whenever he speaks (and he talks as little as possible) it is with such arguments as these that he develops his views, which may be summed up thus: "We have only to keep to the path that we are now following to be sure of victory." For more than a month now, in the region about Arras, our armies have had an unbroken series of successes. It is true that they have been merely local successes; but some day one of these *local successes* will suddenly assume the character of a *general success;* and once Germany begins to be beaten her defeat will be rapid. The battle of the Marne marked the first short act of the war; the second act, played in the trenches, is a painful business, and is continuing longer than one would have supposed; but it is possible that the third and last act will be as short as the first.

In the solitude of St. Helena Napoleon, who was not entirely without experience in such matters, often put to himself the question: "What are the qualities that make a great general?" It is rare—so he concluded—to find in one and the same man all the necessary attributes. The first essential for a general is that his intelligence or talent should be in stable equilibrium with his character or courage. The general (to use Napoleon's phrase) should be "carré," that is, "four-square"; by which he meant that he should be well-balanced. It was another of Napoleon's sayings that a general who has more intelligence than character resembles a ship which carries too much sail: at the slightest whiff of wind it risks capsizing. He often cited as an instance his adopted son, Eugène Beauharnais, whom he sought, by advice and by daily correspondence, to form for a military career. According to Napoleon, Prince Eugène was not marked by any excep-

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tional gifts; but his faculties were so evenly balanced that he was nevertheless an excellent general.

Nothing could be truer than these observations; and they are marvellously applicable to General Joffre. The striking thing in his character is just this admirable balance, typically French. His moral and intellectual qualities, his brains and his character, are in perfect equilibrium; and he is above all, and to the full extent of the word, what our seventeenth century called a "grand honnête homme." He is quite without ambition, utterly disinterested, and without any desire for popularity or self-advertisement. His one dream, when he has beaten Germany and given back to France her former frontiers, with the place due to her among nations, is to retire to his little home in the Pyrenees and end his days in peace. Among the German generals who have been pitted against him none can for a moment be compared with him. Joffre won the victory of the Marne. Apart from their partial successes at the outset, the German generals who have fought in France have secured not one single victory. Only one German general has to his credit certain really big successes: Marshal von Hindenburg has more than once terribly beaten the Russians. But if Hindenburg is compared to Joffre an impartial judgment must give the French general the palm. The Russian army, when it is opposed to the German army, is in many important respects in a condition of unquestionable inferiority. It has at its disposal only a very rudimentary system of railways, and the railway is of capital importance in modern warfare. Its supply of ammunition has also, up to the present time, been utterly inadequate; and, owing to this double superiority, Hindenburg has been able securely and rapidly to concentrate his army corps against the Russians, and then to break through their lines by crushing them under a rain of shells. These considerations should never be left out of account in estimating his military merit. Hindenburg, if I may use a French phrase, has always "played on velvet," whereas Joffre has had to deal at every point with an army much better organized and infinitely better prepared than the French army. This fact proportionately enhances the praise to which he is entitled.

PARIS, June, 1915.

THE WAY

By Alice Duer Miller

THERE is a magic pathway through the wood,
  There is a current in the troubled stream,
A happy course to steer, if one but could,
    A meaning to the dream.

And some in love and some in dogma find
  The hint eternal as they kiss or pray;
Some through the crystal circle of the mind
    Discern the way.

And some no hint, no pattern of the whole,
  Nor star, nor path, nor channel can perceive—
Attempt no answer to the questing soul
    And yet believe

There is a magic pathway through the wood
  A quiet current in the troubled stream,
A happy course to steer, if one but could,
    A meaning to the dream.

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SONNETS

By John Masefield

THE END

THERE on the darkened deathbed dies the brain
That flared three several times in seventy years.
It cannot lift the silly hand again,
Nor speak, nor sing, it neither sees nor hears.
And muffled mourners put it in the ground
And then go home, and in the earth it lies
Too dark for vision and too deep for sound,
The million cells that made a good man wise.
Yet for a few short years an influence stirs,
A sense or wraith or essence of him dead,
Which makes insensate things its ministers
To those beloved, his spirit's daily bread.
Then that, too, fades; in book or deed a spark
Lingers; then that, too, fades; then all is dark.

THE WORLDS' BEGINNING

So in the empty sky the stars appear,
Are bright in heaven marching through the sky,
Spinning their planets, each one to his year,
Tossing their fiery hair until they die;
Then in the tower afar the watcher sees
The sun, that burned, less noble than it was,
Less noble still, until by dim degrees
No spark of him is specklike in his glass.
Then blind and dark in heaven the sun proceeds,
Vast, dead, and hideous, knocking on his moons,
Till crashing on his like, creation breeds,
Striking such life, a constellation swoons.
From dead things striking fire a new sun springs—
New fire, new life, new planets with new wings.

WHICH?

It may be so with us, that in the dark
When we have done with Time and wander Space,
Some meeting of the blind may strike a spark,
And to Death's empty mansion give a grace.
It may be, that the loosened soul may find
Some new delight of living without limbs,
Bodiless joy of flesh-untrammelled mind,
Peace like a sky where starlike spirit swims.
It may be that the million cells of sense,
Loosed from their seventy years' adhesion, pass
Each to some joy of changed experience,
Weight in the earth or glory in the grass.
It may be that we cease; we cannot tell.
Even if we cease, life is a miracle.

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Golotz, Lothair, and Riber.

Group taken from lower half of Plate No. 3, Pollock's characters in the "Miller and His Men."

A MORAL FROM A TOY THEATRE

By Brander Matthews

IN 1881, when William Ernest Henley was hard put to it to make a living, Sir Sidney Colvin kindly recommended him for the editorship of the monthly *Magazine of Art*. Among the contributors whom the new editor called to his aid was Robert Louis Stevenson; and among the contributions the latter made to the former's magazine was the highly characteristic and self-revelatory essay, entitled "A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured," now included in the volume called "Memories and Portraits." In this playful paper Stevenson makes one of his many returns to his boyhood, whose moods he could always recapture at will with the assistance of that imaginative memory which was one of his special gifts; and he was able to replevin from the dim limbo of things half forgotten his longing delight in the toy theatre, the scenes for which and the necessary properties and the several characters themselves in their successive dresses were to be procured printed on very thin cardboard, so that the proud possessor might cut them out at will. If the youthful capitalist had accumulated twopence he could acquire these treasures already resplendent in their glowing hues; and yet Stevenson held that the lad was happier who parted with only a single penny, reserving the half of his fortune for the purchase of the paints wherewith he might himself vivify his scenery and his properties and cause his characters to start to life emblazoned in the primary colors which please the puerile mind.

These sheets of thin cardboard with thin little pamphlets containing the text of the pieces to be performed in the toy theatre were originally known as Skelt's Juvenile Drama; and one Skelt seems to have been its originator, probably in the early part of the nineteenth century. Apparently he parted with his precious stock in trade to one Park, who passed it on in due season to one Webb, who transmitted it to one Redington, until at last it descended to its present owner, one B. Pollock, of 73 Hoxton Street, London, N. Stevenson affected to think that Skelt's Juvenile Drama had "become, for the most part, a memory"; yet it survives now in the second decade of the twentieth century as Pollock's Juvenile Drama; and Mr. Pollock proclaims that he has republished some score plays and that he keeps them always in print, plain and colored. He offers furthermore to supply "Drop Scenes, Top Drops, Orchestras, Foot and Water Pieces, Single Portraits,

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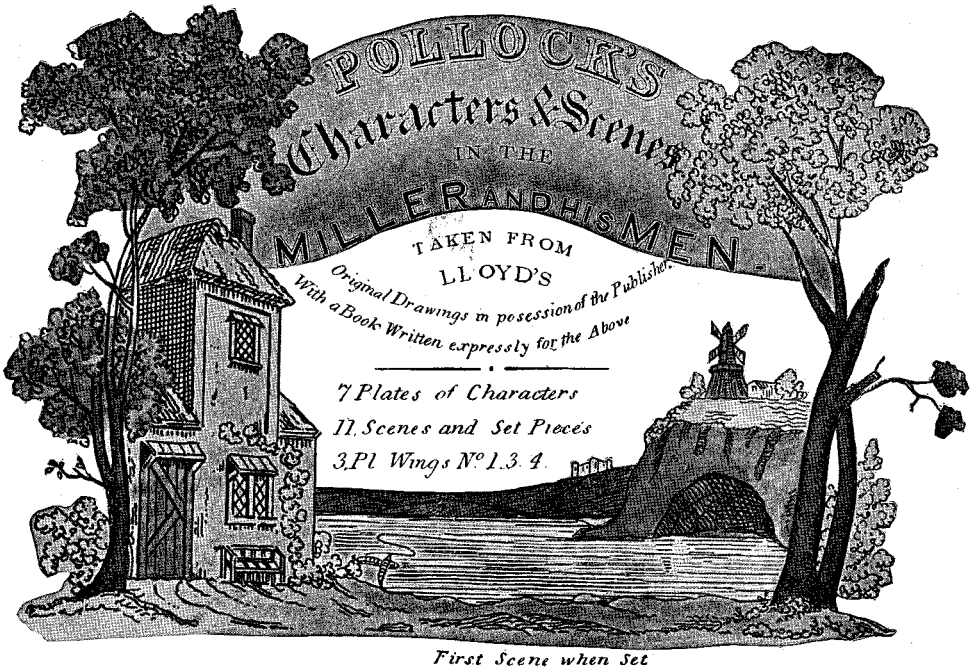
POLLOCK'S
Characters & Scenes
IN THE
MILLER AND HIS MEN
TAKEN FROM
LLOYD'S
Original Drawings in posession of the Publisher.
With a Book Written expressly for the Above
7 Plates of Characters
11 Scenes and Set Pieces
3 Pl Wings N° 1. 3. 4.

First Scene when Set

Taken from upper half of Plate No. 1, which is the title-page of the series, this section of which is also a guide for the setting of the first scene in the "Miller and His Men."

Combats Fours, Sixes, Twelves, Sixteens, Fairies, Horse Soldiers, Clowns, Rifles, Animals, Birds, Butterflies, Houses, Views, Ships, &c., plain and colored, ½ d. sheet plain, 1 d. sheet colored."

It is from the covers of "the book of the words" of the "Miller and His Men" that this enticing proclamation is taken: The "Miller and His Men," "adapted only for Pollock's characters and scenes," and accompanied by "7 Plates characters, 11 Scenes, 3 Wings, Total 21 Plates." The persons of the drama, and the scenes wherein that drama is played out to its fiery end, are all in the bolder manner of the Old Masters, who sought broader effects and willingly neglected petty details. How bold and how broad the manner and the effects can best be judged by an honest transcription from the final page of the book of words, wherein the terse and tense dialogue, single speech clashing with single speech, is accompanied by stage directions for the instruction of the Young Masters who are about to produce the sublime spectacle:

Enter Grindoff left hand, plate 4.

Enter Karl and Friberg, swords drawn, plate 4, *followed by the Troops, right hand, plate* 7.

Grindoff: Ha! ha! I have escaped you, have I?

Karl: But you are caught in your own trap.

Grindoff: Spiller!—Golotz! Golotz! I say!

Count: Villain! you cannot escape us now! Surrender, or instantly meet thy fate!

Grindoff: Surrender! I have sworn never to descend from this place alive!

Enter Lothair, as Spiller, 3rd dress, left hand, plate 7.

Grindoff: Spiller, let my bride appear.

Exit Lothair.

Enter Kelmar, right hand, plate 1.

Enter Ravina with torch, plate 7.

Ravina: Before it is too late, restore Claudine to her father's arms!

Grindoff: Never!

Ravina: Then I know my course!

Enter Lothair with Claudine, left hand, plate 6.

Kelmar: My child! Ah, Grindoff, spare her!

Grindoff: Hear me, Count Friberg; if

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you do not withdraw your followers, by my hand she dies!

Count: Never, till thou art yielded to justice!

Grindoff: No more—this to her heart!

Lothair: And this to thine!

Exit Lothair and Claudine, and Grindoff.

Re-enter Grindoff and Lothair fighting, plate 6, *fight and exit.*

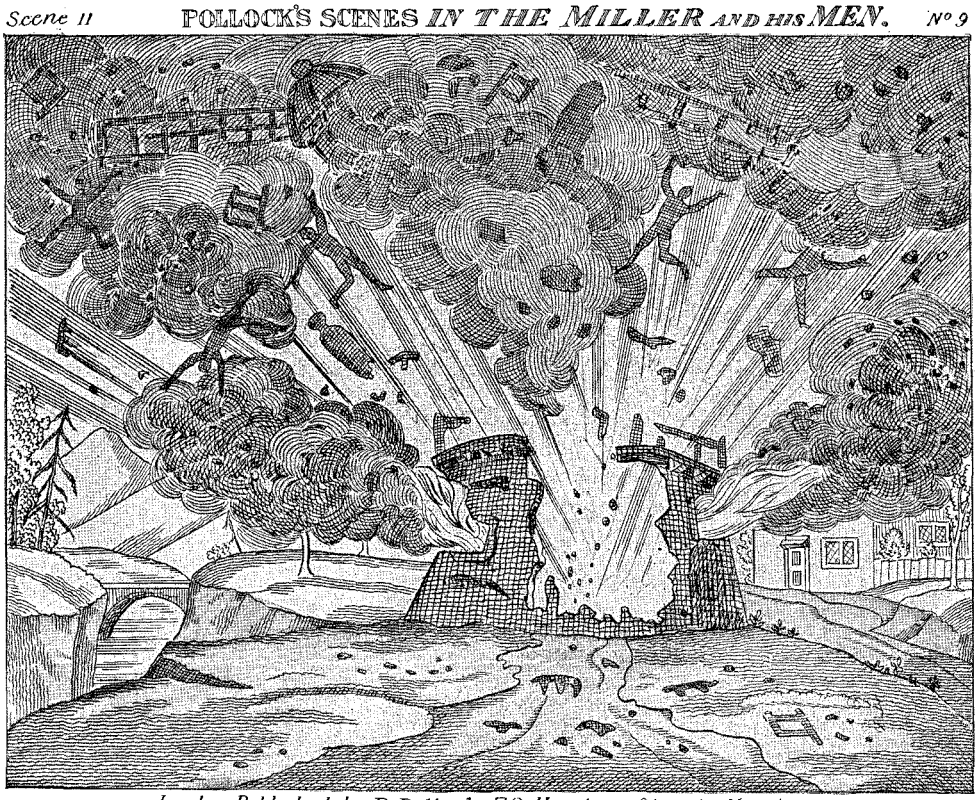
Grindoff to be put on wounded, plate 7.

Re-enter Lothair with Claudine, plate 6.

Lothair: Ravine, fire the train!

Scene changes to explosion, Scene 11, *No.* 9.

The words are striking and the actions are startling; and it is no wonder that plate 7 and Scene 11, No. 9, filled with joy the heart of Robert Louis Stevenson when he was a perfervid Scot of fourteen. In his manly maturity, when he had risen to an appreciation of portraits by Raeburn and when he had sat at the feet of that inspired critic of painting, his cousin R. A. M. Stevenson, he admitted that he had no desire to insist upon the art of Skelt's purveyors. "Those wonderful characters that once so thrilled our soul with their bold attitude, array of deadly engines and incomparable costume, to-day look somewhat pallidly," he confessed regretfully; "the extreme hard favor of the heroine strikes me, I had almost said with pain; the villain's scowl no longer thrills me like a trumpet; and the scenes themselves, those once incomparable landscapes, seem the efforts of a prentice hand. So much of fault we can find; but on the other side the impartial critic rejoices to remark the presence of a great unity of gusto; of those direct clap-trap appeals which a man is dead and buriable when he fails to answer; of the footlight glamour, the ready-made, bare-faced, transpontine picturesque, a thing not one with



Explosion of the mill.

A back drop in the "Miller and His Men," Scene 11. In the "Twopence" edition this cut is brilliantly colored.

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cold reality, but how much dearer to the mind!"

"Transpontine" is a Briticism for which the equivalent Americanism is "Bowery." The plays which Skelt vended for the enjoyment of romantic youth were not of his own invention nor were they the work of his hirelings; they were artfully simplified condensations of melodramas long popular in London at the theatres on the Surrey side of the Thames and in New York at the Bowery. In French's Standard Drama, the Acting Edition, to be obtained in yellow covers for fifteen cents, one may find the "Miller and His Men," a Melo-Drama in Two Acts, by F. Pocock, Esq., author of the "Robber's Wife," "John of Paris," "Hit or Miss," "Magpie and the Maid," etc., "with original casts, scene and property plots, costumes, and all the stage business." And the list of properties required for the final scene helps to elucidate what may have been cryptic in the dialogue quoted from the compacted adaptation of Skelt:

Scene 4: *Slow match laid from stage in C. to mill. Lighted torch for Ravina. Red fire and explosion* 3 *E. L. H. Wood Crash* 3 *E. L. H. Six stuffed figures of robbers behind mill, L. H. Eight guns, swords, and belts for hussars. Disguise cloak for Lothair. Fighting swords for Lothair and Wolf.* [*Wolf* is evidently another name for *Grindoff*.]

Thus we see that the pleasant country of the Skelts stretched from the Surrey side of the Thames to the Bowery bank of the Hudson, and that the Skeltic temperament was purely melodramatic, its bass notes being transposed to adjust it to the clear treble of boyhood. It is greatly to be regretted that no inquiring scholar has yet devoted himself to the task of tracing the history of English melodrama as Professor Thorndike has traced the history of English tragedy. Of course, there have always been melodramatic plays ever since the drama began to assert itself as an independent form of art. There is a melodramatic element in the "Medea" of Euripides as there is in the "Rodogune" of Corneille; and in the Elizabethan theatre the so-called tragedy-of-blood is nothing if not melodramatic. Yet the special form of English melodrama that flourished in the later years of the eighteenth century and the earlier years of the nineteenth deserves a more careful study than it has yet received. Apparently it was due partly to a decadence of the native type of drama represented by Lillo's "George Barnwell," and partly to the stimulation received first from the emotional pieces of the German Kotzebue and afterward from the picturesque pieces of the French Pixérécourt. And not to be neglected is the influence immediately exerted on the popular plays of the latter part of the period covered by the vogue of the romances of Scott and of Cooper.

Although these plays were devoid of literary merit, of style, of veracity of char-

A group of the principal characters from Pollock's Juvenile Drama, the "Miller and His Men," cut out and assembled as called for in Scene 10, a part of which is quoted in the text.

In the "Twopence" edition this cut is brilliantly colored.

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acter-delineation, of sincerity of motive, they were not without theatrical effectiveness, or they could never have maintained themselves in the theatre. As Sir Arthur Pinero has seen clearly, "a drama which was sufficiently popular to be transferred to the toy theatres was almost certain to have a sort of rude merit in its construction. The characterization would be hopelessly conventional, the dialogue bald and despicable—but the situations would be artfully arranged, the story told adroitly and with spirit." In other words, the compounders of these melodramas were fairly skilful in devising plots likely to arouse and to maintain the interest of uncritical audiences. Probably they were unfamiliar with Voltaire's assertion that the success of a play depends mainly upon the choice of its story, and it is unlikely that they had any knowledge of Aristotle's declaration that plot is primarily more important than character; but they accomplished their humble task as well as if they had been heartened by these authorities. These ingenious and ingenuous pieces were not contributions to English dramatic literature and they are not enshrined in its annals; but they were effective stage-plays nevertheless and they had, therefore, an essential quality lacking in the closet dramas which Shelley and Byron were composing in those same years.

Riber and Karl.

Group taken from lower half of Plate No. 4, Pollock's characters in the "Miller and His Men."

In the illuminating lecture on Stevenson as a writer of plays delivered by Sir Arthur Pinero in 1903 before the members of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, the confessions contained in "A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured" are skilfully employed to explain Stevenson's flat failure as a playwright. Many of his ardent admirers must have wondered why it was that he adventured four times into dramatic authorship only to undergo a fourfold shipwreck. Yet Sir James Barrie, Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. Arnold Bennett, essayists and novelists at first as Stevenson was, strayed successfully from prose fiction into the acted drama. Was not Stevenson as anxious for this

Grindoff and banditti carousing.

Lower half of Plate No. 5, Pollock's characters in the "Miller and His Men."

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theatrical triumph as any one of these? Was he not as inventive, as responsive to opportunity, as ready to master a new craft? Why then did he fail where they have succeeded?

For these baffling questions Sir Arthur Pinero has an acceptable answer. Stevenson was unable to establish himself as a play-maker, first, because he did not take the art of play-making seriously; he did not put his full strength in it, mind and soul and body, contenting himself when he was a man with playing at play-making as he had played with his toy theatre when he was a boy. The second cause of his dramatic disappointment was due to the abiding influence of this toy theatre and to the fact that the pieces he attempted were planned in rivalry with the "Miller and His Men" and therefore that they were hopelessly out of date before they were conceived. (There is a third reason, not mentioned by Sir Arthur, and yet suggesting itself irresistibly to any one who knew the editor of the *Magazine of Art* personally: all four of Stevenson's attempts at play-writing were made in collaboration with Henley, who was the least equipped by temper and by temperament for the practise of dramaturgy.)

Yet even if Stevenson had worked alone and even if he had taken the new art seriously, he could never have won a place among the playwrights until he had fought himself free from the sinuous coils of Skeltery. In his youth he had saved his pence to purchase the accessories of Skelt's Juvenile Drama with boyish delight in the acquisition of things longed for to be possessed at last. When he had purchased Plate 7 and Scene 11, No. 9, he thought they were his possessions. But, of a truth, he was their possession, even if he did not know his slavery. As a man he was subdued to what he had worked in as a boy; and when he wanted to write plays of his own, he had no freedom to follow the better models of his own day; he was a bondman to Skelt, a thrall to Park, a minion to Webb, a chattel to Redington and to Pollock. "What am I?" he asked in his self-revelatory essay, humorously exaggerating, no doubt, yet subconsciously stating the exact truth: "What am I? What are life, art, letters, the world, but what my Skelt has made them? He stamped himself upon my immaturity." And the impression was then so deep that it could not be effaced in maturity. The boy in Stevenson survived, instead of dying when the man was born.

The art of play-writing, like the art of story-telling, and, indeed, like all the other arts, demands both a native gift and an acquired craft. Its basic principles are the same ever since the drama began; but its immediate methods vary at different times and in different countries. While every artist must say what it is given him to say, he can say it acceptably only by acquiring the method of speech employed by his immediate predecessors. However original he may prove himself at the end, in the beginning he can only imitate the methods and borrow the processes and avail himself of the practises which the elder craftsmen are employing successfully at the moment when he sets himself to learn their trade. He must—to use the apt term of the engineers—he must keep himself abreast of "state of the art." This is what the great dramatists have ever done: Sophocles follows in the footsteps of Æschylus as Shakespeare imitates Marlowe and Kyd, and as Molière went to school to the adroit and acrobatic Italian comedians.

Now, the state of the art when Stevenson turned to the theatre was in accord with the picture-frame stage of to-day, with a single set to the act and without the soliloquies and the confidential asides to the audience which may well have been proper enough on the platform-stage of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Even in the lower grade of playhouse, where rude and crude melodramas were performed, the method and the manner of the "Miller and His Men" had long departed. The pleasure that melodrama can give is perennial, but its processes vary in accord with the changing conditions of the theatre. The door was open for Stevenson to write melodrama, if he preferred that species of play, and if he desired to varnish it with literature as he was to varnish the police novel or mystery story in "The Wrecker." But if he sought to do this he was bound to inform himself as to the state of the art at the in-

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stant of composition. If he shut his eyes to the changed conditions of the theatre since the "Miller and His Men" had won a wide popularity in the playhouse, then warning from the sad fate of Lamb, so he might have found his profit in considering the happy fortune of Victor Hugo, who also had a taste for melodrama. When

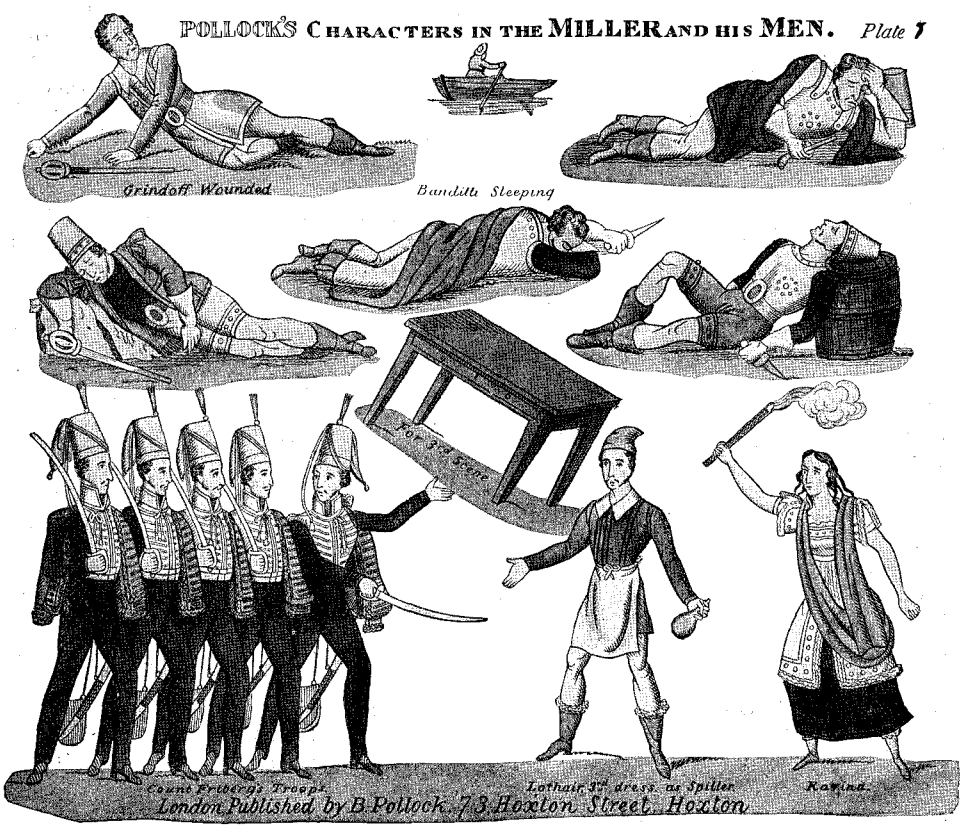
POLLOCK'S CHARACTERS IN THE MILLER AND HIS MEN. Plate 7
Grindoff Wounded
Bandits Sleeping
Lothair 3rd dress as Spiller
Rayma
London Published by B. Pollock, 73 Hoxton Street, Hoxton

Plate No. 7, complete as published, ready to be cut out and put into use in the toy theatre.

he made an unpardonable blunder, for the battle was lost before he could deploy his forces. He might have been forewarned by the failure of Charles Lamb in a like attempt. When Lamb's Elizabethan imitation "John Woodvil" was rejected for Drury Lane by John Philip Kemble as not "consonant with the taste of the age," its exasperated author cried, "Hang on the age! I'll write for antiquity!" But those who write for antiquity cannot complain if they do not delight their contemporaries. It is to their contemporaries, and not to antiquity or to posterity, that every true dramatist has appealed.

And as Stevenson might have taken the leader of the French romanticists felt that it was incumbent upon him to conquer the theatre which the classicists held as their last stronghold, he was swift to consider the state of the art. He sought immediate success upon the stage; and the most successful plays of that period in France were the melodramas of Pixérécourt and of his followers; and therefore Hugo sat himself down to spy out the secrets of their craft. He made himself master of their methods and he put together the striking and startling plots of "Hernani" and "Ruy Blas" in strict accord with their formulas, certain that he could varnish with literature their melodramatic actions. So glittering was his

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varnish, so brilliant was his metrical rhetoric, so glowing were his golden verses, that he blinded the spectators and kept the most of them from peering beneath at the arbitrary and artificial skeleton of supporting melodramatic structure. Today, after fourscore years, we can see just what it is that Hugo did; and his plays, superb as they are in their lyric adornment, stand revealed as frank melodramas, lacking sincerity of motive and veracity of character-drawing. But when Hugo wrote them they were, in Kemble's phrase, "consonant with the taste of the age," and the best of them have not yet worn out their welcome in the theatre.

Stevenson did not heed the warning of Lamb and he did not profit by the example of Hugo. "Deacon Brodie" was born out of date; so was "Admiral Guinea"; and all the varnish of literature which the two collaborators applied externally and with loving solicitude availed naught. It is due to his entanglement in the strangling coils of Skeltery that Stevenson did not take the drama seriously. He seems to have looked at it as something to be tossed off lightly to make money in the interstices of honest work. In his stories, long and short, he strove for effect, no doubt, but he was bent also on achieving sincerity and veracity. In his plays he made little effort for either sincerity or veracity, so far at least as his plot was concerned; and he thought he could lift these concoctions to the level of literature by the polish of his dialogue and by qualities applied on the outside instead of being developed from the inside. He seems to have believed that in the drama at least he could attain beauty by constructing his ornament instead of by ornamenting his construction, ignoring or ignorant of the fact that, in the drama, the construction, if it only be solid enough and foursquare to all the winds that blow, needs no ornament and is most impressive in its stark simplicity.

In his boyhood Goethe had also played with a toy theatre; and it was a puppet-show piece which first called his attention to the mighty theme of his supreme poem; but the great German poet, captivated as he may have been by his youthful experience, was able in his manhood to free himself from its shackles. He came in time to have a profound insight into the principles of dramatic art and of the dramaturgic craft. In his old age he talked about the theatre freely and frequently to Eckermann; and there are few of his utterances which do not furnish food for reflection. Here is one of them:

"Writing for the stage is something peculiar; and he who does not understand it had better leave it alone. Every one thinks that an interesting fact will appear interesting on the boards—nothing of the kind! Things may be very pretty to read, and very pretty to think about; but as soon as they are put upon the stage the effect is quite different; and that which has charmed us in the closet will probably fall flat on the boards. . . . Writing for the stage is a trade that one must understand, and requires a talent that one must possess. Both are uncommon, and where they are not combined we have scarcely any good result."

That Stevenson had the native gift of the dramatist is indisputable; and Sir Arthur Pinero in his lecture was able to make this clear. But "writing for the stage is also a trade that one must acquire"; and when Stevenson sought to acquire it he apprenticed himself to Skelt, not to Sardou; to Redington and Pollock, not to Augier and Dumas and Ibsen.

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TRAINING DAY

a ballad by

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

with drawings
by

JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

SEPTEMBER'S crops were stored away,
The barn and outhouse filling,
When Colonel Warner sent to say
That all the boys were drilling.

So I put on my captain's rig,
And over that my duster,
And strapped my sword and hitched my gig,
And drove to join the muster.

(*Yankee Doodle, keep it up,*
Yankee Doodle dandy;
Mind the music and *the step*
And with *the girls be handy!*)

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Along the pike to Camden Town
  The companies were coming,
In red and gray and blue and brown,
  A-fifing and a-drumming;

The Redmont Horse in white-faced suits,
  With swords like butchers' cleavers,
The Snowdon Grays and Lee's Recruits
  In black-and-orange beavers.

And they were led by Captain Lee
  Beneath a sky-blue pennant;
(They chose him captain after he
  Had licked the first lieutenant).

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And cobblers, clerks, and farmers' sons
  Came, glad to leave their labors,
With blunderbusses, squirrel guns,
  And cutlasses and sabres,—

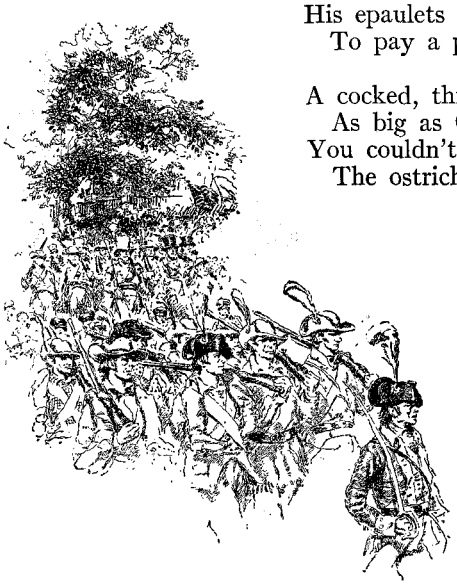
The short and tall, the lean and fat,
  All jumbled up together,
On every head a soldier-hat,
  In every hat a feather.

And some were striding up the road
  On shanks as thin as crow-legs;
And some of them were pigeon-toed
  And more of them had bow legs.

And there were barefoot mountain men,
  Their boots hung 'round their shoulders,
And there was Major Peter Wrenn,
  A sight for all beholders!

His long-tailed coat was blue-and-buff,
  His scarlet sash was han'some!
His epaulets had gold enough
  To pay a prince's ransom;

A cocked, three-cornered hat he wore
  As big as Gran'ma's bonnit,
You couldn't hardly see him for
  The ostrich-plumes upon it.



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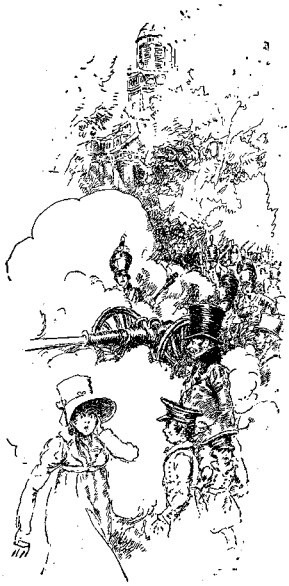


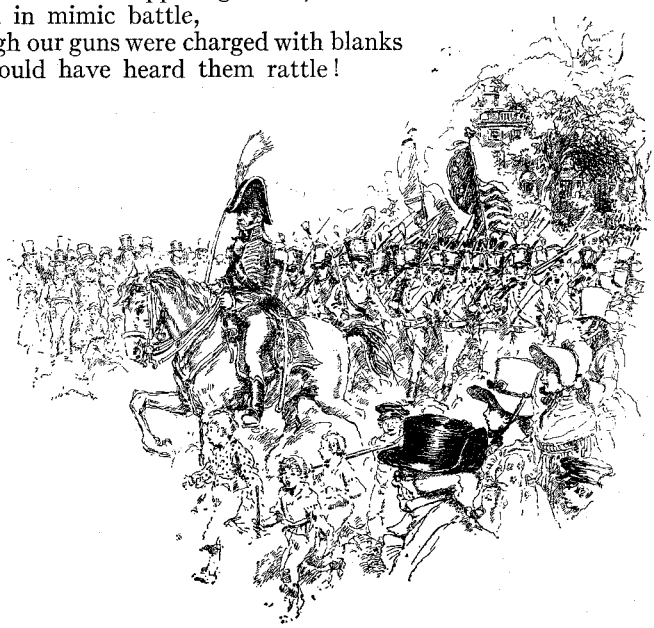
I reckoned as he puffed about
  As proud as Yoakum's turkey,
He'd pranked himself to cut me out
  With pretty Polly Durkee.

When into Camden Town we came
  And on the Green assembled,
The cannon roared with smoke and flame,
  The very heavens trembled.

Our colonels rode with tossing plumes
  And ruffles stiff with starching;
The air was thick with powder fumes
  And dust of squadrons marching.

'Twas "Shoulder arms!" and "Right about!"
  And "Use your priming-wire!"
And "'Tention! take your cartridge out
  And ram her down and fi-er!"

Our colonels formed opposing ranks,
  To join in mimic battle,
And though our guns were charged with blanks
  You should have heard them rattle!



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And when with bay'nits all a-gleam
We plunged amid the smother,
You should have heard the ladies scream
For fear we'd kill each other!

But when the fight was at an end
The companies disbanded,
Among the booths their cash to spend
So free and open-handed.

For there were pies and cookies spread
And watermelon wagons,
And heaping trays of gingerbread
And jolly cider-flagons,

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And scent of corn-roasts filled the air—
  And there, so fine and perky,
Was Major Peter Wrenn—and there
  Was pretty Polly Durkee!

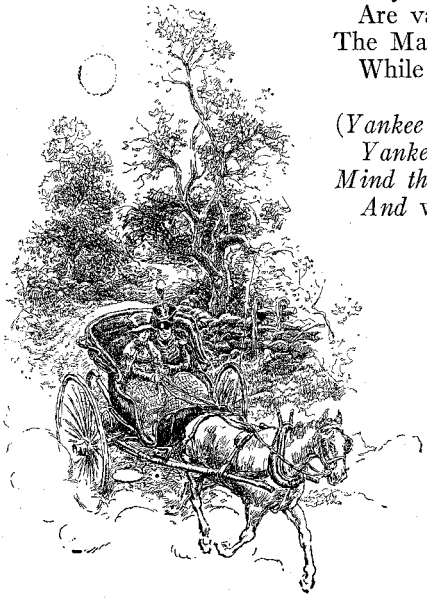
I meant to thrash him there and then,
  So mad was I to spy him,
That good-for-nothing Peter Wrenn
  With Polly walking by him;

But some one of the mountain batch
  That plume their caps with goat-tails
Crept up and touched a lighted match
  To Major Peter's coat-tails!

The Major must have pocketed
  Some powder or a cartridge,
For—"Bang!" his coat-tails rocketed—
  He scuttled like a partridge.

And just to show how pomp and pride
  Are vanity and folly,
The Major had to run and hide
  While I drove home with Polly!

(*Yankee Doodle, keep it up,*
  Yankee Doodle dandy;
Mind the music and *the step*
  And with *the girls be handy!*)



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THE KING'S HARNT

By Armistead C. Gordon
Author of "Maje," "Ommirandy," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER BIGGS

"WHAT is dat you ladies was talkin' 'bout?" queried Uncle Jonas as he entered the Kingsmill kitchen at the uncertain hour in the late summer day that he was wont to denominate "de shank o' de ebenin'." "'Pears ter me like I been heered my name tuk endurin' o' de conwersashun."

He looked around interrogatively.

"You pow'ful biggity, Jonas," replied Ommirandy. "You always thinkin' somebody is talkin' 'bout you. Warn't nobody eben thinkin' 'bout you. We was talkin' 'bout dat ole fox-houn', Vulcan, layin' out dar by de lilac-bush. Philadelphy say dat dawg got a better nose fur pot-licker dan he got fur foxes."

The old woman spoke in a kindly and conciliatory tone, and with as benignant an expression as her buccaneer face was capable of. She had been feeling sorry for Uncle Jonas ever since the recent episode with Baytop, and had been assiduous in seeking to apply the balm of an unusual gentleness to his bruised spirit.

This effort on Ommirandy's part, however, had been followed by the strange result of setting Uncle Jonas on a loftier pedestal of self-esteem than he had ever before occupied, and his growing bumptiousness had been recently commented on by all the visitors to the kitchen with more or less of surprise and disfavor.

"Dat ole nigger can't stan' prosperity," Ommirandy had said to Delphy the day before. "Ef anybody give him a good word, he dar-upon go an' give hisse'f two."

"Dat sutn'y is so, Ommirandy," replied the cook, who was beating batter in a big wooden tray to make the corn-dodgers for the white folks' supper. "Give him a inch, he gwi' take a ell; an' Unc' Jonas, he ain't nuver been no pusson fur ter say no harm o' hisse'f, nohow."

The old man's renewed and growing self-assertion was apparent in the consequential air with which he walked across the kitchen floor and assumed his accustomed seat.

"Dat houn' dawg, what you-all menshun, he remine me o' gre't days here at Kingsmill in de ole times. He de onlies' survivin' one o' de breed Ole Mars' useter keep. He gittin' purty ole. He Venus's puppy, an' Venus she deceasded soon arter de war was over."

"He mighty nigh ole ez Baytop, I reck'n," observed Delphy maliciously, and Evadne snickered.

Uncle Jonas took no notice of the objectionable remark.

"I mought tell you-all ladies an' Simon some s'prisin' stories 'bout dem fox-houn's what Ole Mars' useter hunt wid in his day an' gennyrashun. I mought tell you-all some pow'ful tales 'bout 'em, ef I was a mine ter, an' you-all ladies an' Simon keered 'bout hearin' uv 'em."

He spoke with an air of mingled confidence and deference that immediately won them all, except Ommirandy, who regarded with swift suspicion this new pose of the patriarch as a story-teller.

"Yas, sir," responded Simon. "Some o' dem foxes is over dar 'bout de plum-bush graveyard in de west fiel' now. I sho' would like ter hear 'bout de ole ones."

"Aun' Janey, she say de dawgs got up one o' dem graveyard foxes at Ole Town a day lars' week. She say he must 'a' come fur her Dominicker chickens," interjected Evadne.

"Ef you-all, Simon an' Eva-Adny, wants me ter tell you-all any o' dem tales, dar's got ter be not so much talkin'," observed Uncle Jonas grimly.

As he spoke, Tiberius appeared on the kitchen doorstep. The old man, who sat facing the door, started at the apparition of his grandson, and immediately accosted him in a voice of severe reprobation.

"Looky-here, Tibe, what you doin' up

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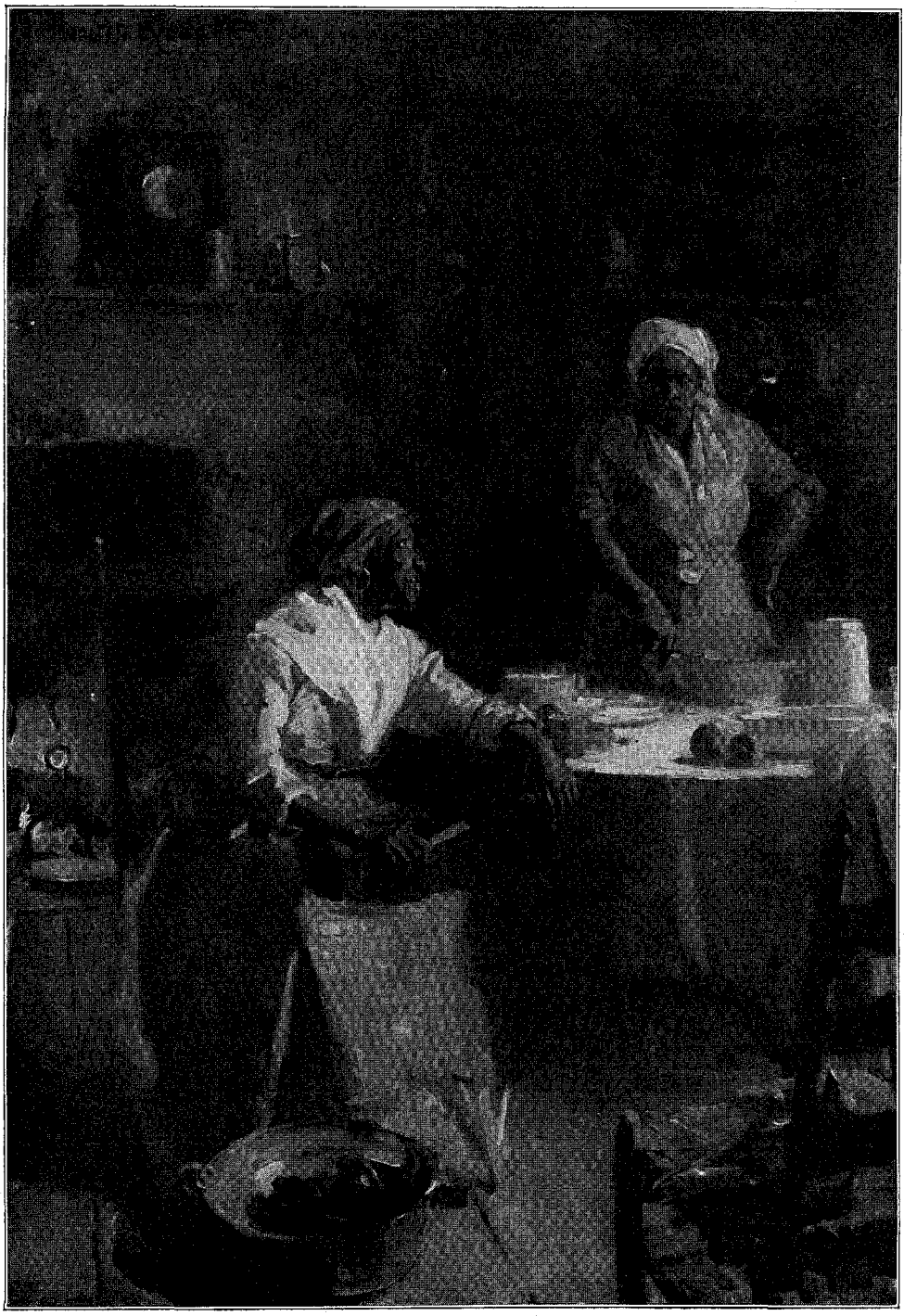

Drawn by Walter Biggs.

"Dat ole nigger can't stan' prosperity."—Page 419.

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here? Don't you know you ain't got no biz'ness roun' de Gre't House dis time o' day? Yo' mammy lookin' fur you dis minnit."

Tibe surveyed the company with a significant grin, and remained silent.

"Ain't you hear me, Tiberius? Howcome you ain't been home an' feed dem pigs? You know dem pigs is foot-fo'mos' in de trough, a-squealin' fur dey vittles dis minnit. Whar you been, boy, anyhow?"

Tibe rolled his eyeballs back until only the whites of his eyes were visible, and opened his mouth, and leaned against the door-jamb in a simulated collapse, ostensibly due to surprise and wonder at the question. Recovering himself, he looked at his grandfather, and impudently responded:

"Howcome you ax me dat, gran'pap? You knows whar I done been."

"Don'tche-don'tche-don'tche sass me, boy!" stammered Uncle Jonas, looking about him anxiously.

"I done been whar you sont me, dat's whar!" concluded Tiberius. "You knows whar I done been."

"Well, I gwi' sen' you somewhar's else right dis minnit. I gwi' sen' you back home whar you b'long as swif' as you kin hustle. You git away f'om dis here kitchen jes' as fas' an' fur as de law allows you. You hear me? You go tell Janey I say I gwi' stay here ter supper."

"I done got it, gran'pap," said Tibe.

The old man's agitation was again evident. He arose and took a step in the direction of the door.

"Ef you don't shet yo' mouf an' git away f'om here, I gwi' smack one side o' yo' jawbone off!" he shouted. "You scan'lous scound'el!"

The boy backed out of the doorway, keeping his gaze all the while fixed on his grandfather.

"It gwi' be dar whar you said, gran'pap," called Tiberius, still grinning.

"I wush ter Gord I could git a holt o' sump'n ter fling at you!" exclaimed the enraged old man, looking desperately around the kitchen for a missile.

"Don't you tetch dat rollin'-pin, Unc' Jonas! I gotter make de water-crackers," said Delphy.

"Ef he was ter hit dat boy wid dat pin, it 'ud be one mo' bad little nigger gone fur good out o' Ole Town," commented Ommirandy serenely.

"I nuver could ketch him ef I was ter chase him," explained Uncle Jonas, as he resumed his seat; while Tiberius leisurely sauntered past where old Vulcan lay at the foot of the lilac-bushes, and took his barefoot way in the direction of the quarters.

"Dat boy is gwine ter 'rive at de gallus 'fo' he arrive at de polls, Simon," said the patriarch. "You watch him an' see. Janey, she don't nuver lay no han's on ter him, an' he gits away f'om me."

"Dat boy, he's a right smart bad boy," acquiesced Simon. "But I reck'n he jes' mischeefus, Unc' Jonas."

The apology for Tiberius met with no acceptance from his grandparent.

"You needn' tell me nothin' 'bout mischeefus. Dat boy got de debble in him bigger'n dem gadaroun' swines dat Mis' useter read ter we-all 'bout in de loom-room out'n de Book. He gwi' git hung, ur git in de pen', ur git drowned in de ribber like dem pigs done. It's one ur de t'other."

"What was dat he was talkin' 'bout?" queried Delphy, depositing in succession a swift series of corn-dodgers on the griddle. "Whar you been sont him, Unc' Jonas?"

The question was plainly objectionable, and was summarily ignored.

"As I was a-sayin'," said Uncle Jonas, fixing Delphy with a look of malevolence, "I mought tell you-all dat tale 'bout Ole Mars' an' Mr. Speeshy in de days befo' de war, ef you-all was minded fur ter lissen ter it."

The tentative offer was accepted in a mute acquiescence by the assembly, that was interrupted by the staccato whisper of Evadne to Ommirandy, who sat next to her.

"What dat he tryin' ter hide f'om we-all, Ommirandy?"

"You shet yo' mouf, gell, an' lissen," responded the old diplomat under her breath. "When Jonas start ter tell a story, he gwi' tell a gall-buster. I ain' nuver heerd him try it befo'. He gwi' git in trouble. You hear me!"

She was as full of curiosity as were the others to learn the meaning of the cryptic conversation that had just taken place between the patriarch and his grandson,

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but she knew that the immediate moment was not the psychological one for its disclosure. Also, she knew that Jonas would tell her all about it, in confidence, within twenty-four hours.

"G'long an' say yo' say, Jonas, ef you gwineter. We-all can't wait here all night."

"Well," said the old man, hanging upon the nail above his chair his walking-stick that he usually kept between his knees when seated, and looking around at the company with a self-sufficient air and a complacent smile that filled Ommirandy with secret amusement. "Well, marm, ez how you is done ax me ter tell it, Sister M'randy, I ain't gwineter disapp'int you. You-all didn' know Ole Mars' like I knowed him."

Once more his eyes travelled from Simon to Delphy and from Delphy to Evadne and from Evadne to Ommirandy and back again to Simon.

A savory smell arose from the corn-dodgers on the griddle, and Delphy went to inspect them, holding a broad-bladed kitchen knife in one hand, and pulling back her skirts from the hot hickory fire with the other.

"Eben Sister M'randy here, she jes' seed Ole Mars' 'roun' de Gre't House. She ain't nuver knowed him like me. I done been all over Kingsmill plantashun wid him, fishin', part'idge-shootin', fox-huntin', all on 'em."

He swelled with consequential importance.

"G'long, Jonas," said the old woman good-naturedly. "You got one o' yo' braggin' spells on you. Dey ain't nobody on dis place know Ole Mars' an' Mis' samer'n I knowed 'em. You foolish!"

"Well, marm," consented Uncle Jonas, "dat mought be 'roun' 'bout de house. But I knowed him when he was a fox-hunter. An' he was a sho' 'nuf fox-hunter, Ole Mars' was. Dat what I gwi' tell you-all 'bout now. Mars' Jeems, he don't pay no 'tention whatsomedever ter fox-huntin' no mo' like Ole Mars' done useter. Dem was de days when we knowed all 'bout foxes, an' huntin'-dawgs, an' jumpin' hosses."

Delphy turned from the corn-dodgers and murmured, "Baytop!" in a tone inaudible to all save Evadne, for whom it was intended.

"Dem days done perish," continued Uncle Jonas solemnly.

He paused, as if in contemplation of the glories of the vanished past.

"Looky-here, Jonas," said Ommirandy. "Quit p'radin' yo'se'f, an' g'long an' tell 'bout de fox, ef you gwineter. Supper got ter go in pres'ny."

"You-all knows dey's two kines o' foxes," proceeded the old man, thus admonished. "De two kines is de red fox an' de gray fox."

"Dat dey is," interpolated Simon, who was listening with rapt interest. "Dat dey is."

"De gray fox," said Uncle Jonas, "he ain't nothin' in de worl' but a gre't big cat. He kin clime a tree like a squ'r'l, he kin jump out'n a tree like a 'coon, an' he heap smarter'n a cat. He wise like de evil one."

The kitchen company hearkened with grave attention. Simon's black and shining face wore an expression of charmed interest mingled with one of a deep knowledge of foxes and their habits.

"Now, dese here ole red foxes," said the patriarch, "dey diff'unt f'om de gray. I remembrance dar was wunst a red fox over in King William dat Ole Mars' useter love ter talk about. Dat fox was a smart vilyun, wid a long body. Ole Mars' say of'entimes de niggers in King William, 'long de roadside ur in de fiel', would call out ter de fox-hunters: 'You-all marsters is a runnin' de ole long-body fox! We see him when he lope de fence.' Den de hunters dey would turn 'roun' an' go home. Dey knowed 'twarn't no use fur ter chase de long-body red."

"Dat 'twarn't!" exclaimed Simon, laughing, and slapping his leg. "Dar now! Dey ain't nuver gwi' ketch him!"

"I hear Mr. Sinjinn tell 'bout a fox down in de Souf-Side, when he was a boy, dat was a red fox an' had a white belt 'roun' his middle——"

"Now, Jonas," protested Ommirandy, interrupting the old man in the midst of his discourse, "you know dat's a lie you's tellin'. You ain't heered nobody say dat. You knows dey ain't no fox wid a white belt in de Souf-Side, ur nowhars else."

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"Fo' Gord, Sister M'randy," he protested, "I hear Mr. Sinjinn set right out dar on de front po'ch o' de Gre't House an' tell Mars' Jeems 'bout dat very fox. He say 'twas wid de belted fox, like Ole Mars' tell 'bout de red fox in King William, when dat creetur git in front o' de houn's 'twas time fur de hunters ter go home. Mr. Sinjinn, he say when dat belted fox run, he move like de win' blowin' over de top uv a ripe wheat-fiel', kinder billow-like."

He paused for a moment to note the effect of his embellishing simile.

"Dat de way a fox run," commented Simon delightedly. "Up an' down, up an' down, jes' ez easy."

He illustrated the movement with both hands.

"I been hear some fine tales 'bout fox-huntin' f'om de gent'mun what came here in Ole Mars's time, befo' de war an' endurin' o' de war. Mars' Jeems, he don't 'pear ter keer nothin' 'bout foxes, 'scusin' he do keep ole Vulcan here yit."

He cast an apprehensive look at Ommirandy.

"You kin jes' leave young Mars' Jeems out o' dis fox tale," she said with asperity. "He ain't got no time fur ter be foolin' wid houn' dawgs an' varmints. He got bofe o' his han's full tryin' ter git vittles an' clo'es fur you niggers here on dis plantation, what de Yankees came down here an' try ter take away f'om him, let alone 'stroyin' an' ruinin' de whole place. You jes' disremembrance young Mars' Jeems, whilst you tellin' dis here fox yarn. I ain't gwi' set here an' hear no flingin' off on him."

"Ole Mars' useter say dat all o' dese here fox-houn's dat's been here at Kingsmill sence long befo' de war is got some bulldog blood in 'em 'way back yonder," continued Uncle Jonas, subtly evading Ommirandy's sudden condemnation. "Dat howcome Vulcan nose look blunt like it do, I reck'n."

"You gittin' pow'ful bumpshus agin, anyhow," muttered Ommirandy in a low voice, like the departing echo of a midsummer thunder-storm.

"Vulcan blunt his nose stickin' it in whar it ain't got no biz'ness," said Delphy diplomatically. "He always is arfter pokin' it inter de pot-licker pot."

"Well, Jonas, when you gwi' tell de story? Here you's been ramblin' an' roamin' an' excursionin' roun' an' roun', 'twel you 'pear like you done furgit what you sot out ter tell about."

"I gwi' tell it pres'ny, Sister M'randy. Yes, marm. I gwi' git ter it pres'ny. Gimme time, marm, gimme time," said Uncle Jonas.

"Mis' Nancy ain't gwi' gim *me* no time when she ring dat bell. I orter be in dar dis minnit, gittin' out de butter an' de sugar."

"Well, I had a heap mo' fur ter tell you-all 'bout de bline hoss Doctor Cheetham useter ride fox-huntin'. But Sister M'randy she done shet me off. Ole Mars' been tell me 'bout Doctor Cheetham. He was one o' dese here country doctors dat dey says is de fines'. He had one o' dese big up-stan'in' ches'nut hosses, what he had rid fox-huntin' fur many's de year. Ole Mars' say Doctor Cheetham's ches'-nut hoss he went bline when he was 'bout fo' year ole. Dey ain't no doubt dat de hoss was bline. He sho'ly was. He was bline as a leatherwing bat. Evvybody what knowed de hoss knowed dat. De doctor, he done teach dis hoss, wid his fus' experiunce, when he could see, fur ter jump ditches an' fences an' gates an' anything. De doctor, he would ride de bline hoss thoo de thick woods, turnin' him 'zackly like you-all would turn a boat out dar in de ribber. When de hoss would come ter a fence, de doctor he would pull de bline hoss up short, an' de hoss he would stick out his nose an' tetch de top o' de fence, an' den step back a little an' go over. When dey come ter a ditch, de doctor, he jes' press de hoss's sides wid his knees, an' de bline hoss would jump f'om 'way back."

"Um-huh!" ejaculated Ommirandy. "I done heerd enough. I'm gwine!"

"Fo' Gord, Sister M'randy, dat what Ole Mars' tell me 'bout Doctor Cheetham an' de bline hoss. Ole Mars' say he knowed it was so, 'case he done seed it. Ole Mars' say he writ out de tale fur one o' dese here papers, an' de paper writ back an' say dey didn' b'lieve it, an' dat dey warn't gwine ter print it, 'scusin' Ole Mars' swar ter it an' make a alfydivit. Ole Mars' he say ter de newspaper man, ef he didn' choose ter b'lieve his word agin

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nothin', he could go ter hell, an' he warn't gwi' swar ter no alfydivit. He said when he done any sw'arin', he sw'ared at folks, an' not ter alfydivits. Dat de way Ole Mars' cuss. I been hear him."

"I gotter go," said Ommirandy. "It's gittin' mos' dus'. Too much talk makes de mule balk."

"Is dat so?" queried Uncle Jonas, peering into the fading twilight of the open door. "Den I mus' be movin' soon, too, arfter Delphy gimme a little sump'n ter eat."

"I gwi' give you some o' dese here corn-dodgers an' a piggin o' buttermilk," said Delphy.

"Dat's good enough fur de king," said Uncle Jonas. Then, without pause, he went on:

"Ladies an' gent'mun"—bowing to Simon—"I gwi' tell you de tale dis minnit. Befo' de war an' endurin' o' de fus' years o' de war, dar was two perticklar foxes on de Kingsmill plantation dat Ole Mars' an' de hunters useter chase. One was a big red fox dat lived up de ribber, an' de t'other one was a silver-gray fox what lived over beyant whar Yellowley's sto' is now. You-all know whar dey say dat fox-den is, not fur f'om de colored graveyard in de wes' fiel'. Well, sir, dar was a nest uv 'em over dar in de hillside in dem days, an' de folks dat knowed 'bout foxes useter tell me dat dar was five ur six o' dem gray foxes lived in dat fox-den at wunst. Dey say dat when one uv 'em was out o' de den, an' got hard pushed by de dawgs, he would run back ter de den, an' anuther one uv 'em dat was fresh would git out an' take de dawgs away. Ole Mars' he useter say he was sho' dat one pack o' houn's would chase five ur six o' dem foxes out o' dat den in one day an' think 'twas de same fox all de time."

"Dem was mighty strange foxes up dar by dat graveyard," said Ommirandy. "I remembrance what dey useter say 'bout 'em. I been hear 'bout dem foxes in de ole times dat dey was de sperrits o' de niggers dat was buried over dar under dem plum-bushes in de berrin'-groun'. Dey useter say dat de bigges' one was de ghos' o' a Affigan king dat was fetched over here inter slavery f'om de ole country, hunnerds o' years ago. He was de one dey say went in de smoke-house fur ter git some meat fur hisse'f, an' nuver come out no mo'. De niggers useter say de white folks got his meat, an' dat he gwi' git any meat he kin what b'long ter de white folks. Dey useter tell me dat dem foxes was sho'ly sperrits."

The faces of the old woman's auditors grew grave under the spell of an antique racial superstition.

Uncle Jonas affected to brush aside the threatening gloom.

"I dunno nothin' 'bout no fox sperrits," he said. "I been hear dat was a sho' nuf Affigan king what harnt de smoke-house. Ole Mars' in dem days b'long ter de hard-money party, an' he name dat red fox up de ribber 'Ole Bullion,' an' de silber-gray fox, what live in de hole wid de t'others, he name him 'Mr. Speeshy.' Ole Mars' he nuver fool wid dat red fox much. He knowed 'twarn't no use. But he an' de gent'muns what come here useter chase de gray fox, an' his bredderen an' sisteren, out o' dat den, ter beat de ban'. Dey made life hard fur 'em. But Mr. Speeshy he was mighty nigh a tougher creetur ter ketch up wid dan de ole red. De hunters would run him down ter de ribber bank, an' he would slip away f'om de houn's an' disappear in de water. He run onter de boat here one time down at de wharf, an' hide in de boxes an' bags, an' git out at de nex' landin' five mile down de ribber jes' like a passenger. Wunst he come in de yard here at Kingsmill, wid de dawgs right arfter him, an' he run in de cat-hole in de smoke-house do', an' dar ain't nobody uver see him come out o' dat smoke-house f'om dat day ter dis."

There was a tense and superstitious silence as Uncle Jonas paused in his narrative to note the attitude of mind of his auditors.

"Affigan king," said Ommirandy, at length, relieving the tension.

"Sometimes he would run half a mile on top of a worm fence, an' de houn's would lose track on him. I *is* heerd dat one time he clum' a tree an' sot up in de crotch an' watch de whole percession go by. But Ole Mars' ain't tell me dis, an' darfo' I ain't sw'arin' ter it. I dunno whether it happen ur not."

"I was waitin' ter see ef you was gwine ter put dat off on Ole Mars', dat's

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Drawn by Walter Biggs.

"What de matter, Unc' Jonas? What you holl'in' 'bout?"—Page 429.

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dead an' gone," said Ommirandy. "I'se glad you ain't done it."

"Nor'm, Sister M'randy," said the old man. "But I gittin' on ter de part o' my fox story 'bout dis here same Mr. Speeshy, what lays over de time he is s'pose ter clime de tree. It was dis-a-way, marm, an' de winter befo' de war. I remembrance dat Mars' Jeems went away wid his comp'ny in de foll'in' spring arfter it happen."

Uncle Jonas paused, and lifting up his head and rolling his eyeballs, seemed to be looking for something on the kitchen ceiling.

"What de matter wid you, Jonas?" asked Ommirandy. "What make you do dat-a-way? You ballin' yo' eyes up like you gwineter have a fit. Is you sick?"

"Nor'm," responded the old man, resuming his former attitude and expression. "Dey ain't nothin' 'tall de matter wid me, 'scusin' I was jes' s'archin' my reecollection fur ter git de tale adzackly straight. I warn't sho' dat I had done charge my remembrance wid all of it."

"You ack like a puddle-duck do when it thunder," said Ommirandy. "You was carryin' on like you had a awful pain some'rs. I wush you wudden do dat-a-way, Jonas. You gits me all upsot."

"Yas'm," he said respectfully. "Cunnul Berkeley he come up here wid a lot o' his dawgs one eben'n' f'om chasin' a fox down de ribber to'ds ole Dragon Swamp, an' he say ter Ole Mars': 'John, le's go arfter Mr. Speeshy.' Ole Mars', he agree, an' off dey sot. 'Long to'ds de shank o' de ebenin' de dawgs got him up, 'bout a mile over beyant whar de sto' is now. I could hear dem houn's a-bayin' an' a-yelpin' fur harf an hour plum' f'om out dar in de back yard. Dey was foll'in' Mr. Speeshy some!"

"Yes, Lord!" ejaculated Simon.

"Arfter a while Cunnul Berkeley he came back on his sor'l hunter, an' he say he done los' pack, fox, an' Ole Mars', but dat he gwine ter stay ter supper. He went in de house, an' de can'les was skasely mo'n lit on de table when I see Ole Mars' ride inter de gate out yondah, wid de dawgs a-howlin' an' a-jumpin' an' a-carryin' on roun' him like dey was smack crazy. Ole Mars' he rid straight to'ds me, an' when he got close up ter me he look madder'n I uver see him. 'Jonas,' he say, 'you go in de house an' git my shotgun.' 'What you gwi' do, Ole Mars'?' I ax him, stan'in' close ter de hoss's head. 'I gwine ter shoot some o' dese damn dawgs,' he say. 'Dey stop chasin' de fox 'bout fifteen minutes ago, an' dey been chasin' me uver sence.' De dawgs was a-howlin' an' a-barkin' an' a-yellin' all roun' Ole Mars' so's I cudden skasely hear what he say. I was orful pestered 'bout de way dem dawgs was actin', an' I didn' want Ole Mars' ter shoot none o' dem houn's, right dar in de Kingsmill back yard, nohow. So I kinder sidle roun' to'ds de hoss's behime quarters, an' den I see sump'n I ain't nuver gwi' furgit."

The old man paused and triumphantly surveyed his audience. The moment was supreme. Simon's eyes stood out like a grasshopper's, and the breath of the women came short. Even Ommirandy was stirred with a vague emotion of wonder.

"'Ole Mars',' says I, 'I kin tell you what de matter wid dese here dawgs. Ole Mr. Speeshy, he settin' up dar behime you on de hoss, jes' like Mars' Jeems useter when he was a little boy!'"

"'Fo' Gord! hear dat, now!" exclaimed Simon.

"Ole Mars' he put his han' back dar, an' he feel de fox. De fox he nuver budge. Ole Mars', he say: 'Jonas, you go in de house an' git me a bag. I gwi' turn dis here fox loose, an' damme ef anybody shell uver chase him agin on dis here plantation.' I went an' fetch de bag, an' Ole Mars' he drap Mr. Speeshy inter it. Den he make me put up de dawgs, Cunnul Berkeley's an' all on 'em—an' I had one time a-puttin' uv 'em up, I'se tellin' you. Den Ole Mars' he rid ter de gate in de dus' wid Mr. Speeshy in de bag, an' he let him go."

"Dar, den!" said Simon.

The Homeric recital ended, the narrator sat proudly conscious in the midst of his audience.

Ommirandy broke the silence.

"Jonas, dey ain' no use o' you settin' dar swellin' yo'se'f out like a hop-toad," she said. "Howcome I ain't nuver heerd 'bout all dis here befo', anyhow?"

"You is heerd 'bout it, marm," he replied. "You is heerd 'bout it, 'scusin'

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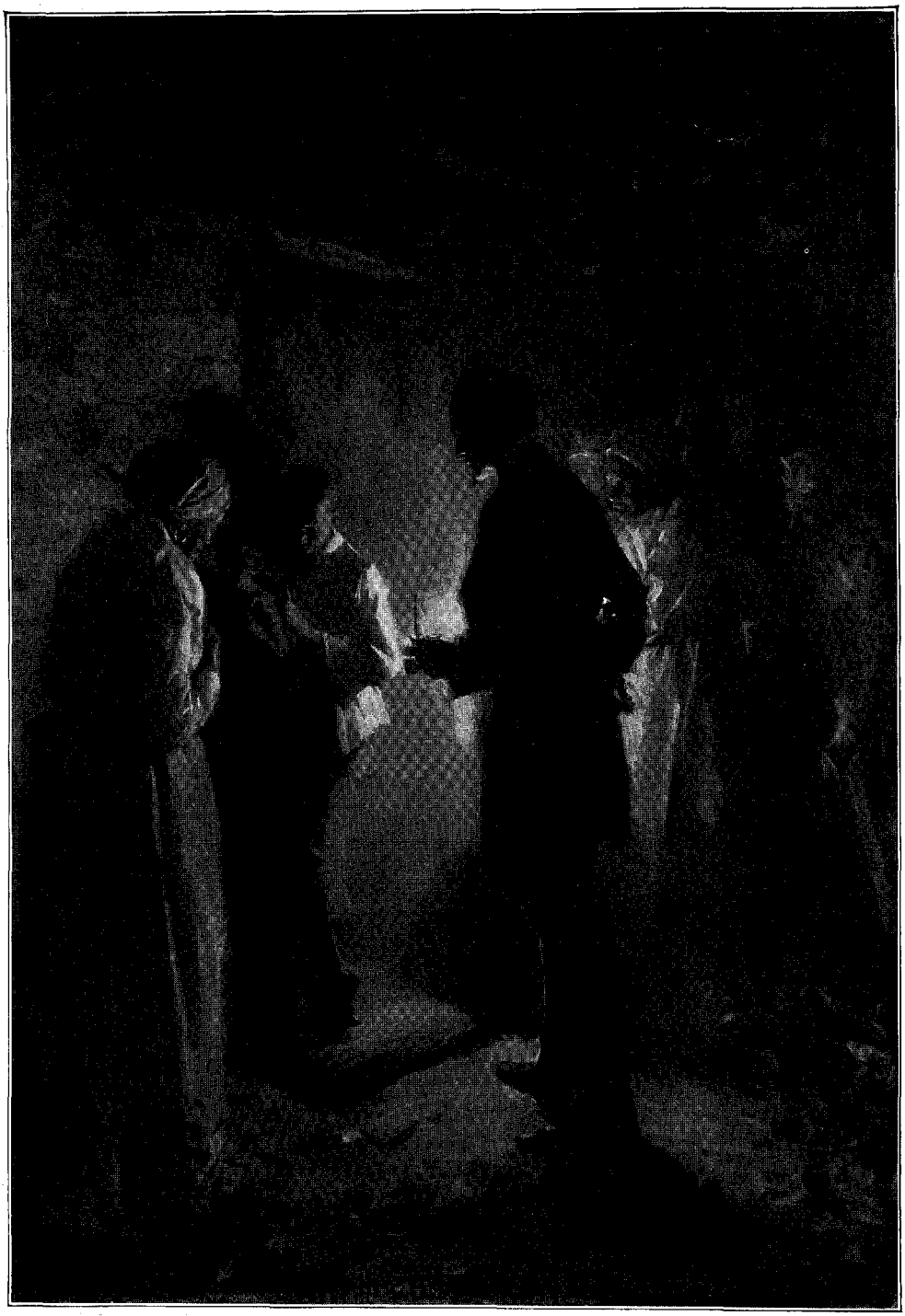

Drawn by Walter Biggs.

"Go home, you scoundrel!"—Page 429.

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you done furgit it in de troubles endurin' o' de war times. Mo'n dat, marm, you was wid Mis' in Richmon' at de time when it happen."

"Um-huh!" she grunted, mollified but sceptical.

"'Fo' Gord, it's de trufe, Sister M'randy," protested Uncle Jonas. "You ax Mars' Jeems when you go in de house. He done hear his pa tell 'bout it. It happen when he was in de Richmon' hosspittle."

"Mis' Nancy done ring dat bell twice fur ter fetch in supper," said Delphy. "Here, Eva-Adny!"

"I gwine ter de house now," said Ommirandy.

As she went out of the door Uncle Jonas, reaching up, took down his crook-handled walking-stick from the nail, and followed her. The darkness of the balmy summer night was coming on apace, and the scent of flowers was in the outer air.

"Sister M'randy," the old man called, and she waited for him at the corner of the kitchen.

"I jes' wanter 'splain ter you, marm, 'bout howcome I talk ter Tiberius dat way I talk ter him. I don't want dem t'other niggers ter know nothin' 'bout it, 'speshly Delphy an' Simon. Dey bofe on 'em smokes, an' I don't want 'em ter know. Mr. Sinjinn he gimme ten cents dis mornin', an' I sont dat boy over ter Yellowley's sto' fur ter buy me a poke o' sto' smokin' terbacker; an' I tole him ter be keerful an' not let nobody know dat mought want me ter divide up. Dat howcome I was mad wid him when he come dar ter de kitchin do' p'radin' hisse'f an' showin' off."

The old woman listened patiently.

"I done instruc' dat nigger boy fur ter take dat poke o' terbacker an' put it in de cat-hole o' de smoke-house do', jes' as fur in as his arm would reach, so I kin go dar an' git it, 'fo' I go home. I gwi' git my supper here, but fust I gwi' git de poke an' put it in my pocket. I gwi' set out dar on de choppin'-block in de night a'r fur a little while, an' lef' Delphy an' Simon ter dish up supper an' talk 'bout Mr. Speeshy."

"Name o' Gord, Jonas," said Ommirandy when the garrulous old man had concluded. "Howcome you tell de boy ter put de terbacker in de cat-hole?"

"Don't you know, marm," replied Uncle Jonas, with confidence, "dat all de niggers on dis here place think de smoke-house is harnted? Ain't you jes' now heerd me tell Simon an' Delphy 'bout de fox goin' in dat cat-hole an' nuvermo' is been seed ter come out? Ain't you heerd me say dat dem graveyard foxes was s'posed ter be sperrits by de ole folks?"

"Looky here, Jonas, you ain't nuver said dat. I jes' now tole you dat myse'f," she objected. "You gittin' dotey!"

"Yes, marm, you did. Dat's so. But ain't you been hear Ole Mars' an' Mars' Jeems, too, talk 'bout de oberseer what kill de nigger dar, a hunnerd an' mo' years ago, dat dey say was a Affigan king an' was stealin' hams an' middlin' out'n de smoke-house?"

"'Twas de fox was de king," she insisted.

"Howsomedever dat mought 'a' been," he responded, "dat was howcome I tell Tibe ter put it dar. I ain't feared o' no harnts. It 'ud take sump'n wusser'n a graveyard fox sperrit ur a Affigan nigger king's ghos' nuther fur ter skeer me," he said boastingly. "But I know Delphy an' Simon ain't a-gwine dar arfter it."

"Good-night, Br'er Jonas," said Ommirandy. "I don't 'spec' ter git back ter de kitchen ter-night."

"Good-night, marm," responded Uncle Jonas. "I'd 'vide de poke wid you, ef *you* was a smoker, which you ain't."

"Jonas is a turrible liar," was the old woman's unuttered thought, as she saw him go toward the smoke-house. "He wudden' gimme none o' dat terbacker ef I was gwine ter be hung."

She turned and walked lesiurely in the direction of the mansion, from which the energetic tinkling of a small bell was distinctly audible. When she had gone something over half the distance, she heard a blood-curdling and prolonged howl that inevitably made cold chills chase each other down her marrow-bone.

"Fo' Gord, de Affigan king done got him!" she said, and hurriedly retraced her steps. "'Pride goeth befo' de fall,' Mis' useter read ter us out'n de Book in de loom room."

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Before she had reached the kitchen she saw the flickering and feeble flames of two or three lit candles moving like lightning-bugs in the vicinity of the smoke-house. Delphy and the kitchen company had gone out to see what had happened to the old man.

When Ommirandy, in a glow of expectancy, arrived at the smoke-house, she beheld dimly by the uncertain illumination of the tallow dips the undignified and prostrate figure of Uncle Jonas, lying face downward before the door. His attitude was that of an Eastern hierophant at the feet of his graven idol. His right arm, thrust inside the cat-hole, was invisible.

"What de matter, Unc' Jonas? What you holl'in' 'bout?" Delphy was pleading in agonized inquiry, while the others stood around uttering various and incoherent sounds of helpless wonder and sympathy.

"De harnt got me! De harnt got me! I carn't git away f'om him. He got me by de han' inside o' de do'. Ow-ow-ow!" yelled Uncle Jonas, in crescendo howls.

With the old man's ululation, the harnt's grip appeared suddenly to relax. He scuffled to his feet, and without sound or sign of explanation, disappeared in the new-fallen night.

"Dat little nigger in dar, sho' as dey's a Gord in heaven," said Ommirandy to young Mars' Jeems, who, aroused by Uncle Jonas's yells, had hurried out to learn the meaning of the racket.

"Who?" he queried.

"Tibe," she answered. "I seen him 'bout twelve o'clock ter-day on de back po'ch, by de water-bucket, foolin' wid Mis' Nancy's key-barsket."

Young Mars' Jeems laughed aloud.

"Open the door, Tiberius," he called; and at the summons Uncle Jonas's grandson appeared in the garish light of the tallow candles, with an unhallowed grin on his small and simian countenance.

"Go home, you scoundrel!" said young Mars' Jeems to the boy, "and tell Janey I say to larrup you."

Tibe swiftly followed his vanished grandparent into the murk darkness that lay toward Old Town.

"He say he orter licked Tibe hisse'f lars' night," said Ommirandy to Delphy next morning. "He say he know Janey ain't nuver gwi' do it, an' dat boy ain't got no business actin' dat-a-way ter his gran'pa."

"Umph!" said Delphy. "Mars' Jeems, he ain't gwi' do nothin' ter Tibe. He think Tibe de smartes' little nigger at Kingsmill."

"Dat's de trufe, Philadelphy," said Ommirandy, smoothing out the creases in her apron. "He jes' like Ole Mars'. Ole Mars' he let Mr. Speeshy go 'case he was smart; an' young Mars' Jeems, he let Tibe go 'case Tibe is smart. Dey jes' alike. All dese here generations o' white folks at Kingsmill is jes' alike."

"Ommirandy," said Delphy, turning the breakfast waffles, "I wonder which o' dem harnts Unc' Jonas thought done got him—Mr. Speeshy ur de Affigan king?"

"I dunno nothin' 'bout dat; but when Jonas fine out 'twas Tiberius, Tibe gwi' think Gennul George Washin'ton is done git *him*. Jonas gwi' set up o' nights 'twel he ketch Tibe 'sleep, 'long o' dat prank."

"Dat de onlies' way he gwi' uver ketch him," said Delphy, pouring the melted butter on the pile of waffles.

THE MYSTERY

By William Stanley Braithwaite

He could not tell the way he came,
Because his chart was lost:
Yet all his way was paved with flame
From the bourne he crossed.

He did not know the way to go,
Because he had no map:
He followed where the winds blow,—
And the April sap.

He never knew upon his brow
The secret that he bore,—
And laughs away the mystery now
The dark's at his door.

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IN LORRAINE AND THE VOSGES

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

NANCY, May 13th, 1915.

BESIDE me, on my writing-table, stands a bunch of peonies, the jolly round-faced pink peonies of the village garden. They were picked this afternoon in the garden of a ruined house at Gerbéviller—a house so calcined and convulsed that, for epithets dire enough to fit it, one would have to borrow from a Hebrew prophet gloating over the fall of a city of idolaters.

Since leaving Paris yesterday we have passed through streets and streets of such murdered houses, through town after town spread out in its last writhings; and before the black holes that were homes, along the edge of the chasms that were streets, everywhere we have seen flowers and vegetables springing up in freshly raked and watered gardens. My pink peonies were not introduced to point the stale allegory of unconscious Nature veiling Man's havoc: they are put on my first page as a symbol of conscious human energy coming back to replant and rebuild the wilderness. . .

Last March, in the Argonne, the towns we passed through seemed quite dead; but yesterday new life was budding everywhere. We were following another track of the invasion, one of the huge tiger-scratches that the Beast flung over the land last September, between Vitry-le-François and Bar-le-Duc. Etrepy, Pargny, Sermaize-les-Bains, Andernay, are the names of this group of victims: Sermaize a pretty watering-place along wooded slopes, the others large villages fringed with farms, and all now mere scrofulous blotches on the soft spring scene. But in many we heard the sound of hammers, and saw brick-layers and masons at work. Even in the most mortally stricken there were signs of returning life: children playing among the stone heaps, and now and then a cautious older face peering out of a shed propped against the ruins. In one place an ancient tram-car had been converted into a café and labelled: "Au Restaurant des Ruines"; and everywhere between the calcined walls the carefully combed gardens aligned their radishes and lettuce-tops.

From Bar-le-Duc we turned northeast, and as we entered the forest of Commercy we began to hear again the Voice of the Front. It was the warmest and stillest of May days, and in the clearing where we stopped for luncheon the familiar boom broke with a magnified loudness on the noonday hush. In the intervals between the crashes there was not a sound but the gnats' hum in the moist sunshine and the dryad-call of the cuckoo from greener depths. At the end of the lane a few cavalrymen rode by in shabby blue, their horses' flanks glinting like ripe chestnuts. They stopped to chat and accept some cigarettes, and when they had trotted off again the gnat, the cuckoo and the cannon took up their trio. . .

The town of Commercy looked so undisturbed that the cannonade rocking it might have been some unheeded echo of the hills. These frontier towns inured to the clash of war go about their business with what one might call stolidity if there were not finer, and truer, names for it. In Commercy, to be sure, there is little business to go about just now save that connected with the military occupation; but the peaceful look of the sunny sleepy streets made one doubt if the fighting line was really less than five miles away. . . Yet the French, with an odd perversion of race-vanity, still persist in speaking of themselves as a "nervous and impressionable" people!

This afternoon, on the road to Gerbéviller, we were again in the track of the September invasion. Over all the slopes now cool with spring foliage the battle

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rocked backward and forward during those burning autumn days; and every mile of the struggle has left its ghastly traces. The fields are full of wooden crosses which the ploughshare makes a circuit to avoid; many of the villages have been partly wrecked, and here and there an isolated ruin marks the nucleus

Street covered with stones from shelled buildings.

of a fiercer struggle. But the landscape, in its first sweet leafiness, is so alive with ploughing and sowing and all the natural tasks of spring, that the war scars seem like traces of a long-past woe; and it was not till a bend of the road brought us in sight of Gerbéviller that we breathed again the choking air of present horror.

Gerbéviller, stretched out at ease on its slopes above the Meurthe, must have been a happy place to live in. The streets slanted up between scattered houses in gardens to the great Louis XIV château above the town and the church that balanced it. So much one can reconstruct from the first glimpse across the valley; but when one enters the town all perspective is lost in chaos. Gerbéviller has taken to herself the title of "the martyr town"; an honour to which many sister victims might dispute her claim! But as a sensational image of havoc it seems improbable that any can surpass her. Her ruins seem to have been simultaneously vomited up from the depths and hurled down from the skies, as though she had perished in some monstrous clash of earthquake and tornado; and it fills one with a cold despair to know that this double destruction was no accident of nature but a piously planned and methodically executed human deed. From the opposite heights the poor little garden-girt town was shelled like a steel fortress; then, when the Germans entered, a fire was built in every house, and at the nicely-timed right moment one of the explosive tabloids which the fearless Teuton carries about for his land-*Lusitanias* was tossed on each hearth. It was all so well done that one wonders—almost apologetically for German thoroughness—that any of the human rats escaped from their holes; but some did, and were neatly spitted on lurking bayonets.

One old woman, hearing her son's death-cry, rashly looked out of her door. A bullet instantly laid her low among her phloxes and lilies; and there, in her little garden, her dead body was dishonoured. It seemed singularly appropriate, in such a scene, to read above a blackened doorway the sign: "Monuments

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Funèbres," and to observe that the house the doorway once belonged to had formed the angle of a lane called "La Ruelle des Orphelines."

Mr. Liégeay in his dining-room.

At one end of the main street of Gerbéviller there once stood a charming house, of the sober old Lorraine pattern, with low door, deep roof and ample gables: it was in the garden of this house that my pink peonies were picked for me by its owner, Mr. Liégeay, a former Mayor of Gerbéviller, who witnessed all the horrors of the invasion.

Mr. Liégeay is now living in a neighbour's cellar, his own being fully occupied by the débris of his charming house. He told us the story of the three days of the German occupation; how he and his wife and niece, and the niece's babies, took to their cellar while the Germans set the house on fire, and how, peering through a door into the stable-yard, they saw that the soldiers suspected they were within and were trying to get at them. Luckily the incendiaries had heaped wood and straw all round the outside of the house, and the blaze was so hot that they could not reach the door. Between the arch of the doorway and the door itself was a half-moon opening; and Mr. Liégeay and his family, during three days and three nights, broke up all the barrels in the cellar and threw the bits out through the opening to feed the fire in the yard.

Finally, on the third day, when they began to be afraid that the ruins of the house would fall in on them, they made a dash for safety. The house was on the edge of the town, and the women and children managed to get away into the coun-

Mr. Liégeay at his cellar door.

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try; but Mr. Liégeay was surprised in his garden by a German soldier. He made a rush for the high wall of the adjoining cemetery, and scrambling over it slipped down between the wall and a big granite cross. The cross was covered with the hideous wire and glass wreaths dear to French mourners; and with these opportune mementoes Mr. Liégeay roofed himself in, lying wedged in his narrow hiding-place from three in the afternoon till night, and listening to the voices of the soldiers who were hunting for him among the grave-stones. Luckily it was their last day at Gerbéviller, and the German retreat saved his life.

Ruins of General Lyautey's house in Crévic.

Even in Gerbéviller we saw no worse scene of destruction than the particular spot in which the ex-mayor stood while he told his story. He looked about him at the heaps of blackened brick and contorted iron. "This was my dining-room," he said. "There was some good old panelling on the walls, and some fine prints that had been a wedding-present to my grand-father." He led us into another black pit. "This was our sitting-room: you see what a view we had." He sighed, and added philosophically: "I suppose we were too well off. I even had an electric light out there on the terrace, to read my paper by on summer evenings. Yes, we were too well off. . ." That was all.

Meanwhile all the town had been red with horror—flame and shot and tortures unnameable; and at the other end of the long street a woman, a Sister of Charity, had held her own like Sœur Gabrielle at Clermont-en-Argonne, gathering her flock of old men and children about her and interposing her short stout figure between them and the fury of the Germans. We found her in her Hospice, a ruddy, indomitable woman who related with a quiet indignation more thrilling than invective the hideous details of the bloody three days; but that already belongs to the past, and at present she is much more concerned with the task of clothing and feeding Gerbéviller. For two thirds of the population have already "come home"—that is what they call the return to this desert! "You see," Sœur Julie explained, "there are the crops to sow, the gardens to tend. They had to come back. The government is building wooden shelters for them; and people will surely send us beds and linen." (Of course they would, one felt as one listened!) "Heavy boots, too—boots for field-labourers. We

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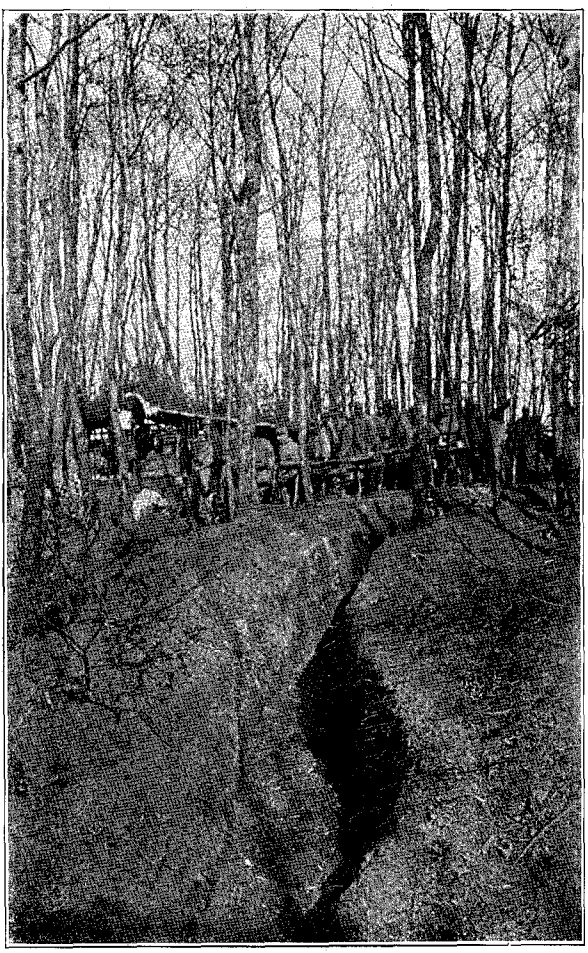
want them for women as well as men—like these." Sœur Julie, smiling, turned up a hob-nailed sole. "I have directed all the work on our Hospice farm myself. All the women are working in the fields—we must take the place of the men." And



One of the "bowels."

I seemed to see my pink peonies flowering in the very prints of her sturdy boots!

May 14th.

Nancy, the most beautiful town in France, has never been as beautiful as now. Coming back to it last evening from a round of ruins one felt as if the humbler sisters sacrificed to spare it were pleading with one not to forget them in the contemplation of its dearly-bought perfection.

The last time I looked out on the great architectural setting of the Place Stanislas was on a hot July evening, the evening of the National Fête. The square and the avenues leading to it swarmed with people, and as darkness fell the balanced lines of arches and palaces sprang out in many coloured light. Garlands of lamps looped the arcades leading into the Place de la Carrière, peacock-coloured fires flared from the Arch of Triumph, long curves of radiance beat like wings over the thickets of the park, the sculptures of the fountains, the brown-and-gold foliation of Jean Damour's great gates; and under this roofing of light was the murmur of a happy crowd carelessly celebrating the tradition of half-forgotten victories.

Now, at sunset, all life ceases in Nancy and veil after veil of silence comes down on the deserted Place and its empty perspectives. Last night by nine the few lingering lights in the streets had been put out, every window was blind, and the moonless night lay over the city like a canopy of velvet. Then, from some remote point, the arc of a searchlight swept the sky, laid a fugitive pallour on darkened palace-fronts, a gleam of gold on invisible gates, trembled across the black vault and vanished, leaving it still blacker. When we came out of the darkened restaurant on the corner of the square, and the iron curtain of the entrance had been hastily dropped on us, we stood in such complete night that it took a waiter's friendly hand to guide us to the curbstone. Then, as we grew used to the darkness, we saw it lying still more densely under the colonnade of the Place de la Carrière and the clipped trees beyond. The ordered masses of architecture became august, the

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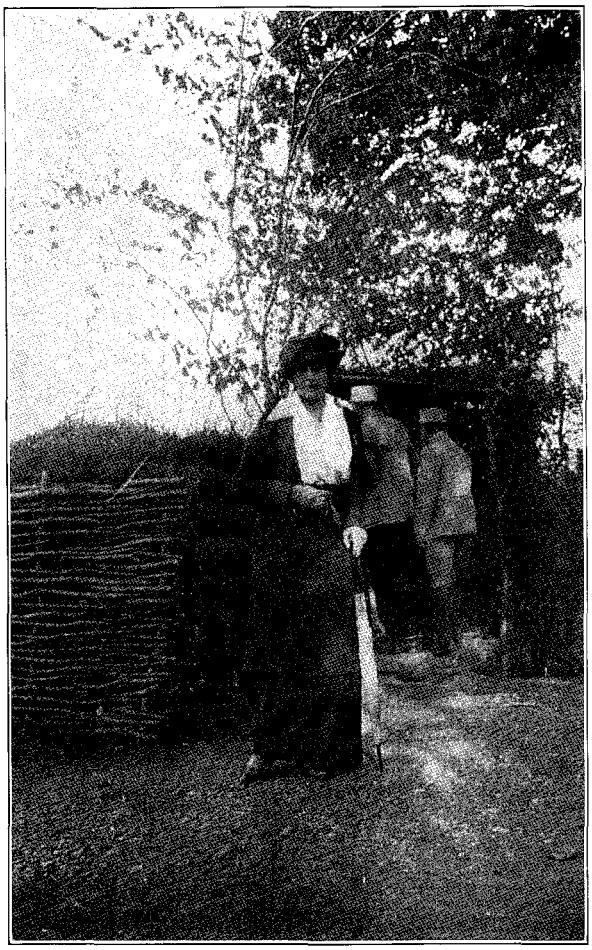
spaces between them immense, and the black sky faintly strewn with stars seemed to overarch an enchanted city. Not a footstep sounded, not a leaf rustled, not a breath of air drew under the arches. And suddenly, through the dumb night, the sound of the cannon began.

May 14th.

Luncheon with the General Staff in an old bourgeois house of a little town as sleepy as "Cranford." In the warm walled gardens everything was blooming at once: laburnums, lilacs, red hawthorn, Banksia roses and all the pleasant border plants that go with box and lavender. Never before did the flowers answer the spring roll-call with such a rush! Upstairs, in the Empire bedroom which the General has turned into his study, it was amusingly incongruous to see the sturdy provincial furniture littered with war-maps, trench-plans, aeroplane photographs and all the documentation of modern war. Through the windows bees hummed, the garden rustled, and one felt, close by, behind the walls of other gardens, the untroubled continuance of a placid and orderly bourgeois life.



A French palisade.

We started early for Mousson on the Moselle, the ruined hill-fortress that gives its name to the better-known town at its foot. Our road ran below the long range of the "Grand Couronné," the line of hills curving southeast from Pont-à-Mousson to St. Nicolas du Port. All through this pleasant broken country the battle shook and swayed last autumn; but few signs of those days are left except the wooden crosses in the fields. No troops are visible, and the pictures of war that made the Argonne so tragic last March are replaced by peaceful rustic scenes. On the way to Mousson the road is overhung by an Italian-looking village clustered about a hill-top. It marks the exact spot at which, last August, the German invasion was finally checked and flung back; and the Muse of History points out that on this very hill has long stood a memorial shaft inscribed: *Here, in the year* 362, *Jovinus defeated the Teutonic hordes.*

A little way up the ascent to Mousson we left the motor behind a bit of rising ground. The road is raked by the German lines, and stray pedestrians (unless in a group) are less liable than a motor to have a shell spent on them. We climbed under a driving grey sky which swept gusts of rain across our road. In the lee

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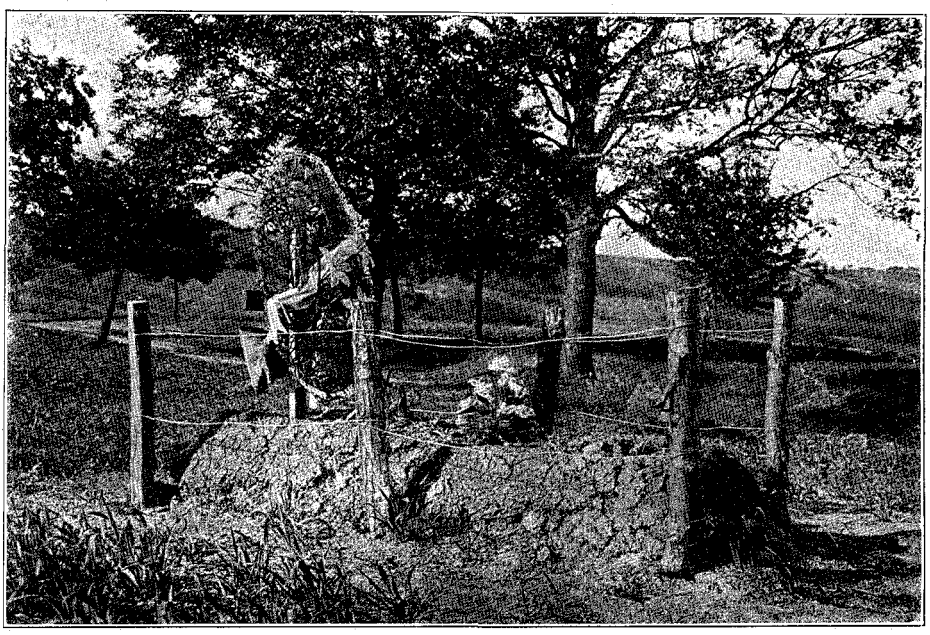
of the castle we stopped to look down at the valley of the Moselle, the slate roofs of Pont-à-Mousson and the broken bridge which once linked together the two sides of the town. Nothing but the wreck of the bridge showed that we were on the edge of war. The wind was too high for firing, and we saw no reason for believing that the wood just behind the Hospice roof at our feet was seamed with German trenches and bristling with guns, or that from every slope across the valley the eye of the cannon sleeplessly glared. But there the Germans were, drawing an iron ring about three sides of the watch-tower; and as one peered through an embrasure of the ancient walls one gradually found one's self reliving the sensations of the little mediæval burgh as it looked out on some earlier circle of besiegers. The longer one looked, the more oppressive and menacing the invisibility of the foe became. "*There* they are—and *there*—and *there*." We strained our eyes obediently, but saw only calm hillsides, dozing farms. It was as if the earth itself were the enemy, as if the hordes of evil were in the clods and grass-blades. Only one conical hill close by showed an odd artificial patterning, like the work of huge ants who had scarred it with criss-cross ridges. We were told that these were French trenches, but they looked much more like the harmless traces of a prehistoric camp.

Suddenly an officer, pointing to the west of the trenched hill said: "Do you see that farm?" It lay just below, near the river, and so close that good eyes could easily have discerned people or animals in the farm-yard, if there had been any; but the whole place seemed to be sleeping the sleep of bucolic peace. "*They are there*," the officer said; and the innocent vignette framed by my field-glass suddenly glared back at me like a human mask of hate. The loudest cannonade had not made "them" seem as real as that!...



A war grave.

At this point the military lines and the old political frontier everywhere overlap, and in a cleft of the wooded hills that conceal the German batteries we saw a dark grey blur on the grey horizon. It was Metz, the Promised City, lying there with its fair steeples and towers, like the mystic banner that Constantine saw upon the sky...

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Through wet vineyards and orchards we scrambled down the hill to the river and entered Pont-à-Mousson. It was by mere meteorological good luck that we got there, for if the winds had been asleep the guns would have been awake, and when they wake poor Pont-à-Mousson is not at home to visitors. One understood why as one stood in the riverside garden of the great Premonstratensian Monastery which is now the hospital and the general asylum of the town. Between the clipped limes and formal borders the German shells had scooped out three or four "dreadful hollows," in one of which, only last week, a little girl found her death; and the façade of the building is pock-marked by shot and disfigured with gaping holes. Yet in this precarious shelter Sister Theresia, of the same indomitable breed as the Sisters of Clermont and Gerbéviller, has gathered a miscellaneous flock of soldiers wounded in the trenches, civilians shattered by the bombardment, *éclopés*, old women and children: all the human wreckage of this storm-beaten point of the front. Sister Theresia seems in no wise disconcerted by the fact that the shells continually play over her roof. The building is immense and spreading, and when one wing is damaged she picks up her protégés and trots them off, bed and baggage, to another. "*Je promène mes malades*," she said calmly, as if boasting of the varied accommodation of an ultra-modern hospital, as she led us through vaulted and stuccoed galleries where caryatid-saints look down in plaster pomp on the rows of brown-blanketed pallets and the long tables at which haggard *éclopés* were enjoying their evening soup.

May 15th.

I have seen the happiest being on earth: a man who has found his job.

This afternoon we motored southwest of Nancy to a little place called Ménil-sur-Belvitte. The name is not yet intimately known to history, but there are reasons why it deserves to be, and in one man's mind it already is. Ménil-sur-Belvitte is a village on the edge of the Vosges. It is badly battered, for awful fighting took place there in the first month of the war. The houses lie in a hollow, and just beyond it the ground rises and spreads into a plateau waving with wheat and backed by wooded slopes—the ideal "battle-ground" of the history-books. And here a real above-ground battle of the old obsolete kind took place, and the French, driving the Germans back victoriously, fell by thousands in the trampled wheat.

The church of Ménil is a ruin, but the parsonage still stands—a plain little house at the end of the street; and here the curé received us, and led us into a room which he has turned into a chapel. The chapel is also a war museum, and everything in it has something to do with the battle that took place among the wheat-fields. The candelabra on the altar are made of "Seventy-five" shells, the Virgin's halo is composed of radiating bayonets, the walls are intricately adorned with German trophies and French relics, and on the ceiling the curé has had painted a kind of zodiacal chart of the whole region, in which Ménil-sur-Belvitte's handful of houses figures as the central orb of the system, and Verdun, Nancy, Metz, and Belfort as its humble satellites. But the chapel-museum is only a surplus expression of the curé's impassioned dedication to the dead. His real work has been done on the battle-field, where row after row of graves, marked and listed as soon as the struggle was over, have been fenced about, symmetrically disposed, planted with flowers and young firs, and marked by the names and death-dates of the fallen. As he led us from one of these enclosures to another his face was lit with the flame of a gratified vocation. This particular man was made to do this particular thing: he is a born collector, classifier, and hero-worshipper. In the hall of the "presbytère" hangs a case of carefully-mounted butterflies, the result, no doubt, of an earlier passion for collecting. His "specimens" have changed, that is all: he has passed from butterflies to men, from the actual to the visionary Psyche.

On the way to Ménil we stopped at the village of Crévic. The Germans were there in August, but the place is untouched—except for one house. That house, a large one, standing in a park at one end of the village, was the birth-place and home of General Lyautey, one of France's best soldiers, and Germany's worst enemy in Africa. It is no exag-

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geration to say that last August General Lyautey, by his promptness and audacity, saved Morocco for France. The Germans know it, and hate him; and as soon as the first soldiers reached Crévic—so obscure and imperceptible a spot that even German omniscience might have missed it—the officer in command asked for General Lyautey's house, went straight to it, had all the papers, portraits, furniture and family relics piled in a bonfire in the court, and then burnt down the house. As we sat in the neglected park with the plaintive ruin before us we heard from the gardener this typical tale of German thoroughness and German chivalry. It is corroborated by the fact that not another house in Crévic was destroyed.

May 16th.

About two miles from the German frontier (*frontier* just here as well as front) an isolated hill rises out of the Lorraine meadows. East of it, a ribbon of river winds among poplars, and that ribbon is the boundary between Empire and Republic. On such a clear day as this the view from the hill is extraordinarily interesting. From its grassy top a little aeroplane cannon stares to heaven, watching the east for the danger speck; and the circumference of the hill is furrowed by a deep trench—a "bowel," rather—winding invisibly from one subterranean observation post to another. In each of these earthy warrens (ingeniously wattled, roofed and iron-sheeted) stand two or three artillery officers with keen quiet faces, directing by telephone the fire of batteries nestling somewhere in the woods four or five miles away. Interesting as the place was, the men who lived there interested me far more. They obviously belonged to different classes, and had received a different social education; but their mental and moral fraternity was complete. They were all fairly young, and their faces had the look that war has given to French faces: a look of sharpened intelligence, strengthened will and sobered judgment, as if every faculty, trebly vivified, were so bent on the one end that personal problems had been pushed back to the vanishing point of the great perspective.

From this vigilant height—one of the intentest eyes open on the frontier—we went a short distance down the hillside to a village out of range of the guns, where the commanding officer gave us tea in a charming old house with a terraced garden full of flowers and puppies. Below the terrace, lost Lorraine stretched away to her blue heights, a vision of summer peace: and just above us the unsleeping hill kept watch, its signal-wires trembling night and day. It was one of the intervals of rest and sweetness when the whole horrible black business seems to press most intolerably on the nerves.

Below the village the road wound down to a forest that had formed a dark blur in our bird's-eye view of the plain. We passed into the forest and halted on the edge of a colony of queer exotic huts. On all sides they peeped through the branches, themselves so branched and sodded and leafy that they seemed like some transition form between tree and house. We were in one of the so-called "villages nègres" of the second-line trenches, the jolly little settlements to which the troops retire after doing their shift under fire. This particular colony has been developed to an extreme degree of comfort and safety. The houses are partly underground, connected by deep winding "bowels" over which light rustic bridges have been thrown, and so profoundly roofed with sods that as much of them as shows above ground is shell-proof. Yet they are real houses, with real doors and windows under their grass-eaves, real furniture inside, and real beds of daisies and pansies at their doors. In the Colonel's bungalow a big bunch of spring flowers bloomed on the table, and everywhere we saw the same neatness and order, the same amused pride in the look of things. The men were dining at long trestle-tables under the trees; tired unshaven men in shabby uniforms of all cuts and almost every colour. They were off duty, relaxed, in a good humour; but every face had the look of the faces watching on the hill-top. Wherever I go among these men of the front I have the same impression: the impression that the absorbing undivided thought of the Defence of France lives in the heart and brain of each soldier as intensely as in the heart and brain of their chief.

We walked a dozen yards down the

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road and came to the edge of the forest. A wattled palisade bounded it, and through a gap in the palisade we looked out across a field to the roofs of a quiet village a mile away. I went out a few steps into the field and was abruptly pulled back. "Take care—those are the trenches!" What looked like a ridge thrown up by a plough was the enemy's line; and in the quiet village French cannon watched. Suddenly, as we stood there, they woke, and at the same moment we heard the unmistakable Gr-r-r of an aeroplane and saw a Bird of Evil high up against the blue. Snap, snap, snap barked the mitrailleuse on the hill, the soldiers jumped from their wine and strained their eyes through the trees, and the Taube, finding itself the centre of so much attention, turned grey tail and swished away to the concealing clouds.

May 17th.

Today we started with an intenser sense of adventure. Hitherto we had always been told beforehand where we were going and how much we were to be allowed to see; but now we were being launched into the unknown. Beyond a certain point all was conjecture—we knew only that what happened after that would depend on the good-will of a Colonel of Chasseurs-à-pied whom we were to go a long way to find, up into the folds of the mountains on our south-east horizon.

We picked up a staff-officer at Head-quarters and flew on to a battered town on the edge of the hills. From there we wound up through a narrowing valley, under wooded cliffs, to a little settlement where the Colonel of the Brigade was to be found. There was a short conference between the Colonel and our staff-officer, and then we annexed a Captain of Chasseurs and spun away again. Our road lay through a town so exposed that our companion from Head-quarters suggested the advisability of avoiding it; but our guide hadn't the heart to inflict such a disappointment on his new acquaintances. "Oh, we won't stop the motor—we'll just dash through," he said indulgently; and in the excess of his indulgence he even permitted us to dash slowly.

Oh, that poor town—when we reached it, along a road ploughed with fresh obus-holes, I didn't want to stop the motor; I wanted to hurry on and blot the picture from my memory! It was doubly sad to look at because of the fact that it wasn't *quite dead;* faint spasms of life still quivered through it. A few children played in the ravaged streets; a few pale mothers watched them from cellar doorways. "They oughtn't to be here," our guide explained; "but about a hundred and fifty begged so hard to stay that the General gave them leave. The officer in command has an eye on them, and whenever he gives the signal they dive down into their burrows. He says they are perfectly obedient. It was he who asked that they might stay. . ."

Up and up into the hills. The vision of human pain and ruin was lost in beauty. We were among the firs, and the air was full of balm. The mossy banks gave out a scent of rain, and little water-falls from the heights set the branches trembling over secret pools. At each turn of the road, forest, and always more forest, climbing with us as we climbed, and dropping away from us to narrow valleys that converged on slate-blue distances. At one of these turns we overtook a company of soldiers, spade on shoulder and bags of tools across their backs—"trench-workers" swinging up to the heights to which we were bound. Life must be a better thing in this crystal air than in the mud-welter of the Argonne and the fogs of the North; and these men's faces were fresh with wind and weather.

Higher still . . . and presently a halt on a ridge, in another "black village," this time almost a town! The soldiers gathered round us as the motor stopped—throngs of *chasseurs-à-pied* in faded, trench-stained uniforms—for few visitors climb to this point, and their pleasure at the sight of new faces was presently expressed in a large "*Vive l'Amérique!*" scrawled on the door of the car. *L'Amérique* was glad and proud to be there, and instantly conscious of breathing an air saturated with courage and the dogged determination to endure. The men were all reservists: that is to say, mostly married, and all beyond the first fighting age. For many months there has not been much active work along this front, no great adventure to rouse the blood and wing the

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imagination: it has just been month after month of monotonous watching and holding on. And the soldiers' faces showed it: there was no light of heady enterprise in their eyes, but the look of men who knew their job, had thought it over, and were there to hold their bit of France till the day of victory or extermination.

Meanwhile, they had made the best of the situation and turned their quarters into a forest colony that would enchant any normal boy. Their village architecture was more elaborate than any we had yet seen. In the Colonel's "dug-out" a long table decked with lilacs and tulips was spread for tea. In other cheery catacombs we found neat rows of bunks, mess-tables, sizzling sauce-pans over kitchen-fires. Everywhere were endless ingenuities in the way of camp-furniture and household decoration. Farther down the road a path between fir-boughs led to a hidden hospital, a marvel of underground compactness. While we chatted with the surgeon a soldier came in from the trenches: an elderly, bearded man, with a good average civilian face—the kind one runs against by hundreds in any French crowd. He had a scalp-wound which had just been dressed, and was very pale. The Colonel stopped to ask a few questions, and then, turning to him, said: "Feeling rather better now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. In a day or two you'll be thinking about going back to the trenches, eh?"

"*I'm going now, sir.*" It was said quite simply, and received in the same way. "Oh, all right," the Colonel merely rejoined; but he laid his hand on the man's shoulder as we went out.

Our next visit was to a sod-thatched hut, "At the sign of the Ambulant Artisans," where two or three soldiers were modelling and chiselling all kinds of trinkets from the aluminium of enemy shells. One of the ambulant artisans was just finishing a ring with beautifully modelled fauns' heads, another offered me a "Pickelhaube" small enough for Mustard-seed's wear, but complete in every detail, and inlaid with the bronze eagle from an Imperial pfennig. There are many such ring-smiths among the privates at the front, and the severe, somewhat archaic design of their rings is a proof of the sureness of French taste; but the two we visited happened to be Paris jewellers, for whom "artisan" was really too modest a pseudonym. Officers and men were evidently proud of their work, and as they stood hammering away in their cramped smithy, a red gleam lighting up the intentness of their faces, they seemed to be beating out the cheerful rhythm of "I too will something make, and joy in the making." . .

Up the hillside, in deeper shadow, was another little structure; a wooden shed with an open gable sheltering an altar with candles and flowers. Here mass is said by one of the conscript priests of the regiment, while his congregation kneel between the fir-trunks, giving life to the old metaphor of the cathedral-forest. Near by was the grave-yard, where day by day these quiet elderly men lay their comrades, the *pères de famille* who don't go back. The care of this woodland cemetery is left entirely to the soldiers, and they have spent treasures of piety on the inscriptions and decorations of the graves. Fresh flowers are brought up from the valleys to cover them, and when some favourite comrade goes, the men, scorning ephemeral tributes, club together to buy a monstrous indestructible wreath with emblazoned streamers. It was near the end of the afternoon, and many soldiers were strolling along the paths between the graves. "It's their favourite walk at this hour," the Colonel said. He stopped to look down on a grave smothered in beady tokens, the grave of the last pal to fall. "He was mentioned in the Order of the Day," the Colonel explained; and the group of soldiers standing near looked at us proudly, as if sharing their comrade's honour, and wanting to be sure that we understood the reason of their pride. . .

"And now," said our Captain of Chasseurs, "that you've seen the second-line trenches, what do you say to taking a look at the first?"

We followed him to a point higher up the hill, where we plunged into a deep ditch of red earth—the "bowel" leading to the first lines. It climbed still higher, under the wet firs, and then, turning, dipped over the edge and began to wind in sharp loops down the other side of the ridge. Down we scrambled, single file,

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our chins on a level with the top of the passage, the close green covert above us. The "bowel" went twisting down more and more sharply into a deep ravine; and presently, at a bend, we came to a fir-thatched outlook, where a soldier stood with his back to us, his eye glued to a peep-hole in the wattled wall. Another turn, and another outlook; but here it was the iron-rimmed eye of the mitrailleuse that stared across the ravine. By this time we were within a hundred yards or so of the German lines, hidden, like ours, on the other side of the narrowing hollow; and as we stole down and down, the hush and secrecy of the scene, and the sense of that imminent lurking hatred only a few branch-lengths away, seemed to fill the silence with mysterious pulsations. Suddenly a sharp noise broke on them: the rap of a rifle-shot against a tree-trunk a few yards ahead.

"Ah, the sharp-shooter," said our guide. "No more talking, please—he's over there, in a tree somewhere, and whenever he hears voices he fires. Some day we shall spot his tree."

We went on in silence to a point where a few soldiers were sitting on a ledge of rock in a widening of the "bowel." They looked as quiet as if they had been waiting for their bocks before a Boulevard café.

"Not beyond, please," said the officer, holding me back; and I stopped.

Here we were, then, actually and literally in the first lines! The knowledge made one's heart tick a little; but, except for another shot or two from our arboreal listener, and the motionless intentness of the soldier's back at the peep-hole, there was nothing to show that we were not a dozen miles away.

Perhaps the thought occurred to our Captain of Chasseurs; for just as I was turning back he said with his friendliest twinkle: "Do you want awfully to go a little farther? Well, then, come on."

We went past the soldiers sitting on the ledge and stole down and down, to where the trees ended at the bottom of the ravine. The sharp-shooter had stopped firing, and nothing disturbed the leafy silence but an intermittent drip of rain. We were at the end of the burrow, and the Captain signed to me that I might take a cautious peep round its corner. I looked out and saw a strip of intensely green meadow just under me, and a wooded cliff rising abruptly on its other side. That was all. The wooded cliff swarmed with "them," and a few steps would have carried us across the interval; yet all about us was silence, and the peace of the forest. Again, for a minute, I had the sense of an all-pervading, invisible power of evil, a saturation of the whole landscape with some hidden vitriol of hate. Then the reaction of unbelief set in, and I felt myself in a harmless ordinary glen, like a million others on an untroubled earth. We turned and began to climb again, loop by loop, up the "bowel"—we passed the lolling soldiers, the silent mitrailleuse, we came again to the watcher at his peep-hole. He heard us, let the officer pass, and turned his head with a little sign of understanding.

"Do you want to look down?"

He moved a step away from his window. The look-out projected over the ravine, raking its depths; and here, with one's eye to the leaf-lashed hole, one saw at last . . . saw, at the bottom of the harmless glen, half way between cliff and cliff, a grey uniform huddled in a dead heap. "He's been there for days: they can't fetch him away," said the watcher, reglueing his eye to the hole; and it was almost a relief to find it was after all a tangible enemy hidden over there across the meadow. . .

The sun had set when we got back to our starting-point in the underground village. The chasseurs-à-pied were lounging along the roadside and standing in gossiping groups about the motor. It was long since they had seen faces from the other life, the life they had left nearly a year earlier and had not been allowed to go back to for a day; and under all their jokes and good-humour their farewell had a tinge of wistfulness. But one felt that this fugitive reminder of a world they had put behind them would pass like a dream, and their minds revert without effort to the one reality: the business of holding their bit of France.

It is hard to say why this sense of the French soldier's single-mindedness is so strong in all who have had even a glimpse of the front; perhaps it is gathered less

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from what the men say than from the look in their eyes. Even while they are accepting cigarettes and exchanging trench-jokes, the look is there; and when one comes on them unaware it is there also. In the dusk of the forest that look followed us down the mountain; and as we skirted the edge of the ravine between the armies, we felt that on the far side of that dividing line were the men who had made the war, and on the near side the men who had been made by it.

"TEN THOUSAND HORSES"

By George Hibbard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

HE looked blankly at the envelope which lay before him on the café table. Dully he read the name upon it as if it were the name of another, though it was his own.

Alan Harwood, Esq.,
American Embassy,
7 Rue de Chaillot,
Paris,
France.

So this was the end of a dream. When he glanced at the page which he held in his hand he anticipated something unpleasant. The fact was more uncomfortable than he had expected. The dismissal as correspondent of the newspaper for which he had come to Europe was brief, emphatic, and conclusive. He had made the venture largely upon his own responsibility, entering into no regular contract with the journal into whose service he had been taken, merely with the understanding that he would supply what material might be possible. The quantity and quality of the news which he was able to send back had not been satisfactory. With so much going on about him which the world was burning to hear, he could telegraph or write nothing. The forbidden land of the "war zone" was as inaccessible to him as Mars. A small boy without the price of admission gazing helplessly at the big tent was as powerless, and he recognized that he felt much of the same fury of exasperation as he thought of the inaccessible wonders beyond.

The end had come. The chimera had vanished. The will-o'-the-wisp which he had pursued had gone out. He looked aimlessly before him. The rain was dripping heavily from the awning of the Café de la Paix above his head. Nevertheless, the throng pressed by in the same endless stream of varied humanity always there at the hour of the *apéritif* at that most marvellous corner of Paris and of the world.

A man, yellow-gloved, with a monocle and sealskin coat, was followed by a blind beggar led by a black *caniche*. Two *trottins de modiste* in simple black frocks and hatless, passed a young woman who, heedless of the dripping pavement, tripped onward in silk stockings and thin, high-heeled shining shoes. A lavender-and-red *chasseur à cheval* saluted a superior officer with four bands of gold about his cap, seated at a neighboring table. A small girl with bright, fresh face darted through the crowd crying shrilly, "La Liberté," "La Presse," and holding out the sheets for who might buy. An Arab in flowing robes walking with stately calm brushed against a group of darkly uniformed Belgian officers with soft, pointed hats, serious-faced and soldierly. Next followed on the instant three slouchy figures in the shabby and nondescript habiliments of the Foreign Legion. Some young Americans, the drivers of cars at the American Ambulance at Neuilly, came briskly up, easily to be mistaken in their brown uniforms for English officers until the small bronze shields with the stars and stripes above the visors of their caps became visible; while in and out among the rest mingled the usual heterogeneous multitude

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of Paris—a long-haired *rapin* from the Latin quarter, a bent wreck of humanity gathering the cast-away stubs of cigarettes, a well-to-do tradesman on his way to his customary game of dominoes in his accustomed *brasserie*, the stout mother of a working family with a basket on her arm, and a bright-eyed, slim slip of a girl holding the edge of her apron.

The representatives of all the world were there—and of Paris which is a world in itself. Members of all the branches of service of three armies were there—for only from among the hosts of the Allies no Russians were to be seen, since the soldiers of the Czar were gathered away off on the far Eastern fighting line. Harwood looked and his spirit rose in hot revolt as he thought of the hour and the place, and how in the midst of momentous happenings and in the very heart of the press of events he was obliged to sit motionless and helpless and a mere looker-on at the mighty panorama of history.

Not far off, and indeed so near as almost to be within sound of the guns, men were standing and struggling in the trenches in ceaseless battle in which the gain of a score of yards, and almost feet, was a victory. Overhead the cruisers of the air floated, continually on the watch for hostile approach and ready on the instant to give chase to the aerial enemy. The men with the silver wings upon their sleeves were always the most noticed among the soldierly throng, though for dash and daring they yielded nothing to the drivers of the *auto blindé*, the steel-screened car whose director in a reconnoissance or foray needed even more nerve and steadiness of eye and hand than the guiders of the scouting aircraft. The heavy and impenetrable hordes of the Kaiser were being held, but being held and no more, and though Paris breathed again after the terror of imminent capture, it only breathed brokenly and spasmodically, with the fear of danger ever near, and girding itself hourly in the knowledge of the need of further and greater effort—Paris which was so strangely itself, and yet not itself; a Paris dark by night and grave by day; a Paris in which but half the lights of the Avenue de l'Opéra were lit after sunset; a Paris in which the shops of the jewellers in the Rue de la Paix were closed, and, above, the curtains drawn across the windows of the great dressmakers; a Paris in which pale-faced women in black and soldiers with bandaged heads and hobbling upon crutches were at every turn; a Paris without theatres, and in which the restaurants closed their doors at ten o'clock; a Paris even without its wonted and vaunted bread and still a Paris in which the thrill and stir of life were more active and strong and wild than ever, for, with the strain, all in it were exalted beyond and above themselves, since the war-madness had got into the hearts and heads until no one within all its gates was wholly normal; a Paris which in all its extent was a wild maelstrom of human passion and aspiration and anxiety as always, only now more vivid and intensified by the exalting conditions; a Paris where suffering and joy were as continually close together, but more accentuated than before, by the rapid shifting of hurrying existence; a Paris where the customary multitude of his own countrymen was singularly absent, but in which there passed before Harwood's eyes a mad, confused gathering from all the ends of the earth—men, brought there in the mere longing and love for the fighting, who had come to offer their sword to any cause; other adventurers of another sort who hoped and strove to snatch gold and financial booty for themselves out of the continental chaos; diplomatists or would-be diplomatists having or claiming that they held the secrets of nations; inventors with wild, weird patents to sell to any government that would buy; shady capitalists on the lookout for a possible bargain in anything from a new government loan to an old master; and with them all the womankind belonging to or accompanying or following such an arriving flock of birds of such feather, whether birds of prey or birds of rich and valuable plumage.

There he was in the midst of it, and what purpose did it serve for him? The chance for the career which he had hoped to make was at an end. A blue and crackling fifty-franc note was all he had in money—and his romance——

Harwood stood again in memory by the rail of the outward-bound ship, as he

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had stood but a few short weeks before. On the deck below, a crowd of third-class passengers—Italian reservists in great part—surrounded one of the number who, mounted on a hatchway, played a concertina, while half a dozen others in pairs executed heavily but gayly a primitive tango. The moon shone clearly above, and the sea slipped by the sides of the vessel as if it were a sheeny silken stuff drawn rapidly backward on either hand. He was aware of a figure near him, and looked up to find himself gazing into the brightest, kindest, most entrancing brown eyes he had ever beheld.

"They are going home," spoke a soft voice throbbing past him on the warm breeze.

"And we," he said, answering more the implied meaning than the words themselves, "are not."

He had felt, himself, something of the isolation of departure as the ship passed out to sea, and he had listened to the mournful tolling of the bell of the buoy with which departing travellers are sent on their way. The mutual and momentary homesickness had drawn them both together, and they suddenly found themselves united in one of those friendships, intimacies of the sea, which have no beginning and take heed of no end, but in common acquiescence accept the duration of a voyage as sufficient unto itself. They had talked by day after he had wrapped her up in her deck-chair; they had walked and talked on the lighted deck after dinner amid the procession of promenaders that filled the ship with a sudden evening animation. They talked of all and everything except themselves. Indeed, he had only known her name when he had worked it out by a process of elimination in the printed list from among the small number of the passengers. "Miss Jane White." A name commonplace enough, yet he found that it had caused him to reflect. A name that any one might have had, but still one that in its uncompromising simplicity evoked an impression of unnaturalness and even produced a sensation of hesitating acceptance. Yet why should he wonder? He had seen her passport. Once in the idle intercourse of a sunny day in mid-Atlantic he had shown her the one he carried, and she unhesitatingly displayed her own. They had laughed together about her description as given in it. "Age, 24 years." "Stature, 5 feet and 6 inches." "Forehead, broad." "Eyes, brown." "Nose, curved."

"They could not exactly," she commented when they had got so far, "say 'snub' in a document of state."

"Or tip-tilted like the petal of a flower," he replied. "They were evidently puzzled."

"Mouth, medium." "Chin, square." "Hair, black." "Complexion, fair." "Face, oval."

"Yet," he said as he finished reading, "how little a picture it gives of you—as," he added in a lower tone, "you look to me."

Harwood, intent upon what he hoped would be the important events before him, had spoken but few words with any of the varied collection of beings crossing with him—a few sentences with a pearl-dealer from Tahiti, some remarks exchanged with a professional bicycle-rider returning from a contest in Madison Square Garden, a brief talk with a priest from the Saskatchewan. That was all. But one day when the sea was calm, a woman had appeared who claimed his attention. Without unnatural vanity Harwood could not deny to himself that the expression which formed itself in his mind described the situation. He found himself meeting her constantly. Repeatedly he encountered her on the stairs and in the doorways. Often when he came to a standstill, she stood still also. Not without experience of much that the world contains, he could find but little cause for self-congratulation in such unquestionable or questionable notice. The type was unmistakable. The tired eyes told their tale. The worn and yellowing and made-up face proclaimed the worn and yellowing and made-up soul. The small lines and seams about the mouth indicated a heart scarred and rent, and caused Harwood to think of a photograph which he had seen of the moon's fissured and arid surface.

Also, with the aid of the passenger-list, he learned without seeking that she was registered as Mme. Morton Graham. Half in idleness and half in compulsory politeness, he had fallen into the habit of desultory conversation. During one of

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these unsought colloquies she made the statement which confused him.

"Of course you know about her," she said, as his eyes strayed, as they had a way of straying, to a particular passing figure.

"Miss White?" he asked.

"You believe that," she replied, with a dry laugh. "I was taken in at first, too, though I thought that there was something familiar about the face. I should not have been quite sure, though, if it had not been for my friend—" and she indicated a demure, middle-aged, mouse-like person who accompanied her, at times apparently in the capacity of duenna, but who at others, with her docile and humble services, acted almost as a maid. "You knew her at once, didn't you, Tabby?"

The colorless companion nodded obediently.

"Tabby saw her at the time of the trial. I had seen her pictures when they were constantly in all the newspapers of the country. Don't you remember? She is the heroine of the great jewel robbery and trial last spring in Chicago. She was the stenographer in the house of old Schureman, the multimillionaire, and when his wife's four-hundred-thousand-dollar pearl necklace disappeared she was suspected and brought to trial. Though nothing could be proved, not a person ever had a doubt that she had taken it and given it over to her confederates. Her real name is Mildred Carter, but after all the tremendous notoriety connected with it, I suppose that she did not like exactly to travel under it, and got up this alias. Certainly that isn't her real name."

She paused and again referred to her companion.

"Tabby, quite by accident, of course, picked up one of her books which had fallen from her chair, and the name written in it was something quite different."

"It wasn't Mildred Carter," purred the confidante, "but I hadn't time to see exactly what it was."

"She probably has had lots of them. Of course, she is pretty, and all the men stare at her—though I think, for the most of those on board, the attraction of her prettiness is heightened by her story. There's nothing all of you like so much about a woman who isn't bad-looking as a mystery, and particularly a doubtful mystery."

Harwood, raging, had protested. His declaration of disbelief was met by such bland certainty that he had walked away shaken in his own convictions. The next time he was with Miss White he had spoken and carried himself, as he believed, without any difference of manner, but by quickness of perception or unusually keen feminine instinct she had noticed a change. After that afternoon she avoided him, and he— He had found himself in half a dozen minds at once. Probability undoubtedly commanded him to discredit what he had heard. Reason urged him to remember the time and the place. One furtive person, he knew, had been regarded askance as a spy. He himself in the smoking-room had noticed a sleek individual who, undetected except by himself, had cheated at cards. Caught up at hazard by events, he could not tell by whom he was surrounded. Why might she not easily be one of those whose antecedents could not bear investigation? Nevertheless, a feeling within him kept telling him that he was yielding to a hysteria of which he had seen evidences already in others, and was allowing his calm judgment to be influenced in ways that would not have been possible under other circumstances.

Only once again had he had any word with her, and that was as they were nearing the French coast. She had come up to him quite frankly as he stood upon the darkened deck. The ship was running without lights. Not a gleam penetrated through the iron-curtained windows of the upper cabins. Below, in each stateroom, the electric bulbs had been unscrewed and removed. The glow at the masthead that had marked the vessel in crossing the ocean was extinguished. No red or green showed at the sides. They were in waters where boats had recently been sunk, and the same might happen to them.

"I want to speak to you," she said. "To say good-by."

"Not good-by," he urged.

"We said good-by three days ago when you did not want to talk to me any more."

"I did," he declared. "I——"

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"Of course you know about her," she said.—Page 445.

"I understand," she interrupted. "That woman had told you things. I know, because there was a nice little old lady who was very cordial and kind with me at first, and then she suddenly changed. I thought there was something, and I simply dragged it out of her. Mrs. Morton Graham had told her the same story that she had told you."

"I didn't believe——"

"You doubted, and I won't stand that," she declared spiritedly. "It's good-by. You are not convinced yet. At least, I am not convinced that you are."

"I am now."

"Then—" she paused in their rapid exchange of words. "No. No. You'll have to prove that."

"I shall see you again."

"That depends on you."

"How——"

"It's for you to find the way." She forced herself to laugh. "Didn't one of the great French warriors or generals say once: 'Let those who love me follow me.'"

Before he could reply she was away. He hastened after her, but she disappeared through a cabin door. The next morning by the first light of dawn he caught sight of her in the inextricable confusion of the Havre dock. He was checked by the need of showing his passport, and when he had reached the shore she had again disappeared. During a day he lingered at Havre wandering aimlessly about the busy foreign streets striving to find her. She was at none of the hotels, and on the afternoon of the second day, realizing the uselessness of his search, he had taken the evening train for Paris.

"Ten thousand horses."

The words, spoken without marked but with unmistakable English accent, aroused Harwood. He turned quickly to glance up the long, double rank of café tables. At the one directly next to him he saw and recognized the speaker. As their eyes met he realized that he himself had been recognized.

"Ah, Harwood," said the man, who nodded to him as he leaned toward him. "How are you? I see you heard me," he added carelessly. "You don't happen to have ten thousand horses about you?"

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"Search me," Harwood replied.

"Ah, one of your capital Americanisms. There's nothing like your people for hitting it off."

Harwood looked at the person who addressed him. The figure in the khaki uniform was small and spare. The face had a certain clearness of cut that was distinctly intellectual, with almost a gentle sweetness about the lines of the mouth. The absolute and calm composure, however, proved the possession of worldly experience and the power of quick and ready action. Harwood had known Jimmy Carstairs for some weeks and saw in him at once an almost perfect type of the soldier of fortune. He had left China, but a short time before, with twelve Chinese dogs of a rare and delicate breed, for which he easily would have received a thousand dollars apiece in New York if he had succeeded in bringing them there alive. In spite of cotton-wool wrappings and the utmost care, they had, alas, died and the speculation had failed. That he was an aviator Harwood knew, for the fact was established beyond question that a part of his anatomy consisted of four aluminum ribs which had been required as the result of a fall to replace those which he had received by nature. At the present time he was serving as a volunteer driver of an ambulance of the American hospital at Neuilly, and Harwood had met him at a supper in the Latin quarter when Carstairs had sung or chanted, without any voice at all but in a manner unquestionably effective, a number of native songs of the South Sea islanders.

"There's millions in it," said Carstairs, leaving the man beside whom he sat and placing himself in the empty chair next to Harwood—"and I think that's good American too—or at least thousands."

He bent foward with the air of confidential mystery which was habitual with him.

"The agent of the Italian Government is here at the Hôtel Regina. He came yesterday with a mission to buy horses and other things. Italy is certainly going to enter the war within a month. I saw him through some friends of mine. I have undertaken to supply him with the geegees. I have his promise that until five o'clock to-morrow he will do nothing about the matter, and take nothing that is offered to him. I think I am safe. There are thirty men in Paris at this moment selling those ten thousand horses. Only they haven't got them. That is, none of them unless a Canadian outfit that is represented by Mrs. Morton Graham——"

"Is she here?" Harwood exclaimed; "and is she in it?"

"I tell you there are nearly as many women as men in this game here. And you may believe that if there is anything going on that is, well—*sub rosa*—you understand me, with something to be got out of it—that Mrs. Morton Graham has a hand in it. Wonderful woman. I first met her in Borneo where she was busy with something about rubies. We were by the way of being pretty good pals there, but it's war to the knife now. She's got old Blanco's ear—he's the Italian emissary—and if I don't have those horses before five to-morrow, she'll get up something that will go through. Clever; not a good word for any one, particularly a pretty woman. I'm afraid of her, and I haven't got the horses. I made such a big talk to Blanco, though, I convinced him—almost convinced myself. I'll divide a hundred thousand dollars with anybody who will produce the animals—who can agree to supply them, and give bonds for their delivery. Over fourteen hands, and not more than one gray in five."

"You might as well expect me to get you zebras from the Zambesi."

"I know," replied Carstairs with unwonted despondency. "It's a hopeless lookout. Not that there aren't other things," he continued, cheering up at once. "Do you understand me? Here's a contract for sixteen thousand yards of blue velvet for the collars of uniforms, if I could only find it." He drew a package of papers from his pocket. "Thirty thousand cans of tinned beef. I'd know what to do with them if I had them. Men are making fortunes here every hour. These are only the small pickings. There is a Russian seventy-five-million-dollar contract absolutely going begging. The stock exchange—Monte Carlo—they're only child's play to the gamble that's on here at present."

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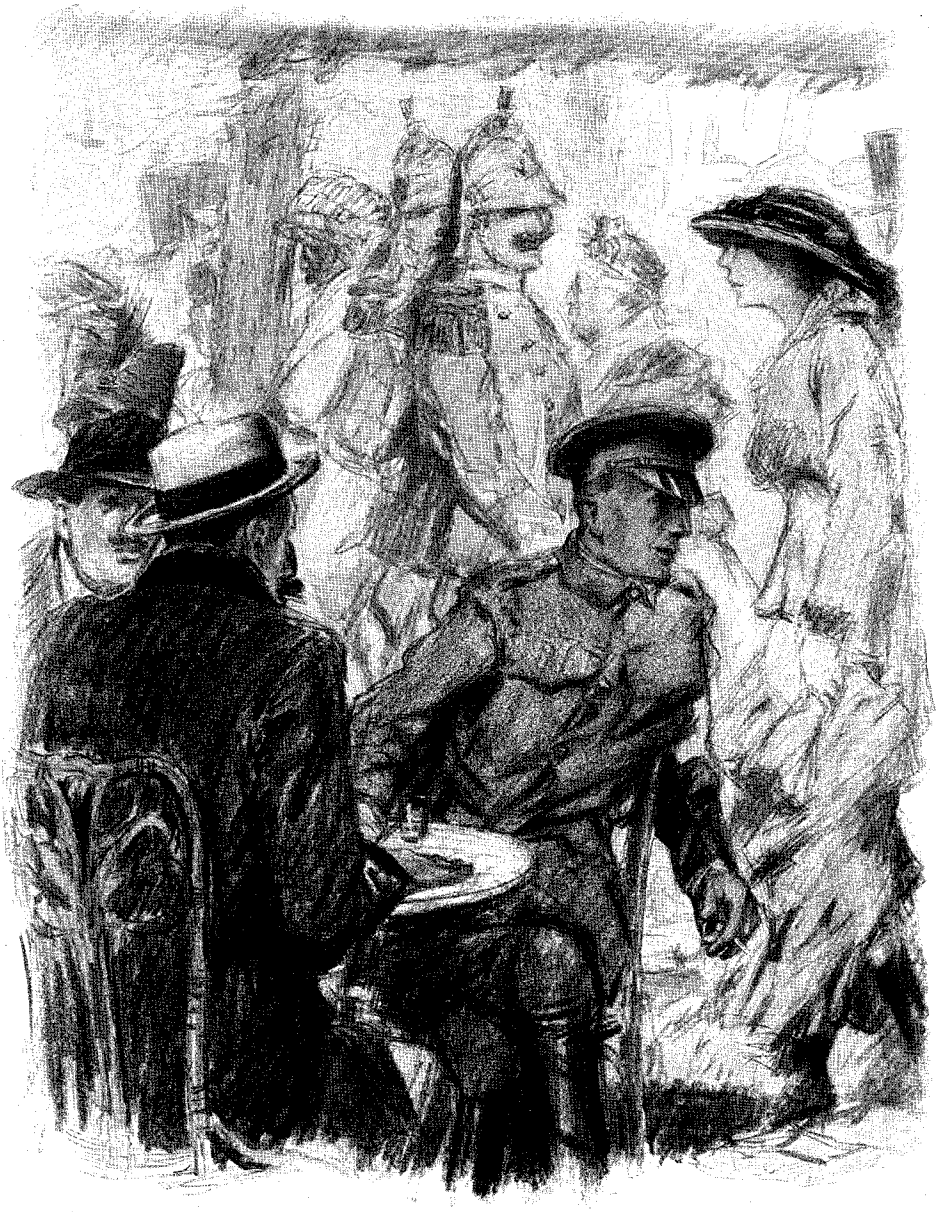

"You don't happen to have ten thousand

"While you have to stand and look on with your hands in your pockets."

"Instead of in some other fellow's pockets, do you understand me?" said Carstairs, thrusting the papers into his coat. "Well, our turn may come next. I've taken a fancy to you. Do you understand? See here, Alan. You don't mind my calling you Alan. Here's a queer thing. My fingers just touched it." He produced a small piece of rough jade on a polished part of which a dragon, surrounded by some mystical figures, was exquisitely carved. "I've carried it with me for a long time. I got it at the sack of Pekin. A Chinaman who was the agent of a mandarin dogged me for over a year trying to get a chance to stick me in the back and get it. Finally, however, he got the knife of another Chinaman in his side

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horses about you?"—Page 446.

in some quarrel. It's well known over there, for it's hundreds of years old. There's a superstition that's always been attached to it from which it gets its importance. It's a sort of a talisman. Do you understand me? It brings good fortune. Whoever gives it to a friend brings him good luck in receiving it, and, what is more, has good luck himself from the giving. One of those regular complicated bits of Oriental mysticism, rather psychological in a way. There are very few people to whom any one wishes to do a good turn even on the chance of having it themselves. Don't think I'm cynical, but you know the world. I'm going to give it to you. Of course it's all nonsense."

"The willingness on your part to give it isn't, at least," said Harwood, taking the stone and looking at it curiously. "I

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don't exactly like taking anything so valuable."

"It isn't worth anything for any one who doesn't know what it is, and it will be a pleasure to me. Besides, who can tell if it mightn't bring about the turn of the tide for me?"

"All right," replied Harwood, dropping the gift into his pocket. "It's awfully kind of you—a stranger like me."

"That's my way. Act on impulse. Do you understand me? See you again. Got to go back to my friend here. He's the young Marquis di Frasculi. Here with Signor Blanco, who has the government contracts in charge. Never let him out of my sight, so that I'll know all that's going on. There's nothing in it, but I shall be at the Hôtel Regina until five o'clock tomorrow and put up a fight until the last minute. Good-by until we see each other again."

Carstairs stood up with a nod and Harwood rose also and moved away. Some of the *baraques* had been left along the boulevards from Christmas, and he strolled on looking at their contents. Here a man drew a crowd with lighters for cigars and cigarettes. At the next booth a woman sold the "*dernière création de Paris*," as she declared glibly—a helmeted soldier which at the touch of a spring went up in pieces in the air. Harwood kept on, inattentively examining the endless variety of pretty and ingenious contrivances. The picturesqueness and animation of it all were a part of the topsy-turvy, helter-skelter, and unnatural world in which he was. Nothing seemed strange. The incongruous had lost all effect of incongruity. The improbable even had assumed a character of reasonableness. He laughed shortly as he thought with what easy acceptance and almost acquiescent faith he had received Carstairs's ridiculous present. An odd encounter and interview, but then what was not to be expected? He felt of the gift in his pocket, almost to convince himself of the reality.

He had reached the turning of the Rue Royale, and he kept on along the broad, tumultuous thoroughfare. His thoughts, for they were never long away from her, went back to Jane White—Mildred Carter, whoever she was. That, too, fell into all the phantasmagoric fantasy of it all. She, though, was real, and his feeling was real, and the longing to see her was real, a longing which he now knew as a real love. He had made vain and fitful efforts in Paris to obtain some news of her, after his failure in Havre. Where was she more naturally to be found? But with all the vast city to search, what could he do?

Before him opened the softly hazy extent of the Place de la Concorde, dotted with rows of orange lights. The obelisk rose against the sky where the sunset had not wholly faded. Night had nearly fallen and objects and people were not easily distinguishable. He turned to the right, intending to cross to the Champs-Elysées, when a figure caught his sight coming out of the darkness of the arcade of the Rue de Rivoli. She had passed before he realized in his surprise what had happened. He started back and in a moment he was beside her. At the first glance he thought that she was paler and thinner than when he had first met her.

"I've searched for you everywhere," he exclaimed.

"Oh, I'm such a very small needle in such a big haystack," she replied, walking more slowly.

"I'm so glad," he declared, "though I wish that I had found you instead of come upon you by accident."

"Why?"

"Because then you would have known that I didn't believe all that silly nonsense—but you will take my word for it."

"Why should I now more than then?"

"Because I tell you. Can't you see it's true?"

They had crossed the Rue Royale and were walking along the Rue de Rivoli in the direction of the Louvre.

"Tell me about yourself," she replied evasively.

"Come over there," he said, pointing across the way. "There is not such a crowd."

On the sidewalk bounded on the right by the high iron railings of the gardens they were almost alone.

"It has not been only a chapter of accidents, but a whole book of misfortunes," he said. "I've failed and lost my job. My newspaper writes it will have none of me. I'm down and out, and reached the

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"Here we are," she said hurriedly. "There is a taxi."—Page 454.

end of everything, unless"—he added, laughing in his happiness of being with her—"you happen to know where I can get ten thousand horses."

"What do you mean?"

"Exactly what I say. The thin and precarious thread on which my fortune now hangs is spun out of the power, and chance, of being able to produce ten thousand horses within twenty-four hours, only one gray among five of them. At least, that is the only gleam of light now illuminating a darkened world. I am informed it would be worth fifty thousand dollars to me."

"You are joking."

"Perhaps I am. I rather think I am. I don't know anything any more. What's true and possible has got so mixed up with what is unreal and insane that I don't know one from the other. A man, however, has just assured me the Italian Government is in the market for that number of mounts."

"It sounds almost as if there were something in it," she answered slowly.

"Doesn't it? Who knows, though?" he went on. "Perhaps it's just one of the pieces of the whole fantastic kaleidoscope. But it is not a question of me. It's you—you. Tell me about yourself."

"Do you think that you deserve that I should?"

"Yes."

"My story has been very much the same as yours."

"In what way?"

"I've loved—I won't tell you what—and lost; and here I am."

"Here we are," he said recklessly.

"Yes, alone, if not in London then in Paris, without a bit of good fortune to call our own."

"I don't know," he replied, following the whim of the moment. "Perhaps I've got one bit left. Meeting you would almost tend to prove that it wasn't all moonshine. Let's play the whole mad

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game out to the end. Here," he cried, seizing the piece of jade and holding it out to her. "This was just given to me with the statement that whoever gave it to another would bring good luck to the other and have good luck himself."

"You want to give it to me?" she said, taking the stone and examining it closely in the faint light.

"I'd rather bring you something good," he said, "than have it myself. To bring you good would be the best thing in the world for me. I've thought of it always—of you——"

"Listen," she commanded. "I am going to take it. Of course I don't believe in it, but I want it because you want to give it to me. And now I want something else."

"What?" he asked eagerly.

"Time to think."

They had reached the station of the "Métro." The red lights over its entrance were directly above them. Before he could speak, or realized what she was about, she darted down the steps. He ran after her. She had, however, been so quick in action that by the time he reached the little window she had bought her ticket. He threw down the last silver piece which he possessed and, not waiting for the change, seized the ticket held out to him and hastened after her. He saw her at the end of the long, dismal subterranean corridor. He reached the stairs and hurried down them. Just as he got to the foot of the flight, the gate closed. She had been in time to pass through it, and he caught sight of her entering a car of the train which was just starting. When he was free to go upon the platform, he stood still for a moment and then turned back. To take the next train was useless. At which of the many stations before the last she might descend, he could not know. By the time his train would have reached the final one at the Porte Maillot, if that was her destination, she would have disappeared.

That evening his resources only permitted him to go to a "Duval" for dinner. When he reflected, he discovered that he had eaten nothing since the preceding day but some bread and butter, with his coffee in the morning, and the need of something sustaining was not to be mistaken. The kindly, quick-eyed, white-capped Frenchwoman who brought him what he ordered speedily discovered that something was amiss with the moody young man at the table, and was doubly attentive in her solicitous ministrations. Unconsciously soothed by her hovering kindness and her friendly "*Bon soir, monsieur*," he wandered into the darkened, deserted streets of war-time Paris. How far he walked he never could remember. At what hour he entered his hotel he could not recollect. The weariness of body, together with a weariness of spirit, speedily brought him the sleep which in youth, even in the greatest distress, is not long delayed.

A tap at the door aroused him. He took the *pneumatique* which he received to the window. As he tore open the pale-blue envelope his heart gave a leap. With a glow of premonitory gladness he glanced at the signature. The words were few, but sufficient to send his spirit up with a bound. They were without beginning and had only the name at the end he longed to see:

"I have known where you were all the time. Meet me in the Bois at the end of the lower lake nearest the Porte Dauphine to-morrow, Thursday, afternoon at four o'clock.

"JANE WHITE."

He looked at his watch. The hands marked half past ten. In his mental and physical exhaustion he had slept into the morning. Five hours and a half intervened, however, before he could be with her. How to get through the eternity of time? He had his coffee at his hotel. Then he issued forth to tramp Paris again. He saw the late-stirring city arouse itself from its morning calm into the early activities of the afternoon. The pedestrians increased in number on the sidewalks. Automobiles began to draw up before the shops and restaurants. The shadow of the Column moved more than half-way across the Place Vendome. Still he walked, unable in his restlessness to remain quiet. When at length he felt that he might turn his steps toward the place of rendezvous, there was, nevertheless, a long remaining interval to pass before the desired moment. However, the walk to the Bois

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would occupy him, and with the sense that every step was bringing him nearer to the spot, the delay was less unbearable.

At the Porte Dauphine he only gave a glance at the trees felled as a barrier across the way, and at the trenches in the hard roadbed. They were a part of the preparations made when Paris was in imminent danger, but they were of the past, as he felt all was of the past. The coming meeting was everything, and on it and on its promises for the future the whole of life depended.

He tried to go more slowly through the Bois, knowing that as it was he must arrive much too soon. The winter was passing. Already he had noticed the green budding of a branch on the Champs-Elysées and heard the song of spring from a bird in the Tuileries gardens. A small troop of cavalry cantered down a by-path, the red of their dress and the color of the moving horses showing picturesquely through the tree-trunks. Every now and then an automobile stopped from which descended children and dogs, in charge of voluble nurses, brought there for air and exercise. A couple sat on a bench whose looks as well as their clasped hands showed the tender nature of the relationship. The sun was shining with the enveloping softness of the commencement of the French spring. A bugle sounded melodiously afar off.

He quickened his steps involuntarily. The hour appointed was still distant, but he felt that waiting on the spot would be more tolerable. He consulted his watch, as he had a hundred times since noon. He was there with twenty minutes to wait. He looked up and saw her.

She came toward him with both hands extended. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes shining with a brightness he had never seen.

"Oh, you are here too," she laughed.

"I never expected you now," he exclaimed joyfully.

"I simply couldn't stand the suspense after all was arranged," she explained blindly and rapidly. "It seemed as if it might bring things quicker if I were here. There's so much to tell you."

"I—" he began.

"Listen!" she interrupted. "You may think I'm crazy, with all the rest of the craziness. But I'm not. It's all real and actual, and indeed very matter-of-fact and businesslike." She was almost panting in her excitement, and her words were uttered with broken rapidity. "I've got the horses."

"Horses!" he exclaimed blankly.

"Yes, don't you remember? Oh, don't tell me that it was not true."

"Oh, yes, what I said last night. That was all so, as far as it went."

"It was a chance? It is a chance?" she demanded earnestly.

"Perhaps," he said. "I don't know. It's all wild."

"Yes, but with all the impossible here there is always the possible. I have the horses. What was to be done with them?"

"The agent of the Italian Government was to be told that the contract could be filled. The time limit was five o'clock."

"Where is he?"

"At the Hôtel Regina."

"Where is that?"

"In the Rue de Rivoli, near the Louvre."

"There isn't a moment to lose," she declared. "We can't get a taxi here?"

"If we could, it wouldn't be allowed to pass the barrier, just as none is allowed to come out."

"Then we've got to find one inside of one of the gates. Come," she cried. "We can talk as we walk—run."

She started off at a rapid pace, which was indeed almost a run, so that he was obliged to take long steps to keep up with her.

"It is all crazy," she gasped, "but then there never is anything so crazy as the truth. I am not Jane White, or Mildred Carter. I'm just a girl from a little place out in Oklahoma. I read about the war until it got into my blood and into my brain. It's the greatest thing that ever was in history, and it seemed that I could not be living at the same time and not see some of it or be a part of it."

"That's just the way I felt," he declared.

"Well, I haven't a relative or belonging in the world except my Uncle Dick, who has one of the largest ranches in the Southwest, and who wouldn't hear of my going. I was staying with some great friends of mine in Cincinnati—a young married couple who are very important people

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there. Constance would have loved to go herself, and was ready to help me and game for everything. I don't know, but I felt that in some way Uncle Dick might find out and stop me, or hear and come after me. By the help of Constance, my friend, through the agents of the steamship company—they believed everything she said without question when she identified me—I got the passport from Washington in the name of Jane White. It seemed a part of the adventure. It was the beginning of the madness, and here and there some of the madness of the war has got into the United States. Then I saw you on the ship."

"And I—" he essayed to speak.

"Wait! Wait! I wanted to see if you would try to find me. I wanted you so to try."

"I did."

"I know, and you couldn't, and Fate or something was kind. Then I met you last night. You looked so unhappy, and so glad to see me; and I was so glad, for I was unhappy. I've tried nursing in one of the French hospitals, and it's awful and I can't bear it, and I'm running short of money and I didn't know what to do. I was homesick and all nerve-racked, and oh, I was so glad to see you—see you anyhow! You told me about the horses, and I said I wanted to think. I had arranged to have letters sent to me telling me about Uncle Dick and what was happening, for I could not be without hearing, and I knew that he had got together and had fixed it so that he could have more horses than that to send to Europe. The deal, though, had fallen through. The horses are all at Galveston or near there, ready to be shipped."

"But—" he interposed.

"Wait. I know a great deal about business. I have not been Uncle Dick's confidante for so long for nothing. Oh, how I want to see him again, for I know he has missed me! My mother was Uncle Dick's sister, and my father was the most intimate friend for years of the great American banker here. I always kept him in reserve and I knew that he would do anything for me. I brought letters he had written to my father before my father died. I went to him this morning and explained everything. He is willing to guarantee the delivery of the horses, and has done it. I have the papers here," she drew from her muff a document. "What do you think of me?"

"Wait! 'Wait!' as you say," he laughed. "I'll tell you what I think and feel and—a great deal."

The spirit which had animated her seemed suddenly to be lost. Her head sank a little and she blushed violently.

"Here we are," she said hurriedly. "There is a taxi."

He opened the door and she sprang into the vehicle. In an instant he was with her.

"I told him to go as fast as he could to the Hôtel Regina. I said '*ventre à terre.*' I don't know whether that is good French when used for an automobile. But he seemed to understand."

She laughed contentedly and a little hysterically with him as the taxi started on its way.

"We ought to do it easily," he said after he had assured himself of the time.

They sped down the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne. Neither spoke, but the silence arose from a mutual consciousness of much to be said for which they were waiting the moment and the place. She gazed out of the window as the buildings of the wide, splendid avenue flashed past, and from time to time he looked at her. The Arc de Triomphe in all its impressive magnificence rose before them. They swung round the broad space to the right and kept on with the wonderful vista before them which is to be seen by those who go toward the Paris of the past. The wheels whirred steadily. Suddenly, though, there was a break in the rough rhythm. The car came to a stop. The driver, descending, busied himself with the engine. Harwood jumped out. He came back immediately to the door.

"He says it doesn't '*marche.*' We're stuck," he announced.

"We've got to get another," she declared, and she jumped out and stood beside him. "One must come in a moment."

They watched eagerly. In that city and at that spot there is no need to wait long for a conveyance, but with their impatience the delay appeared interminable. At length a car passed, to which they sig-

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nalled. It stopped and they hurried into it. Once more they were on their way.

"Shall we be too late?" she inquired apprehensively.

"I think we can make it yet," he replied hopefully.

Without the restriction of a speed limit and with the promise of ample reward, they were whirled across the "Rond-Point," and very quickly found themselves passing the statue representing Strasbourg, covered and festooned with withering garlands.

"It's not far now," he encouraged her.

How much time they had to spare when the taxi drew up at the curb before the Hôtel Regina he could not tell, but he knew that they were in time. He did not stop to pay the man, but followed her through the revolving door into the hall.

"Now, where is Carstairs?" he exclaimed.

That night the three dined together in a corner of a great restaurant. In their ordinary workaday dress they felt almost intruders on the gay scene where tables all about them were occupied by richly clad women and by men who were in uniform or were dressed in the last perfection of modish habiliments.

"Never mind," said Carstairs; "we pulled it off. To-morrow, if we like, we can look like any of these lilies of the field or orchids of the hothouse. I thought it was all up as I stood there in the room and saw the hands of the clock creeping toward five. Old Blanco was fussing at the table, but I was going to hold him to the last instant. Not that I thought there was any chance. And then you burst in, and mademoiselle—" he bowed. "Medusa hadn't anything over Mrs. Morton Graham in the way of expression. Talk about calling spirits from the vasty deep! It's nothing to calling up those horses out of space."

"You haven't forgotten this?" she asked gayly, taking the bit of jade out of the small black bag.

"By Jove, I had," he said, looking at the carved figure and symbols. "I wonder if there is anything in it after all. If there was, though, it couldn't be much more curious than all we're seeing every day."

"I'm going to give it back to you."

"No! No!" he objected. "I'd like you two to keep it. When there is anything you wish, you can give it back and forth to one another. I may be premature," he went on with a twinkle in his eye, "but— You understand me?"

She did not blush or look down, but, without constraint and quite naturally, placed her hand on Harwood's, which rested on the table.

"Yes, I understand," she said easily and simply.

"Jimmy!" Harwood exclaimed. "You've brought me all the good luck and good fortune, and the greatest happiness a man ever had in the world. I hope you'll have some."

"Oh, I'm a rolling stone," replied Carstairs with a far-away look in his usually hard eyes. "My happiness is all behind—gone—lost beyond recall." He seemed to rouse himself. "Let me know when and where the wedding is, and I'll send a regular wedding present."

Outside the restaurant, where the attendant was waiting with the big red umbrella open, for the rain had begun to fall, they paused for adieus.

"Good-by," Carstairs said.

"Oh, no," she objected.

"Of course I'll see you again—have to see you about business—but I may be off at any time. There's more chance for something active in Servia than here, and I've accepted an offer to go. May start at any minute."

Jimmy Carstairs nodded and strode away up the darkened avenue, where the scattered lights were reflected brokenly on the shining pavement, toward the Place de l'Opéra and the Paris he knew so well, and onward to take up the stormy life which his recklessness craved, and which could only end when the unquiet spirit was at rest in some unimaginable grave.

Neither of those left behind spoke for a moment until he broke the spell:

"It's what he likes the best. It's late. I'll take you to your hotel and come early to-morrow, and then——"

"Let's go home," she urged suddenly. "Let's go back to America at once, out of all this excitement and fever."

"Yes," he assented emphatically. "That's just what we'll do. We'll go home."

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ON THE BRITISH BATTLE LINE

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

War correspondent of *The New York World*, *The London Daily Mail*, and SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE with the Allied Armies

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

ALONG a road in the outskirts of that French town which is the British headquarters a youth was running. He was of considerably less than medium height, and fair-haired and very slender. One would have described him as a nice-looking boy. He wore a jersey and white running-shorts which left his knees bare, and he was bare-headed. Shoulders back and chest well out, he jogged along at the steady dog-trot adopted by athletes and prize-fighters who are in training. Now in ordinary times there is not anything particularly remarkable in seeing a scantily clad youth dog-trotting along a country road. You assume that he is training for a cross-country event, or for a seat in a varsity shell, or for the feather-weight championship, and you let it go at that. But these are not ordinary times in France, and ordinary young men in running-shorts are not permitted to trot along the roads as they list in the immediate vicinity of British headquarters. Even if you travel, as I did, in a large gray car, with an officer of the French General Staff for companion, you are halted every few minutes by a sentry who turns the business end of a rifle in your direction and demands to see your papers. But no one challenged the young man in the running-shorts or asked to see *his* papers. Instead, whenever a soldier caught sight of him that soldier clicked his heels together and stood rigidly at attention. After you had observed the curious effect which the appearance of this young man produced on the military of all ranks it suddenly struck you that his face was strangely familiar. Then you all at once remembered that you had seen it hundreds of times in the magazines and the illustrated papers. Under it was the caption, "His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales." That young man will some day, if he lives, sit in an ancient chair in Westminster Abbey, and the Archbishop of Canterbury will place a crown upon his head, and his picture will appear on coins and postage-stamps in use over half the globe.

Now the future King of England—Edward VIII they will doubtless call him—is not getting up at daybreak and reeling off half a dozen miles or so because he particularly enjoys it. He is doing it with an end in view. He is doing it for precisely the same reason that the prize-fighter does it—he is training for a battle. To me there was something wonderfully suggestive and characteristic in the sight of that young man plugging doggedly along the country road. He seemed to epitomize the spirit which I found to exist along the whole length of the British battle line. Every British soldier in France has come to realize that he is engaged in a struggle without parallel in history—a struggle in which he is confronted by a formidable, ferocious, resourceful, and unscrupulous opponent, and from which he is by no means certain to emerge a victor—and he is, therefore, methodically and systematically preparing to win that struggle just as a pugilist prepares himself for a battle in the prize-ring.

The British soldier has at last come to a realization of the terrible gravity of the situation which faces him. You don't hear him singing "Tipperary" any more or boasting about what he is going to do when he gets to Berlin. He has come to have a most profound respect for the fighting qualities of the men in the spiked helmets. He knows that he, an amateur boxer as it were, is up against the world's heavyweight professional champion, and he perfectly appreciates that he has, to use his own expression, "a hell of a job"

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in front of him. He has already found out, to his cost and to his very great disgust, that his opponent has no intention of being hampered by the rules laid down by the late Marquis of Queensberry. One of these days, therefore, when he gets quite ready, he is going to give that opponent the surprise of his life by landing on him with both feet, spikes on his shoes and brass knuckles on his fingers. Meanwhile, like the young prince in the running-shorts, he has buckled down with grim determination to the task of getting himself into condition.

I suppose that if I were really politic and far-sighted I would cuddle up to the War Office and make myself solid with the General Staff by confidently asserting that the British army is the most efficient killing-machine in existence, and that its complete and early triumph is as certain as that the sparks fly upward; neither of which assertions would be true. It should be borne in mind, however, that the British did not begin the building of their war-machine until about twelve months ago, while the German organization is the result of upward of half a century of unceasing thought, experiment, and endeavor. But what the British have accomplished in those twelve months is one of the marvels of military history. Lord Kitchener came to a war office which had long been in the hands of lawyers and politicians. Not only was he expected to remodel an institution which had become a national joke, but at the same time to raise a huge volunteer army. In order to raise this army he had to have recourse to American business methods. He employed a clever advertising specialist to cover the walls and newspapers of the United Kingdom with all manner of striking advertisements, some pleading, some bullying, some caustic in tone, by which he has proved that, given patriotic impulse, advertising for people to go to war is just like advertising for people to buy automobiles or shaving soap or smoking tobacco. It was not soothing to British pride—but it got the men. Late in the spring, after half a year or more of training, during which they were worked as a negro teamster works a mule, those men were marched aboard transports and sent across the Channel. England now has an army of approximately 750,000 men in France. But it is a new army. It is without experience, and it is without experienced regiments to stiffen it and give it confidence, for the army of British regulars which landed in France last August has ceased to exist. The old regimental names remain, but the officers and men who composed those regiments are to-day in the hospitals or the cemeteries. The losses suffered by the British army in Flanders are appalling. The West Kent Regiment, for example, has been three times wiped out and three times reconstituted. Of the Black Watch, the Rifle Brigade, the infantry of the Household, scarcely a vestige of the original establishments remains. Hardly less terrible are the losses which have been suffered by the Canadian contingent. The Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry landed in France 1,400 strong. To-day only 150 remain. The present colonel of the regiment was a private in the ranks last October.

The machine that the British have knocked together, though still a trifle wabbly and somewhat creaky in the joints, is, I am convinced, eventually going to do the business. But you cannot appreciate what it is like or what it is accomplishing by reading about it; you have to see it for yourself, as I did. That corner of France lying between the forty miles of British front and the sea is to-day, I suppose, the busiest region in the world. It reminded me of the Canal Zone during the rush period of the Canal's construction. It is as busy as the lot where the Greatest Show on Earth is getting ready for the afternoon performance. Down the roads, far as the eye can see, stretch long lines of London motor-buses, sombre war-coats of elephant gray replacing the staring advertisements of teas, tobaccos, whiskey, and theatrical attractions, crowded no longer with pale-faced clerks hurrying toward the City, but with sun-tanned men in khaki hurrying toward the trenches. Interminable processions of motor-lorries go lumbering past, piled high with the supplies required to feed and clothe the army, practically all of which are moved from the coast to the front by road, the railways being reserved for the transport of men and ammunition; and

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the ambulances, hundreds and hundreds of them, hurrying their blood-soaked cargoes to the hospitals so that they may go back to the front for more. So crowded are the highways behind the British front that at the cross-roads in the country and at the street crossings in the towns are posted military policemen with little scarlet flags who control the traffic just as do the policemen on Fifth Avenue and Broadway. The roads are never permitted to fall into disrepair, for on their condition depends the rapidity with which the army can be supplied with food and ammunition. Hence road gangs and steam-rollers and sprinkling-carts are at work constantly. When the war is over France will have better roads and more of them than she ever had before. There are speed-limit signs everywhere—heretofore practically unknown in France, where any one who was careless enough to get run over was liable to arrest for obstructing traffic. At frequent intervals along the roads are blacksmith-shops and motor-car repair stations, to say nothing of the repair cars, veritable garages on wheels, which, when news of an accident or breakdown is received, go tearing toward the scene of trouble as a fire-engine responds to an alarm of fire. At night all cars must run without lights, as a result of which many camions and motor-buses have met with disaster by running off the roads in the darkness and tipping over in the deep ditches. To provide for this particular form of mishap the Army Service Corps has designed a most ingenious contrivance which yanks one of the huge machines out of the ditch, and sets it on the road again as easily as though it were a stubborn mule. Upon the door of every house we passed, whether château or cottage, was marked the number of men who could be billeted upon it. There are signs indicating where water can be obtained and fodder and pasturage and petrol. In every town and village are to be found military interpreters, known by a distinctive cap and *brassard*, who are always ready to straighten out a misunderstanding between a Highlander from north of the Tweed and a *tirailleur* from Tunisia, who will assist a Gurkha from the Indian hill country in bargaining for poultry with a Flemish-speaking peasant, or instruct a Senegalese straggler how to get back to his command. An officers' training-school has been established at St. Omer, which is the British headquarters, where those men in the ranks who possess the necessary education are fitted to receive commissions. Nothing has been left to chance. Every possible contingency has been foreseen and provided for. You would think, from the businesslike fashion in which they are conducting it, that the British had been doing nothing but making war for a century.

The thoroughness of the British is exemplified by the bulletins which are issued every morning by the Intelligence Department for the information of the brigade and regimental commanders. They resemble ordinary handbills and contain a summary of all the information which the Intelligence Department has been able to collect during the preceding twenty-four hours as to what is going on behind the German lines—movements of troops, construction of new trenches, changes in the location of batteries, shortage of ammunition, condition of the roads; everything, in short, which might by any conceivability be of value to the British to know. For example, the report might contain a sentence something like this: "At five o'clock to-morrow morning the Prussian Guard, which has been holding position No. ———, to the south of Ypres, will be relieved by the 47th Bavarian Landsturm"—which, by the way, would probably result in the British attacking the position mentioned. The information contained in these bulletins comes from many sources—from spies in the pay of the Intelligence Department, from aviators who make reconnoissance flights over the German lines, and particularly from the inhabitants of the invaded regions, who, by various ingenious expedients, succeed in communicating to the Allies much important information—often at the cost of their lives.

The great base camps which the British have established at Calais and Havre and Boulogne and Rouen are marvels of organization, efficiency, and cleanliness. Canvas cities, with macadamized streets and sewers and telephone systems and electric lights, and accommodations for a hundred thousand men apiece, have

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sprung up on the sand-dunes of the coast as though by the wave of a magician's wand. Here, where the fresh, healing wind blows in from the sea, have been established hospitals, each with a thousand beds. Huge warehouses have been built of concrete to hold the vast quantity of stores which are being rushed across the Channel by an endless procession of transports and cargo steamers. So efficient is the British field-post system, which is operated by the Army Post-Office Division of the Royal Engineers, that within forty-eight hours after a wife or mother or sweetheart drops a letter into a post-box in England that letter has been delivered in the trenches to the man to whom it was addressed. In order to prevent military information leaking out through the letters which are written by the soldiers to the folks at home, one in every five is opened by the regimental censor, though, if the writer is able to get hold of one of the precious green envelopes, whose color is a guarantee of private and family matters only, he is reasonably certain that his letter will not be read by other eyes than those for which it is intended. Nor does the field post confine itself to the transmission of letters. I know a lady who sent her son in Flanders a box of fresh asparagus from their Devonshire garden on Friday, and he had it for his Sunday dinner. And this reminds me of an interesting little incident which is worth the telling. A well-known American business man, the president of one of New York's street-railway systems, has a son who is a second lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. When the father was about to return to America last summer his son's battery was stationed in a particularly hot corner to the south of Ypres. The father was desperately anxious to see his son before he sailed but he knew that the chances were almost infinitesimal. Nevertheless he wrote a note to Lord Kitchener explaining the circumstances, adding that he realized that it was probably quite impossible to grant such a request. He left the note himself at York House. Before he had been back in his hotel an hour he was called to the telephone. "This is the secretary of Lord Kitchener speaking," said the voice. "He desires me to say that you shall certainly see your son before returning to America, and that you are to hold yourself in readiness to go to the continent at a moment's notice." A few days later he received another message from the War Office: "Take to-morrow morning's boat from Folkestone to Boulogne. Your son will be waiting for you on the quay." The long arm of the great war minister had reached out across the English Channel and had picked that obscure second lieutenant out from that little Flemish village, and had brought him by motor-car to the coast, with a twenty-four hours' leave of absence in his pocket, that he might say good-by to his father.

The maxim that "an army marches on its belly" is as true to-day as when Napoleon uttered it, and the Army Service Corps is seeing to it that the belly of the British soldier is never empty. Of all the fighting men in the field, the British soldier is far and away the best-fed. He is, indeed, almost overfed, particularly as regards jams, marmalades, puddings, and other articles containing large quantities of sugar, which, so the army surgeons assert, is the greatest restorer of the muscular tissues. Though the sale of spirits is strictly prohibited in the military zone, a ration of rum is served out at daybreak each morning to the men in the trenches. After twenty-four hours in the trenches under shell-fire not even the most rigid prohibitionists refuse. The British troops are not permitted to drink unboiled or unfiltered water, each regiment having two steel water-carts fitted with Birkenfeldt filters from which the men fill their water-bottles. As a result of this precaution, dysentery and diarrhœa, the curse of armies in previous wars, have practically disappeared, while, thanks to compulsory inoculation, typhoid is unknown. It is impossible to overpraise the work being done by the Royal Army Medical Corps, which has, among its many other activities, so improved and speeded up the system of getting the wounded from the firing-line to the hospitals that, as one Tommie remarked, "You 'ears a 'ell of a noise, and then the nurse says, 'Sit hup and tike this broth.'"

But, no matter how systematically the Army Service Corps may deliver marmalade and cartridges to the men in the

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trenches, and no matter how promptly the Army Medical Corps may get the wounded from those trenches into the surgeons' hands, the thing that really counts, when all is said and done, is the spirit of the men themselves. The British soldier of this new army has none of the rollicking, devil-may-care recklessness of the traditional Tommie Atkins. He has not joined the army from any spirit of adventure or because he wanted to see the world. He is not an adventurer; he is a crusader. With him it is a deadly serious business. He has not enlisted because he wanted to or because he had to, but because he felt he ought to. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he has left a family, a comfortable home, and a good job behind him. And, unlike the stay-at-homes in England, he doesn't make the mistake of underrating his enemy. He knows that the headlines which appear regularly in the English papers exultantly announcing "another British advance" are generally buncombe. He knows that it isn't a question of advancing but of hanging on. He knows that he will have to fight with every ounce of fight there is in him if he is to remain where he now is. He knows that before the Germans can be driven out of France and Belgium, much less across the Rhine, all England will be wearing crape. He knows that there is no truth in the reports that the enemy is weakening. He knows it because hasn't he vainly thrown himself in successive waves against that unyielding wall of steel? He knows that it is going to be a long war—probably a very long war indeed. Every British officer or soldier with whom I have talked has said that he expects that the spring of 1916 will find them in virtually the same positions that they hold now. They will gain ground in some places, of course, and lose ground in others, but a year, so the men who are doing the fighting believe, will see no radical alteration in the present western battle line. All this, of course, will not make pleasant reading in England, where the government and certain sections of the press have given the people the impression that Germany is already beaten to her knees and that it is all over but the shouting. Out along the battle-front, however, in the trenches, and around the camp-fires, you do not hear the men discussing "the terms of peace we will grant Germany," or "What shall we do with the Kaiser?". They are not talking much, they are not singing much, they are not boasting at all, but they have settled down to the herculean task that lies before them with a grim determination, a bulldog tenacity of purpose, which is eventually, I believe, going to prove the deciding factor in the war. Nothing better illustrates the spirit of the British soldier than the inscription which I saw on a cross over a newly made grave in Flanders: "Tell England, ye that pass this monument, that we who rest here died content."

The question that has been asked me more frequently than any other is why the British, with three-quarters of a million men in the field, are holding only forty miles of battle-front, as compared with seventeen miles held by the Belgians and nearly five hundred held by the French. There are several reasons for this. It should be remembered, in the first place, that the British army is composed of green troops, while the French ranks, thanks to the universal-service law, are filled with men all of whom have spent at least three years with the colors. In the second place, the British sector is by far the most difficult portion of the western battle-front to hold, not only because of the configuration of the country, which offers little natural protection, but because it lies squarely athwart the road to the Channel ports—and it is to the Channel ports that the Germans are going if men and shells can get them there. The fighting along the British sector is of a more desperate and relentless nature than elsewhere on the Allied line, because the Germans have a deeper hatred for the English than for all their other enemies put together. This explains why so few German prisoners are being taken by the British, and *vice versa*.

It was against the British, remember, that the Germans first used their poison-gas. I happened to be on the British front at the time, and it was from one of the survivors that I heard the story. The first warning which the British had was

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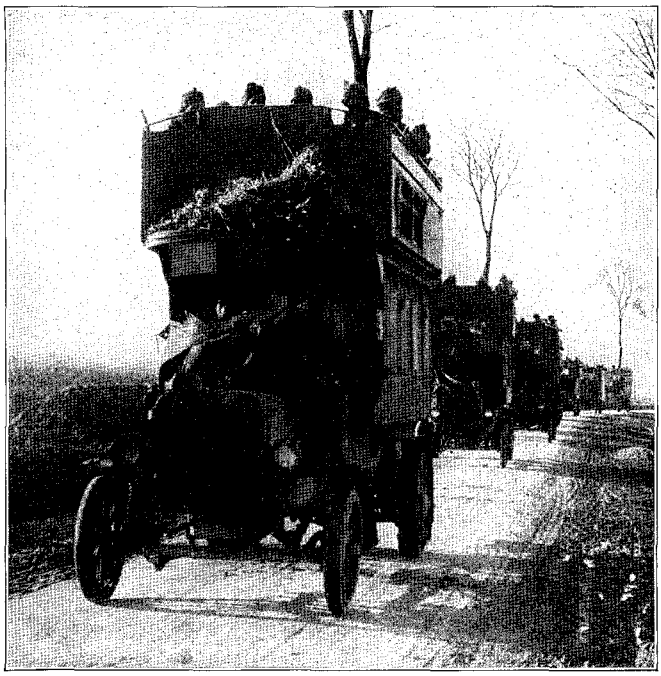
a cloud of greenish-yellow vapor which suddenly appeared above the German trenches. Driven by the wind, it drifted forward as fast as a man could walk, rising to a height of about six feet and leaving the grass withered and yellow of a pig, which were strapped over their faces to render them immune from the gas fumes, together with their spiked helmets and the huge goggles that they wore, giving them an appearance that was peculiarly sinister and inhuman. Rendered



From a photograph by Meurisse, Paris.

Far as the eye can see stretch long lines of London motor-buses in war-coats of elephant gray, crowded with sun-tanned men in khaki hurrying toward the trenches.—Page 457.

behind it. In two minutes it was on the trenches. The air was full of a sickening operating-room odor—the sweet, heavy smell of ether. All along the British line men inhaled that poisonous odor and collapsed. Some of them tried to hold their breath, but the gas cloud enveloped them in its stifling embrace. Still they hung on, dazed, gasping for breath, half blinded, waiting for the German rush which they knew must follow. Meanwhile the German batteries had opened a furious bombardment, raining shells upon the communication trenches by which the British might have retired. It was death to retreat and death to stay. Then came the German onset. Behind the wall of vapor advanced a dim line of gray-clad figures, the strange contrivances of rubber and metal, resembling the snout reckless by the rum and ether which is served out to German soldiers about to make an attack, they dashed forward, hoarsely cheering. But the line of panting, coughing, retching Englishmen stood firm. Their rifles and machine guns vomited a blast of lead which halted the oncoming Germans as abruptly as though they had run head first into a stone wall. Before the storm of shrapnel which the British batteries turned loose upon them they scattered as leaves are scattered by an autumn wind. In three minutes it was all over, and such of the Germans as were not stretched upon the field or draped in grotesque and horrid attitudes upon the wire entanglements were back in their trenches again. But the poison-gas had proved its deadliness. If the German losses were heavy, the scenes in the Brit-

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ish trenches were appalling. Everywhere lay men who were dead or dying—not from wounds but from strangulation. The faces of those that were dead were blue and bloated, like the face of a drowned man. Those that were still alive drew their breath in great, choking, agonizing sobs, as though the effort to breathe was tearing their very vitals. I saw them a little later in the hospital, and I shall never forget the scene: a long line of men with blackened and distorted features, the sweat standing in glistening beads upon their foreheads as they fought for breath, heaving, choking, panting, gasping, like fish which have been thrown out upon the bank to die. Have you ever seen a man hanged? Well, I have. And that was the way these men were dying, only slowly, much more slowly. All that was lacking was the rope.

According to the present British system, the soldiers spend three weeks at the front and one week in the rear—if possible, out of sound of the guns. The entire three weeks at the front is, to all intents and purposes, spent in the trenches, though every third day the men are given a breathing spell. *Three weeks in the trenches!* I wonder if you at home in America have any but the haziest notion of what that means. I wonder if *you*, Mr. Lawyer; *you*, Mr. Doctor; *you*, Mr. Business Man, can conceive of spending your summer vacation in a ditch four feet wide and eight feet deep, sometimes with mud and water to your knees, sometimes faint from heat and lack of air, in your nostrils the stench of bodies long months dead, rotting amid the wire entanglements a few yards in front of you, and over your head steel death whining hungrily, ceaselessly. I wonder if you can imagine what it must be like to sleep—when the roar of the guns dies down sufficiently to make sleep possible—on foul straw in a hole hollowed in the earth, into which you have to crawl on all fours, like an animal into its lair. I wonder if you can picture yourself as wearing a uniform so stiff with sweat and dirt that it would stand alone, and underclothes so rotten with filth that they would fall apart were you to take them off, your body so crawling with vermin and so long unwashed that you are an offense to all whom you approach—yet with no chance to bathe or to change your clothes or sometimes even to wash your hands and face for weeks on end. I wonder how your nerves would stand the strain if you knew that at any moment a favorable wind might bring a gas cloud rolling down upon you to kill you by slow strangulation, or that a shell might drop into the trench and leave you without an arm or without a leg, or that a *Taube* might let loose upon you a shower of steel arrows which would pass through you as a needle passes through a piece of cloth, or that a mine might be exploded beneath your feet and distribute you over the landscape in fragments too small to be worth burying. I am perfectly aware that this makes anything but pleasant reading, my friends, but if men of gentle birth, men with university educations, men who are accustomed to the same refinements and luxuries that you are, can endure these things, why, it seems to me that you ought to be able to endure reading about them.

The breweries, mills, and factories immediately behind the British lines have, wherever practicable, been converted into bath-houses to which the men are marched as soon as they leave the trenches. The soldiers strip and, retaining nothing but their boots, which they deposit beside the bathtub, they go in, soap in one hand and scrubbing-brush in the other, the hot bath being followed by a cold shower. The underclothes which they have taken off are promptly burned and fresh sets given them, as are also clean uniforms, the discarded ones, after passing through a fumigating machine, being washed, pressed, and repaired by the numerous Frenchwomen who are employed for the purpose, so as to be ready for their owners the next time they return from the trenches. At one of these improvised bath-houses thirteen hundred men pass through each day.

The effect of some of the newer types of high-explosive shells is almost beyond conception. For sheer horror and destruction those from the Austrian-made Skoda howitzer, known as "Pilseners," make the famous 42-centimetre shells seem almost kind. The Skoda shells weigh two thousand eight hundred pounds, and their usual curve is four and

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a half miles high. In soft ground they penetrate twenty feet before exploding. The explosion, which occurs two seconds after impact, kills every living thing within a hundred and fifty yards, while scores of men who escape the flying metal Willie," or those from the new "noiseless" field-gun recently introduced by the Germans, which gives no intimation of its approach until it explodes with a shattering crash above the trenches. Is it any wonder that hundreds of officers

From a photograph by Meurisse, Paris.

British field kitchens on the march in Flanders.

The Army Service Corps is seeing to it that the belly of the British soldier is never empty.—Page 459.

are killed, lacerated, or blinded by the mere pressure of the gas. This gas pressure is so terrific that it breaks in the roofs and partitions of bomb-proof shelters. Of men close by not a fragment remains. The gas gets into the body cavities and expands, literally tearing them to pieces. Occasionally the clothes are stripped off, leaving only the boots. Rifle-barrels near by are melted as though struck by lightning. These mammoth shells, such as the "Pilseners" and "Jack Johnsons," travel comparatively slowly, however, usually giving enough warning of their approach so that the men have time to dodge them. Their progress is so slow, indeed, that sometimes they can be seen. Far more terrifying is the smaller shell which, because of its shrill, plaintive whine, has been nicknamed "Weary and men are going insane from the strain that they are under, and that hundreds more are in the hospitals suffering from neuritis and nervous breakdown? Is it any wonder that, when their term in the trenches is over, they have to be taken out of sight and sound of battle and their shattered nerves restored by means of a carefully planned routine of games and sports, as though they were children in a kindergarten?

Have you any clear picture in your mind, I wonder, of what happens to a soldier between his being wounded in the trenches and his being taken by hospital ship across to England? Suppose we take the case of Private Henry Hawkins. A German shrapnel explodes in the trench where Hawkins is on duty, and a splinter of jagged steel tears away his

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arm. His comrades rip out the first-aid packet, which every soldier carries sewn into the lining of his tunic, and endeavor to stanch the bleeding, word meanwhile being passed along the trenches that the services of the medical officer are needed. Each regiment has one and sometimes two medical officers on duty in the trenches. The losses of the Army Medical Corps have been extremely heavy, for in this war the surgeons work under conditions of great difficulty and danger. The medical officer dresses Hawkins's wound, gives him a hypodermic to lessen the pain, and otherwise makes him as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. If there is a dugout at hand, Hawkins is taken into it. If not, he is laid in such shelter as the trench affords, and there he has to lie until night comes and he can be removed in comparative safety, for in the flat country of Artois and Flanders it is out of the question to remove the wounded except under the screen of darkness, and even then it is an extremely hazardous proceeding, as the German gunners do their best to drop shells upon the stretcher parties. As soon as night falls a first-aid dressing-station is established at a point as close as possible behind the trenches, the number of surgeons, dressers, and stretchers sent out depending upon the number of casualties as reported by telephone from the trenches to headquarters. The wounded Hawkins, who by this time has probably lost consciousness from pain and loss of blood, is carried on a stretcher to the dressing-station, where his wound is examined and redressed by the light of electric torches. Though the dressing-station is, wherever possible, established behind a farmhouse, hedge, or such other shelter as the region may afford, it is, nevertheless, in extreme danger. In Flanders, not long ago, the flashing of the torches attracted the attention of the German gunners, who dropped a shell squarely into the middle of a dressing-station, killing half a dozen surgeons and stretcher-bearers and putting a like number of the wounded out of their misery. His wound attended to, the stretcher on which Hawkins lies is carried, usually over very rough ground, to the point on the road where the ambulances are waiting. As soon as an ambulance receives its bleeding freight it races off to the field-hospital, which is always under canvas and always within range of the enemy's batteries if not under actual fire. During the battle of Bethune one of the British field-hospitals was so persistently shelled by the Germans that it had to move three times in a single night. At the field-hospital Hawkins's wound was more carefully examined, a giant magnet was held against it to draw out any lingering fragments of steel, and the next morning he was pronounced able to be removed to the clearing hospital a few miles farther back of the lines. Most surgeons, I might remark in passing, agree that the British system involves altogether too much moving of a wounded man and that the clearing hospital should be eliminated. After twenty-four hours in the clearing hospital, where his wound was again dressed, and where he was given his first square meal, Hawkins was carried aboard

From a photograph by Meurisse, Paris.

Dead German in the wire entanglements in front of a trench in northern France.

Bodies, long months dead, rotting amid the wire entanglements.—Page 462.

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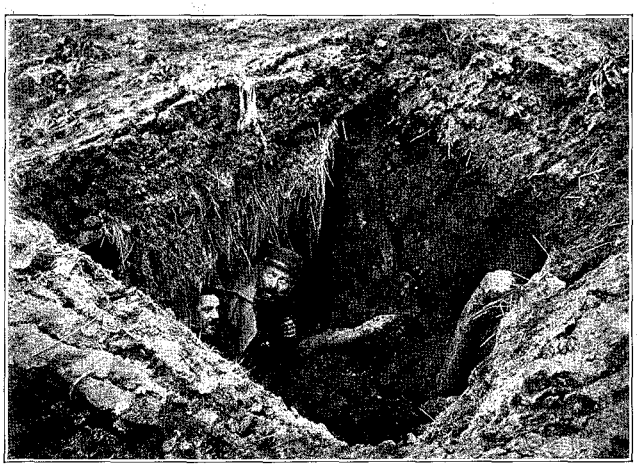
a hospital train containing hundreds of other wounded, the stretcher on which he had been carried from the trenches was slipped into leather loops which permitted it to swing like a hammock with the motion of the train, and thus he was hurried to the great, cool, airy hospital on the sand-dunes of the coast. A few weeks later, his empty sleeve pinned across his breast, he walked down the gangway of the hospital ship which had brought him across the Channel onto English soil and set about finding work which a one-armed man could do.

To the surgeons and nurses at the front the people of England owe a debt of gratitude which they can never fully repay. The soldiers in the trenches are waging no more desperate or heroic battle than these quiet, efficient, energetic men and women who wear the red badge of mercy. They have no sleep save such as they can snatch between the tides of wounded or when they drop on the floor from sheerest exhaustion. They are working under as trying conditions as doctors and nurses were ever called upon to face. They treat daily hundreds of cases, any one of which would cause a London physician to call a consultation. They are in constant peril from marauding *Taubes*, for the German airmen seem to take delight in choosing buildings flying the Red Cross flag as targets for their bombs. In their ears, both day and night, sounds the din of near-by battle. Their organization is a marvel of efficiency. That of the Germans may be as good but it can be no better.

In order that I may bring home to you in America the realities of this thing called war I want to tell you what I saw one day in a little town called Bailleul. Bailleul is only two or three miles on the French side of the Franco-Belgian frontier, and it is so close to the firing-line that its windows continually rattle. The noise along that portion of the battle-front never ceases. It sounds for all the world like the clatter of a gigantic harvester. And that is precisely what it is—the harvester of death.

As we entered Bailleul they were bringing in the harvest. They were bringing it in motor-cars, many, many, many of them, stretching in endless procession down the yellow roads which lead to Lille and Neuve Chapelle and Poperinghe and Ypres. Over the gray bodies of the motor-cars were gray canvas hoods, and painted on the hoods were staring scarlet crosses. The curtain at the back of each car was rolled up, and protruding from the dim interior were four pairs of feet. Sometimes those feet were wrapped in bandages, and on the fresh white linen were bright red splotches, but more often they were incased in worn and muddied boots. I shall never forget those poor, broken, mud-encrusted boots, for they spoke so eloquently of utter weariness and pain. There was something about them that was the very essence of pathos. The owners of those boots were lying on stretchers which were made to slide into the ambulances as drawers slide into a bureau, and most of them were suffering agony such as only a woman in childbirth knows.



From a photograph by Meurisse, Paris.

Dug-out in the first-line trenches near Arras.

Imagine what it must be like to sleep in a hole hollowed in the earth, into which you have to crawl on all fours, like an animal into its lair.—Page 462.

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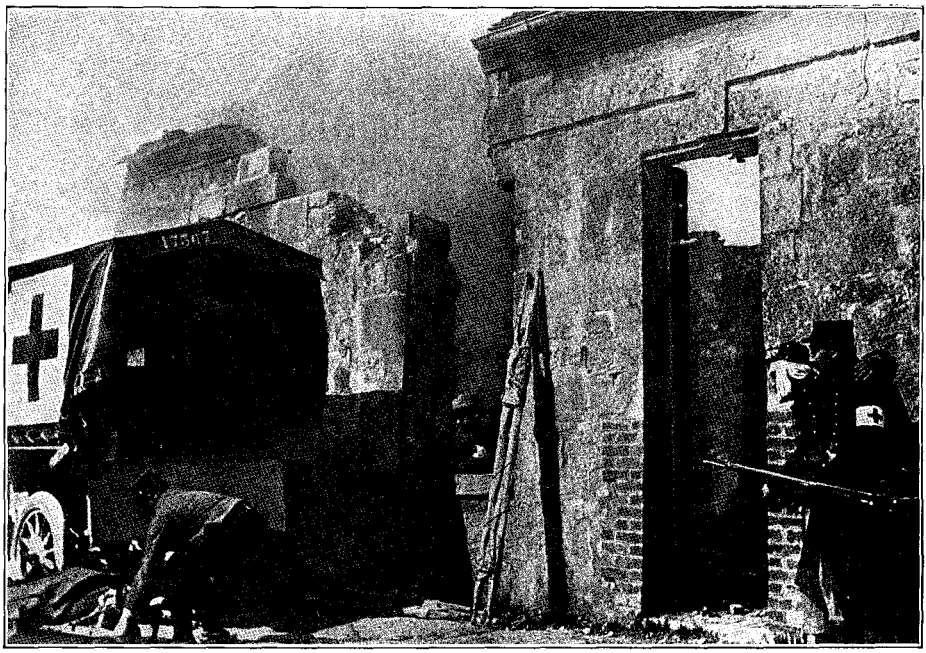

From a photograph by Meurisse, Paris.

Red Cross men getting wounded out of a bombarded town in Flanders.

The soldiers in the trenches are waging no more desperate or heroic battle than these quiet, efficient, energetic men who wear the red badge of mercy.—Page 465.

This was the reaping of the grim harvester which was at its work of mowing down human beings not five miles away. Sometimes, as the ambulances went rocking by, I would catch a fleeting glimpse of some poor fellow whose wounds would not permit of his lying down. I remember one of these in particular—a clean-cut, fair-haired youngster who looked to be still in his teens. He was sitting on the floor of the ambulance leaning for support against the rail. He held his arms straight out in front of him. Both his hands had been blown away at the wrists. The head of another was so swathed in bandages that my first impression was that he was wearing a huge red-and-white turban. The jolting of the car had caused the bandages to slip. If that man lives little children will run from him in terror, and women will turn aside when they meet him on the street. And still that caravan of agony kept rolling by, rolling by. The floors of the cars were sieves leaking blood. The dusty road over which they had passed no longer needed sprinkling.

Tearing over the rough cobbles of Bailleul the ambulances came to a halt before some one of the many doorways over which droop the Red Cross flags, for every suitable building in the little town has been converted into a hospital. The one of which I am going to tell you had been a school until the war began. It is officially known as Clearing Hospital Number Eight, but I shall always think of it as hell's antechamber. In the afternoon that I was there eight hundred wounded were brought into that building between the hours of two and four, and this, mind you, was but one of many hospitals in the same little town. As I entered the door I had to stand aside to let a stretcher carried by two orderlies pass out. Through the rough brown blanket which covered the stretcher showed the vague outlines of a human form, but the face was covered, and it was very still. In a week or two weeks or a month, when the casualty lists were published, there appeared the name of the still form under the brown blanket, and there was anguish in some English home. In the hallway of the hospital a man was sitting upright on a bench, and two surgeons were work-

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From a photograph by Meurisse, Paris.

Unloading wounded at a hospital in northern France.

The clearing hospitals must always be ready to receive that unceasing scarlet stream which, day and night, night and day, comes pouring in, pouring in.—Page 468.

ing over him. He was sitting there because the operating-rooms were filled. I hope that that man is unmarried, for he no longer has a face. What a few hours before had been the honest countenance of an English lad was now a horrid welter of blood and splintered bone and mangled flesh.

The surgeon in charge took me upstairs to the ward which contained the more serious cases. On a cot beside the door was stretched a young Canadian. His face looked as though a giant in spiked shoes had stepped upon it. "Look," said the surgeon, and lifted the woollen blanket. That man's body was like a field which has been gone over with a disk harrow. His feet, his legs, his abdomen, his chest, his arms, his face were furrowed with gaping, angry wounds. "He was shot through the hand," explained the surgeon. "He made his way back to the dressing-station in the reserve trenches, but just as he reached it a shell exploded at his feet." I patted him on the shoulder, and told him that I too knew the land of the great forests and the rolling prairies, and that before long he was going back to it. And, though he could not speak, he turned that poor, torn face of his and smiled at me. He must have been suffering the torments of the damned, but he smiled at me, I tell you—*he smiled at me.*

In the next bed, not two feet away—for the hospitals in Bailleul are very crowded—a great brawny fellow from a Highland regiment was sitting propped against his pillows. He could not lie down, the surgeon told me, because he had been shot through the lungs. He held a tin cup in his hand, and quite regularly, about once a minute, he would hold it to his lips and spit out blood. Over by the window lay a boy with a face as white as the pillow-cover. He was quite conscious, and stared at the ceiling with wide, unseeing eyes. "Another shrapnel case," remarked a hospital attendant. "Both legs amputated, but he'll recover." I wonder what he will do for a living when he gets back to England. Perhaps he will sell pencils or boot-laces on the flags of Piccadilly and hold out his cap for coppers. A man with his head all swathed in strips of linen lay so motion-

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less that I asked if he was living. "A head wound," was the answer. "We've tried trepanning, and he'll probably pull through, but he'll never recover his reason." Can't you see him in the years to come, this splendid specimen of manhood, his mind a blank, wandering, helpless as a little child, about some English village?

From a photograph by Meurisse, Paris.

A military funeral in Flanders.

I doubt if any four walls in all the world contain more human suffering than those of Hospital Number Eight at Bailleul, yet of all those shattered, broken, mangled men I heard only one utter a complaint or groan. He was a fair-haired giant, as are so many of these English fighting men. A bullet had splintered his spine and, with his hours numbered, he was suffering the most awful torment that a human being can endure. The sweat stood in beads upon his forehead. The muscles of his neck and arms were so corded and knotted that it seemed as though they were about to burst their way through the sun-tanned skin. His naked breast rose and fell in great sobs of agony. "Oh God! oh God!" he moaned, "be merciful and take me—it hurts, it hurts—*it hurts me so*—my wife—the kiddies—for the love of Christ, doctor, give me a hypodermic and stop the pain—say good-by to them for me—tell them—oh, I *can't* stand it any longer—I'm not afraid to die, doctor, but I just can't stand this pain—oh God, dear God, *won't you please let me die?*"

When I went out of that room the beads of sweat were standing on *my* forehead.

They took me down-stairs to show me what they call the "evacuation ward." It is a big, barnlike room, perhaps a hundred feet long by fifty wide, and the floor was so thickly covered with blanketed forms on stretchers that there was no room to walk about among them. These were the men whose wounds had been treated and who, it was believed, were able to survive the journey by hospital train to one of the base hospitals on the coast. It is a very grave case indeed that is permitted to remain for even a single night in the hospitals in Bailleul, for Bailleul is but a clearing-house for the mangled, and its hospitals must always be ready to receive that unceasing scarlet stream which, day and

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night, night and day, comes pouring in, pouring in, pouring in.

Those of the wounded in the evacuation ward who were conscious were for the most part cheerful—as cheerful, that is, as men can be whose bodies have been ripped and drilled and torn by shot and shell, who have been strangled by poisonous gases, who are aflame with fever, who are faint with loss of blood, and who have before them a railway journey of many hours. This railway journey to the coast is as comfortable as human ingenuity can make it, the trains with their white enamelled interiors and swinging berths being literally hospitals on wheels, but to these weakened, wearied men it is a terribly trying experience, even though they know that at the end of it clean beds and cool pillows and soft-footed, low-voiced nurses await them.

The men awaiting transfer still wore the clothes in which they had been carried from the trenches, though in many cases they had been slashed open so that the surgeons might get at the wounds. They were plastered with mud. Many of them had had no opportunity to bathe for weeks and were crawling with vermin. Their underclothes were in such loathsome condition that when they were removed they fell apart. The canvas stretchers on which they lay so patiently and uncomplainingly were splotched with what looked like wet brown paint, and on this horrid, sticky substance were swarms of hungry flies. The air was heavy with the mingled smells of antiseptics, perspiration, and fresh blood. In that room was to be found every form of wound which can be inflicted by the most hellish weapons the brain of man has been able to devise. The wounded were covered with coarse woollen blankets, but some of the men in their torment had kicked their coverings off, and I saw things which I have no words to tell about and which I wish with all my heart that I could forget.

We went out from that place of unforgettable horrors into the sunlight and the clean fresh air again. It was late afternoon, the birds were singing, a gentle breeze was whispering in the tree-tops; but from over there, on the other side of that green and smiling valley, still came the unceasing clatter of that grim harvester garnering its crop of death. On the ground, in the shade of a spreading chestnut-tree, had been laid a stretcher, and on it was still another of those silent, bandaged forms. "He is badly wounded," said the surgeon, following the direction of my glance, "fairly shot to pieces. But he begged us to leave him in the open air. We are sending him on by train to Boulogne to-night, and then by hospital ship to England." I walked over and looked down at him. He could not have been more than eighteen—just such a clean-limbed, open-faced lad as any girl would have been proud to call sweetheart, any mother son. He was lying very still. About his face there was a peculiar grayish pallor, and on his half-parted lips had gathered many flies. I beckoned to the doctor. "He's not going to England," I whispered; "he's going to sleep in France." The surgeon, after a quick glance, gave an order, and two bearers came and lifted the stretcher, and bore it to a ramshackle outhouse which they call the mortuary, and gently set it down at the end of a long row of other silent forms.

As I passed out through the gateway in the wall which surrounds Hospital Number Eight I saw a group of children playing in the street. "Come on," shrilled one of them, "let's play soldier!"

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"COGGIE"

By John R. Spears

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

WE had seen them in all tints and shades of the verdant, and we were accustomed to various degrees in their texture, but this one was different. When you hear a young lady say that a man "is different" you can stack up your whole pile that the case is serious, and that's whatever about "Coggie." He was different in a way that stunned all Mangin, and Mangin was right in the vortex of where and when civilization first struck down along the broken land of the Llano Estacado.

He came in the stage from Verdon, Verdon being our railroad station away over yonder. Those of us who happened to be sitting in the shade of our palatial residences that afternoon, saw the stage coming across the mesa ahead of time, and Jimmie Darragh, the popular and much-esteemed driver, was touching up the ponies in a way that showed something had happened to excite him. We all knew that Jimmie was somewhat easily stampeded, but we'd never seen him abuse his ponies, and with that in mind, most of us percolated the circumambient toward the post-office to investigate.

So it happened that when Jimmie pulled the ribbons an expression that showed mild curiosity was visible upon the intelligent countenances of the assembled multitude.

We had arrived, as I said, with our minds filled with the thought that Jimmie had had a startling adventure, but after one look into the stage—it was an old ambulance—the thought of adventure vanished; for seated beside Jimmie was the stunningest gentleman fashion-plate ever. From travelling-cap to wide-welt shoes, and with the sweetest of canes more than an inch thick, carefully held at the precise angle—well, he was in no wise lacking save only in poise. Fashion-plates are always calm, but the gentleman fidgeted, more or less, as if in doubt as to his reception by the proletariat. Sidling up to the editor of the Staked Plains *Ranger*—William Atkinson, Esq.—I said:

"It's a bug-hunter fresh from college—plumb fresh—and he has been sent here to make a collection for the dear old mater. He's right in your line, see, barring the fact that he's a little raw."

"No," said the editor, "it can't be so. He shows too much interest in *Homo sapiens*—that's us, see? We'll classify him provisionally with *Tetragonia expansa*, one of the *Mesembryanthemeæ*, or what an ignoramus like you would call one of the foreign table-greens, namely, New Zealand spinach. Of course, further study may show us in error."

Our editor, as we were proud to say, was a scientist himself. His sanctum had a shelf on which were a score of volumes on plants alone, not to more than mention the huge quarto volumes which told about the "Classification of Cambrian Formations" and all that sort. Naturally, I had to defer to his opinion, and I was about to say so when Colonel Jared Wilson, the talented proprietor of the Mangin Livery and Sale Stable, remarked casually:

"'Tain't according to reason that Jimmie should ruin a good team all on account of one passenger, and yet—um—most any of *us* would have been anxious to get shut of——"

At that, Jimmie interrupted the smooth flow of words.

"Gwan, now," he said; "'twan't no joshin' matter. As we was after raisin' the flats this side of Fraser, what did I see but Limber Jim come lopin' out of the mesquite and headin' off the United States mail, with me knowin' there was three registered letters in it for Major Calvin. He was ridin' the t'oroughbred he got off Sheriff Dennison, and that's how I

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knowed who it was the moment he come clear of the brush. Hold-up, eh? Looked like, and to add to me embarrassment, I was feelin' responsible for the gentleman on the seat here——"

Colonel Jared's jaws opened, but before he could chip in, Jimmie headed him.

"Hold on, colonel," he said; "don't go cutting me out of the bunch yet. It looked like a hold-up, and I'll admit I was nighhand to stampeded by my responsibilities, but all that me bold robber done was to look at us, grin wide, and as he crossed the trail say: 'How d'y, boys?' After that he kept right on without lookin' back once. What d'ye think of that? Didn't look back *once!* Chance for me to earn all the bounties that's been offered for him, dead or alive, eh? That's whatever, but fool me had put the Winchester under the seat while I was changing horses at Fraser and left it there. I plumb forgot to take it up again. But you bet I'll never get left another time like that."

The appearance of Limber Jim on the Verdon trail was somewhat exciting. For more than a year he and a partner had been riding the range from the Cimarron to the Rio Grande and holding up all kinds of outfits. The sheriffs and deputy marshals that had gone after the pair had come back with excuses instead of prisoners, and even the Rangers had failed to locate their quarry, so far. We almost forgot the passenger for the moment, and Colonel Jared asked:

"See where his partner crossed the trail ahead of him? They say he does the scouting when any work's in hand. Limber Jim's eyes are bad."

"Nary," replied Jimmie; "I'd ha' seen it if it was there, but not a hoof had crossed the trail but Limber Jim's. Besides, I seen in yesterday's Dallas *Leader* that a man supposed to be the partner was arrested in the Chickasaw Nation while on his way up from the Wichitas. If that's so, then Limber Jim's riding the range alone. Mangin'll hear from him some fine night, too, and that's whatever. But now as to this gentleman." (Here he paused and nodded to the passenger.) "His name's Mr. Benson Coggeshall and he's from Boston, or some'eres thereaway. He's come out here lookin' for investments, and I was thinkin'—I may say that when Limber Jim crossed the trail I was *thinkin'* what a shame it'd be if *he* got the gentleman's wad when there was them in Mangin as needed it more."

The statement that a capitalist had arrived in search of investments changed the whole aspect of nature. We even overlooked the impudence of the last remark. A jump of two dollars and ninety-seven cents in the price of steers could not have added a more roseate hue to the outlook. We all felt cordial and we aimed to let the gentleman know that Mangin's reputation for hospitality had been well earned. We shook hands and told him to consider himself the guest of the town. And then some of us who were well loaded with salable town lots engaged supper at the hotel—the Winsor Palace—in order to make opportunity for a better acquaintance.

"I'm from Concord, not Boston," the young man said, in reply to the questions while we were at the table. "My people own a fine little garden-farm—mostly asparagus—just outside the village limits. It's a notable place for asparagus, is Concord. But I seemed cut out for a mercantile career and I made some little money at it—very fortunately, too, for my health began to fail and at last our family physician advised me to seek a region with at once a maximum of sunshine and a minimum of moisture in the air."

"You hit the right trail for both when you came this way," said the editor. "A brief examination of our flora will show you that it is distinctively that of the semi-arid region, while the relative humidity of our atmosphere is the lowest found in my records as supplied by the department at Washington."

"Thank you, sir!" he replied. "I am sure that the Mangin air has already begun to affect my system. But of course I am here for business, too. It happened that when I had determined to leave home I saw an account printed in a Boston paper describing the wonderful fields of salt to be found along the upper waters of the stream upon which your—ah—village stands, and it occurred to me that I might, perhaps, make a turn by gathering some of this hitherto waste product and shipping it to market. What do you gen-

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tlemen think of the prospect of success in such a venture?"

We all gazed hard at the wall and for a full minute no one said a word. Then Colonel Jared Wilson, after clearing his throat twice, said:

"The salt is sure there, Mr. Coggeshall, and if you'd like to prospect the field, I've got just the rig you'll need. It's a sixteen-foot buckboard, fit to carry grub and water for a week, and I'll warrant I won't spill your freight no matter what the condition of the gulches."

"Thank you, sir; I shall be glad to hire the rig, I am sure," said Mr. Coggeshall; "but I don't quite comprehend what you say about carrying provisions and water. Would you please——"

"Sure thing," said the colonel. "The salt is a long day's drive up the Salt Fork, and so we'll have to make a dry camp for at least one night, and then after the prospecting we'll drive back next day."

"Will we really have to carry water as well as food?" continued the tenderfoot.

"Water? Well, that's whatever. Everything's so plumb full of alkali up there that the dew'll form a crust over the outfit the night we're sleeping out. It's a Bad Land, and no mistake, sir, and I reckon I may as well tell you now that it would cost ten times as much to freight that stuff down to Mangin, here, as it would sell for at the best market east of the Mississippi. I reckon you didn't figure on the cost of teaming on the Llano Estacado, did you, Mr. Coggeshall?"

"Why, no, sir, no. I didn't think of using wagons. You see, sir, I am of a family the boys of which for two hundred years in America have been taught to hand, reef, and steer—ah, to handle ships and boats, you know. I planned to build barges at the salt beds and float them down, say, to New Orleans."

We shouted, then. It was plumb mirthful. But after he had recovered his wind, Colonel Wilson said:

"You certainly must have followed a long trail to reach Mangin, Mr. Coggeshall. You'd find a toboggan better for freighting goods down the streams of this country than any boat you ever saw. The rivers are just sloughs of quicksands and —huh! what's the use? I'll take you for a drive around, to-morrow, and *show* you. But if you are looking for investments you've struck it all right in coming here. Of course, you've heard how we're situated?"

Mr. Coggeshall said he had not.

"So?" continued the colonel. "Well, then, Mangin is the county-seat of Forks County, Texas. It is the most remarkable county in Texas, a region of inexhaustible resources. It's going to fill up like a beehive in flower time. It would be full now, but for one thing. The National Government has filed a claim on the county as part of the Indian Territory, and until the case has been passed on by the Supreme Court there is no such thing as a title to a claim. You see, I aim to be square with you. At first glance, the lack of title seems to set the brake on prosperity, but the truth is, on the contrary, that it is the basis of our unequalled opportunity."

We interrupted the colonel with hearty applause at that. His eloquence compelled us. Then he continued:

"Because of the unsettled conditions and the necessities of various citizens you can buy claims to the best lots in town at your own price, and you can stake a ranch claim on virgin soil ten feet deep. That's the way I'm fixed, and these other gentlemen are all holding down claims. You can't do better than sit in with us. Why, I'll sell you the best business site in town for eight hundred dollars cash and guarantee it'll bring eight thousand dollars in two years. Don't that take your breath?"

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir," said Mr. Coggeshall. "Such profits as that have never been made in Concord; but I, ah, deeply regret to say that while I should hasten to take advantage of the opportunity thus generously afforded me, I have not enough capital. After buying, I should not have enough money left to enable me to live in the style befitting a gentleman until the court decides the case. I regret to see, too, that I shall be unable to engage in the salt business. But now it occurs to me that I might do something in furs. I trapped and shot more than eighty dollars' worth of fur last winter without neglecting my work at the store. Now, I presume that in a wild country like this——"

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Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.

We shook hands and told him to consider himself the guest of the town.—Page 471.

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Wow! The prolonged applause that interrupted the speaker at that moment "brought tears to the eyes of all the audience," to quote the *Ranger's* account of the supper. Finally, after wiping his eyes on his napkin, Colonel Wilson said to Darragh:

"Jimmie, it's our buy. You can order anything you like, with a good cigar on top. You've done us all up with your Boston capitalist in search of investments."

Nevertheless, inside of a week we all cottoned to the tenderfoot, and were calling him "Coggie" just as if he'd been one of us since we surveyed out the town site. He was that kind of a chap. Even when he asked some of the cowboys from the Koko ranch whether they balanced the winter ration with silage or dry fodder, he escaped. They'd tossed men in a blanket for less, but they let him come clear. Why, we found ourselves explaining things to him with diagrams, so he'd sure understand.

But this is not to say he didn't get joshed—well, scarcely. Our leading citizens planned a number of receptions to his honor so as to give the young ladies a chance. Mrs. Major Merriweather Calvin gave the first. Miss Orphie Calvin, her daughter, was just the brightest as well as the prettiest little chick that ever crossed the quicksands of Red River, and she'd been aching to meet the tenderfoot.

The moment Coggie looked at her, I allowed that he realized the truth of my superjacent remark about her. Anyway, when he was introduced he just couldn't say a word. So, as he didn't seem likely to recover soon, Mrs. Calvin passed him on to me and I roped him into a corner with some he'd met already. There, inside of a minute, he began telling us how the people gave donation visits to the sky pilots of Concord. He sure knew Concord all right, if one could size the range by the details of his yarn. Then the trail forked and he turned to lawn parties. From them he led us on to the story of a series of games of croquet—"professional croquet, please remember"—for the championship of Boston's suburbs, and when at last he reached the climax in the final stroke of the mallet that gave him the championship, we were all plumb hysterical.

In the next issue of the *Ranger*, the editor ended his account of that little gathering as follows:

"We classified it provisionally as one of the *Mesembryanthemeæ*, but now we think it must be either *Barbarea vulgaris* or *B. præcox*. If we are wrong again—if it is not one of the cresses—it certainly is a plant whose raw flavor gives zest to the banquet. We fancy that Limber Jim must have had a sort of clairvoyant faculty when he crossed the trail, on that memorable day—his wide-jawed grin betokened some such faculty, anyway."

For a little more than two weeks Coggie added to the hilarity of life in Mangin, and then left us in a way that bankrupted our simple vocabulary. As I said, Miss Orphie was the queen of the Llano Estacado. She had so many devoted admirers that we didn't expect a thing but gun-play, sooner or later. But in spite of the dangers along his trail, Coggie paid court to her without flinching, and the more she joshed him, the more courage and hope he seemed to have. Finally, as Miss Orphie was walking with him out on the mesa, on a warm afternoon in November, he begged her to listen to him just for once without laughing, and tell him if she could ever regard him as anything but a guy? As she told us herself afterward, his voice had a different tone from what she had heard before—didn't seem like the same man—but as he went on to argue his case she held him up.

"See here, Coggie," she said, "what's the use? You're a plumb good fellow, but I'm no circus girl that I should marry a clown. You're just about right for one of the salesladies you used to meet at the lawn parties. You'd have to show yourself a right good plainsman before I'd so much as listen to any such *palabra* as you want to give me now."

"I think you are right, Miss Orphie," he said, "but what shall I do to win your respect?"

"How can I tell?" she continued with a laugh. Then her eyes happened to fall on the Wichita Mountains showing up pretty as pictures, and pointing to them she said:

"There you are, Coggie! I have it! Over there among the Wichitas is where

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Limber Jim hangs out. You've heard all about him. He's terrible, even if he did grin when he saw you. His partner is just like him. Why, they held up the First post-office wide open, and they came back afoot with their own irons on. Papa says that seven Rangers—think of that! *seven Rangers!*—are riding the range now

"There you are, Coggie! I have it! Over there among the Wichitas is where Limber Jim hangs out."—Page 474.

National of Verdon one day at noon with nothing but dummy bombs. Sheriff Dennison, the best man in the Panhandle, went after them and never came back. Two post-office detectives took their trail after the two had busted the Comanche and will stay in the game till they get them or all get killed up. Now, what you're to do is to bring either of them in before the Rangers locate the trail.

"You do that, and I'll be proud to say I know you." Then, chuckling good and

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hearty, she added: "I *might* listen to you, but I won't promise."

"Do you mean it, Miss Orphie? If I bring in Limber Jim, will you be proud to say you know me?" His voice had a ring to it that showed her he was very much in earnest, but she laughed again as she continued:

"That's whatever, Coggie. Bring either one, dead or alive, and it's a go; but if you should bring both alive—hoo-e-e-e!" Her laugh was heard half a mile away. Coggie listened unabashed, until she stopped, and then, in the same eager voice, said:

"It's a bargain, Miss Orphie. I'll go and try. I'll start in the morning."

Women are queer, sometimes, eh? Well, *rather*. Coggie's words or voice, or both, made her look him in the eye, and in an instant she was as fierce as a tiger-cat.

"No, sir, you shan't do anything of the kind. See here, you don't have to. It ain't—oh, if you only knew *anything!* Why, it's just plain suicide for you to go. Do you think I really want to send you to your own funeral?"

"Miss Orphie," said Coggie, "I mean to show you that I'm more of a man than you think, and then we'll see what's next."

A little later, Coggie was telling Colonel Jared Wilson about the proposed expedition, and the colonel's jaw dropped as he listened.

"Say, pard, don't do it," he said. "There ain't nothing harmful about you, and we don't want to lose you. Why, I never see a young feller take to the range like you have. I shan't let you go a dogoned step."

Finding him determined, however, the colonel said:

"Take a prospector's outfit. They never harmed a poor man what attended to his own business. If you happen to meet up with them while you're poking around the Wichita croppings, they may cotton to you same as we have. Anyway, you'll have a chance to live and learn what a plumb idiot you are for thinking you have a chance to measure up with the two best men the plains ever saw."

He started next morning after breakfast. He toted a bundle of meal and bacon on his back with a camp kit on top the bundle, and a big gun on his *left* hip. Half the town saw him off. We'd never so much as dreamed of such foolishness, but all he said when we remonstrated was that if anybody ever got the drop on him he'd "take the medicine without complaining."

At noon, we saw the smoke of a fire about ten miles to the eastward, and judged that Coggie had stopped to eat dinner, and make a signal to let us know he was there, as he had said he would do. On seeing the smoke, Colonel Jared said that any one fool enough to make signals when on the trail of road agents needed killing, but he just couldn't help "feeling sorry for the cuss," anyway.

It was with equally kind feelings that Editor Atkinson said to the colonel next day:

"Let's make up a bunch and go over to-morrow for a look. If he's alive yet, he'll be plumb happy to see us; and if he's dead, we can locate the body by the buzzards and bring it in for burial."

This proposition was approved by so many that a score of us prepared for the expedition. But we didn't go. I turned out the next morning at the first streak of light, and met Jimmie Darragh, who was obliged to feed his ponies early for the trip to Verdon. As we walked toward the stable where we both kept our horses, we were talking about the expedition, and Jimmie, being plumb sorry he couldn't join, turned for a look out across the mesa toward the mountains. At the first glance, he stopped short and said:

"Huh! There's a bunch of Kokos coming in for an early morning guzzle. What! They're no Kokos, not much! I'd know the lope of that off pony with one eye shut; it's Sheriff Dennison's t'oroughbred, and Limber Jim's sure in the saddle with his partner cantering alongside. Now, whatever are they coming to this busted town for?"

It was even so. It seemed as if Jimmie had forgot his anxiety to earn rewards by shooting bandits; anyhow, we both just stood there with our eyes bulging while the horsemen came down the street as far as Major Calvin's house, when they turned, leaped their horses over the fence, and pulled up close to the end of the house. Then Jim's partner leaned over, tapped on the window of Miss Orphie's bedroom, and began to talk.

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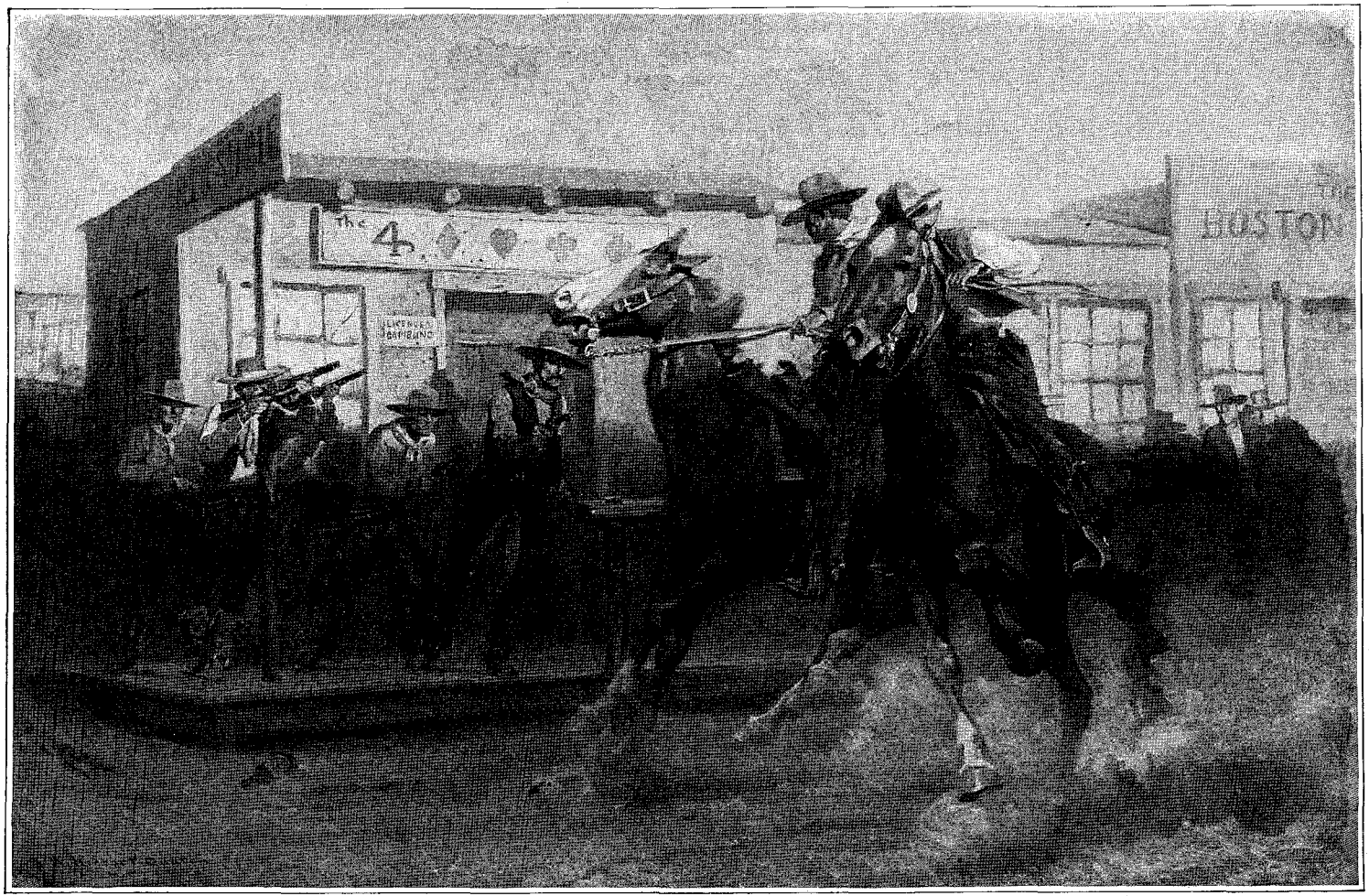

Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.

They were just touching up their ponies when a bunch of men appeared around the rear corner of the house with guns ready.—Page 478.

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"I humbly beg pardon, Miss Orphie," he began, "for disturbing you at such an unseemly hour; I do indeed! Do you recognize my voice? I am 'Coggie.' I told you I would try and bring in Limber Jim before the Rangers got him, and here he is, Miss Orphie, and he's alive, too, very much so, I may say. His partner's here, too, Miss Orphie. I'm his partner, as you shall see, if you will peek around the window-shade. You see, Miss Orphie, I came to Mangin prospecting—um—we calculated to raid your pa, see? But after meeting you, Miss Orphie, I changed my mind—lost it altogether, Limber Jim says. Anyway, I just had to bring him in, and you know why. And I'll come again, some time. Good-by!"

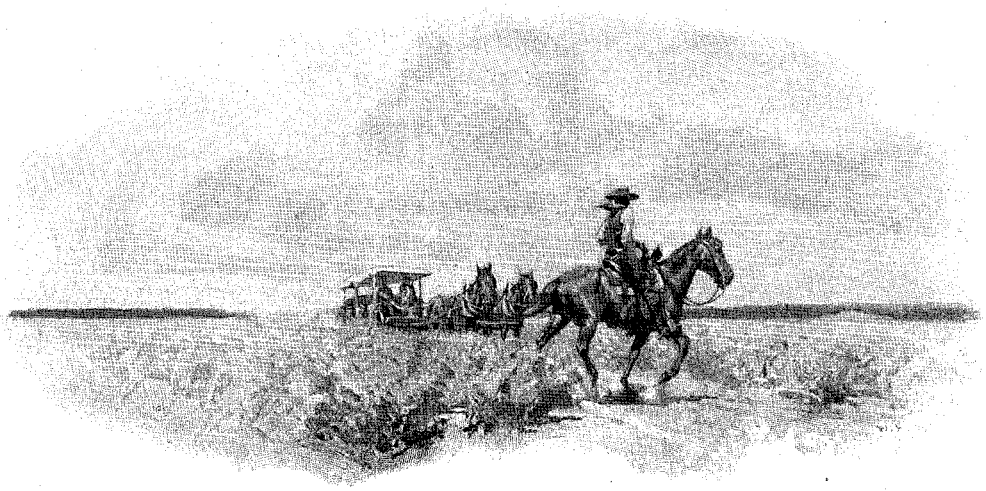
Turning to Limber Jim, he nodded, and they were just touching up their ponies when a bunch of men appeared around the rear corner of the house with guns ready.

Rangers? Yes, sir! You've guessed it first try. They were the bunch Miss Orphie had mentioned to Coggie. They'd come in during the night, and stopped with the major. Lucky coincidence? Maybe so—maybe they'd learned enough of Coggie's doings in Mangin to just naturally expect him to come in. They're a somewhat knowing outfit, the Rangers are. Anyway, they gathered in the bandits, who, in due time, pleaded guilty and were sent to the pen for stealing the sheriff's horse—three years each. Miscarriage of justice when they weren't hanged? Who knows? There was no testimony to show that the sheriff was dead, let alone murdered. The bandits said he was ashamed to return after they'd held him up, and everybody in court believed them.

It was just as our learned editor said in his able and most interesting summary of the whole case:

"Whatever a band of vigilantes might do when real mad, you can't expect a jury to hang a man on a mere surmise. What's more, we know of two citizens of this town that would have turned 'Coggie' loose without examination or trial. We're one of the two. We've no call to speak for the other citizen, who can speak well for herself, but for ourselves, we may say that 'Coggie' is some able—some efficient. He's got efficiency roped and branded. And we're always willing to give a man like him a chance to turn square when he wants it as much as 'Coggie' does—well, rather.

"By the way, did we say that 'Coggie' was to be classed among the cresses—something raw consumed as a relish? We seem to remember. But it was an error due to insufficient observation and study. A revision is necessary, for we now see beyond a doubt that he is an elegant specimen of *Prunus persica*—a peach of an unusually succulent quality."



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Sitting sideways on their patient donkeys.—Page 481.

PORTUGAL'S BATTLE ABBEYS AND COIMBRA

By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

ON a Sunday morning we set out from Lisbon to visit Portugal's battle abbeys—her monumental trilogy, her splendid triptych, as I like to call them: Alcobaça, singing the praises of her rude conquistador Affonso Henriques; Batalha, built by John the Great, hero of Aljubarrota; and Thomar, stronghold of the inspired disciples of Henry the Navigator. They lie away from the railway lines and from this fact are a little inconvenient of access, but to me that is an added attraction rather than a drawback, for no tourist caravan breaks the spell nor disturbs the harmony of the impression.

As you leave the capital, the train skirts the sea for several hours, not indeed within sight of its breakers, for these are hidden by intervening dunes, but through pine woods, up-hill and down, and across sandy plains. Even this short bit of railroad is replete with souvenirs—those, for example, that cluster round Pena Castle high perched to the left upon Cintra's mountain and about the huge convent-palace of Mafra, built by the pietistic John V. Then you thread the steep declivities of Torres Vedras, into whose flanks Wellington dug those stupendous trenches—marvels of military art—that stopped Massena's onward march forever and turned the tide of Napoleon's career. An hour later you spy Obidos, the feudal stronghold of Diniz the Good, rising proudly upon a hill, clad in all the majesty of its walls and towers, its long lines of battlements securely enfolding the vassal town that looked to it for protection.

Then, in a lovely valley, the big pink Hotel Lisbonense tells of the continued vogue of the famous sulphur baths, the Caldas da Rainha, whose hospital, capable of sheltering some four hundred patients, was founded nearly five centuries ago by Leonor, wife of John II. Here you may alight if you wish, and drive to

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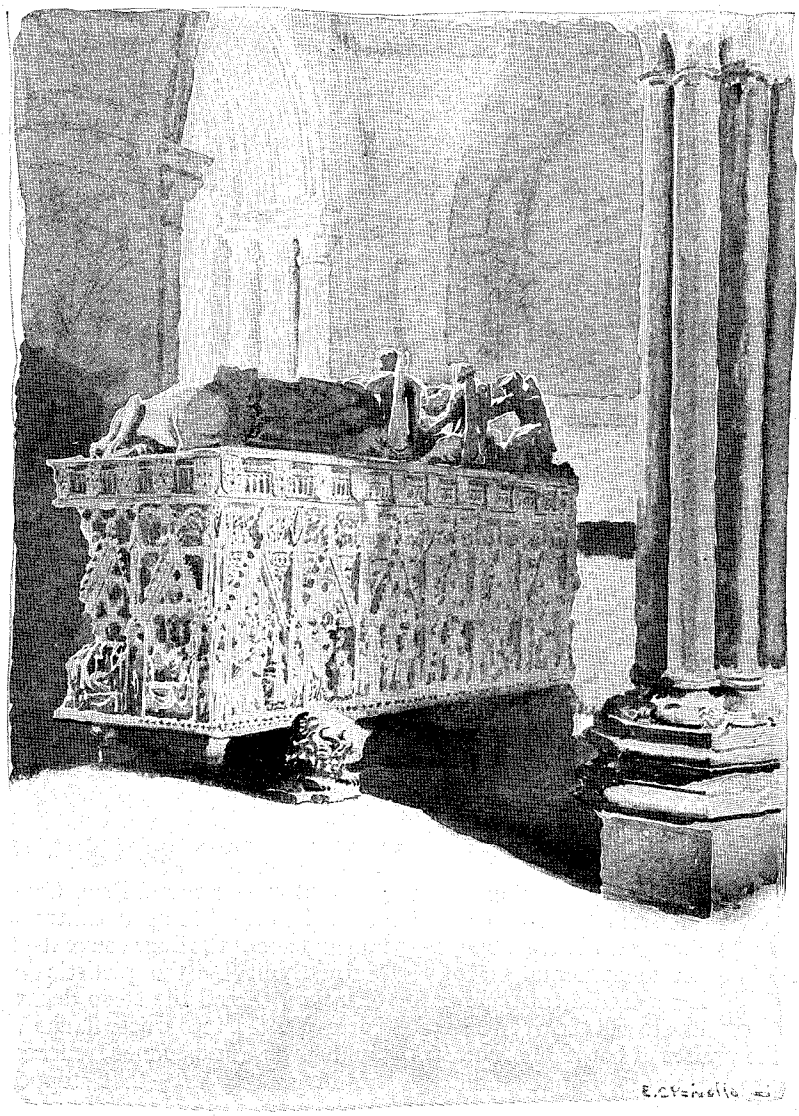

The tomb of Dom Pedro, Alcobaça.

Alcobaça, but we preferred to go by rail as far as Vallado.

I had not written ahead for a carriage, trusting rather to luck. So when we left the station, and I saw half a dozen vehicles drawn up before it I thought that all was well. What was my surprise, however, to find each of them engaged! A party now issued from the little station and divided itself among them, while we, at almost noon, saw visions of ourselves stranded here for hours with no carriage nearer than Alcobaça itself.

I spoke to one of the men (they were a distinguished-looking group), and he said that perhaps they could double up so as to leave one cab free. And so they managed and we were able, after all, to bundle our persons and our luggage into a vehicle and join the procession of shouting jehus in a cloud of dust.

The road was gay with peasants return-

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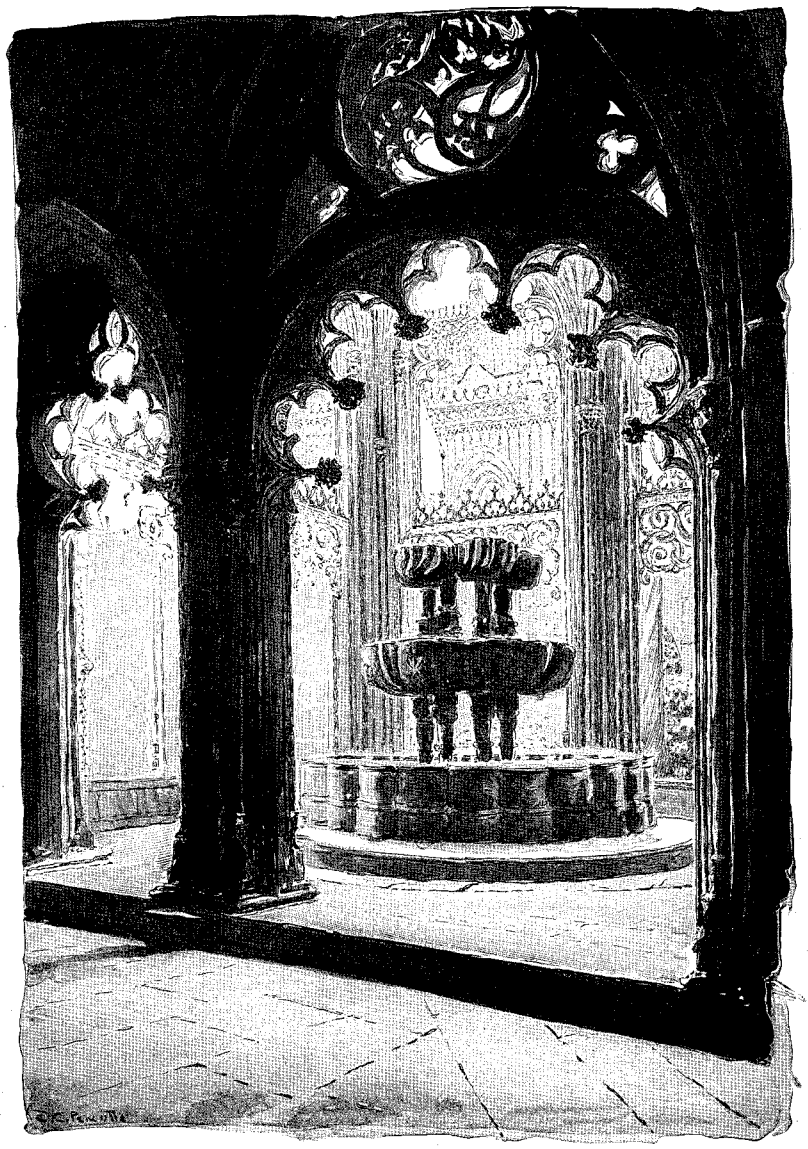

An angle of the cloisters, Batalha.

ing from Alcobaça, so we knew it must be market-day. What bright pictures they made, these pretty girls, sitting sideways on their patient donkeys, their heads done up in fresh kerchiefs, their lithe bodies in crisp ginghams, and the cotton cloths printed with capricious colors for which the country hereabouts has long been noted! Old men and young in bag caps and tight breeches walked with them, carrying long staves to guide their calves and the clean pink pigs that squealed along the road. We crossed the little Alcoa near a waterfall and soon clattered into Alcobaça.

Before the great Cistercian Abbey and all about it under the plane-trees the market was in progress, pottery and glassware, vegetables and fruits, in tempting profusion, but we rattled on through it to the modest hotel.

When we entered the little dining-room

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Batalha.

Ot a sudden the towers and gables and crested roofs of Batalha's great monastery-church stood disclosed before us.—Page 485.

for a tardy luncheon, we found our party of the station seating itself at a long table much beflowered that stretched through the middle of the room. One of the men stared at me and I at him, for there was something familiar about his face. Then we both uttered an exclamation, for we had been fellow students at the Academy in Paris years before. He asked us to join his party—members of the National Association of Portuguese Architects—who had come to visit the monastery, and introduced us to several of its members, men of distinction, one of whom I remember was in charge of the restorations of the Jeronymos at Belem, another of Lisbon Cathedral, as well as winner of the competition for the great monument to the Marquis de Pombal which is to close the vista at the end of the Avenida.

Of course we accepted his invitation with pleasure. After the inevitable champagne that closed the lunch the mayor sent flowers to the ladies, and a delegation waited outside to take us through the convent.

This was founded far back in the time of Affonso Henriques, first king of Portugal. Step by step with his crusaders he had been driving the Moors from the north, from one stronghold to another. Santarem, key to the Tagus, was now his objective, and he vowed to Saint Bernard of Clairvaux that, if he was successful in taking it, he would erect a monastery upon the spot at which he that day lay in camp, and would give to it and to the Cistercian order all the land that stretched between it and the sea. He won, and the monastery was founded by the monks of Clairvaux called hither to build it.

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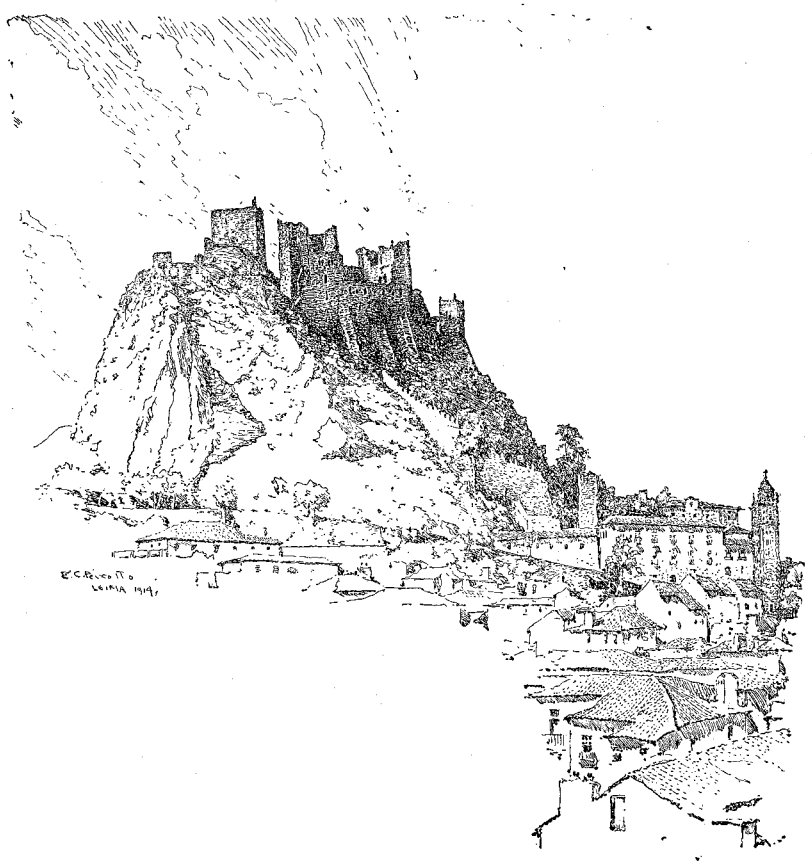

The Castle, Leiria.

Crowning its steep hill, the great castle of Diniz the Good loomed grandly against the sky, smiling condescendingly down upon the humble houses of the town.—Page 488.

It became in time one of the richest and largest convents in Christendom, with perpetual masses celebrated by a thousand monks. The church, though grand, is heavy and stern, its nave walled in by massive columns that completely screen the tall narrow aisles. Some of its chapels are garish and dilapidated, but others contain monuments of great beauty and interest.

Affonso Henriques was not buried here, but his near successors were—Affonso II and Affonso III in modest tombs in the transept, and Pedro I and his beloved Inez de Castro in a separate chamber near by. The unhappy story of this pair is the favorite love-theme in Portuguese poetry. Knowing of the prince's deep passion, jealous enemies had Inez murdered when he was away at the wars. Upon his return, hardened in character and known as Peter the Severe, he first revenged himself cruelly upon her murderers. Then he had her body brought here to Alcobaça with great pomp and set upon a throne, while he and his courtiers did homage to her

"Que, despois de ser morta, foi Rainha."
("Was queen only after her death.")

He commanded that he be buried with his feet toward hers, so that the first object to meet his gaze upon arising on judgment-day would be his beloved one, so cruelly parted from him on earth.

These two tombs are exquisitely sculptured; his later and perhaps finer than hers, but hers imbued with a naïve spirit of tender solicitude, the tribute of the nameless workman who carved its rich niches and filled them with touching epi-

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sodes of the martyrdom of the saints and the scenes of the last judgment. Many of the little figures, Tanagra-like in their charming grace, are dressed in the picturesque costume of the day.

Alcobaça's sacristy, once piled with rich vestments; its sunlit gardens; its spacious and grewsome hall of relics; its extensive cloisters, of which there were no less than five; and the vast dormitories that stretch interminably about each of them, all proclaim the ancient splendor of the place. Its fame, however, never rested upon its artistic treasures, for its monks dazzled rather by the opulence and extravagance of their life. If you wish a picture of it, visit the kitchens.

Never have I seen such a vast temple of cookery, and never do I expect to see such another—such a perfect apotheosis of kitchens! All the tales of gluttonous cenobites, all the Rabelaisian stories of Pantagruel and Gargantua come to mind and seem surpassed as you gaze aloft at its soaring vaults that rise high as the groined roof of a cathedral. In its centre stand gigantic ovens capped by an enormous conical chimney that rivals the famous one at Cintra. Near by, against the lateral wall, is a fireplace, a perfect cavern large enough to roast a spitted ox, while along the walls fountains of water gush from sculptured lion-heads into huge basins the size of Roman baths, in which vegetables and fruits, and the complicated *batteries de cuisine* were washed.

Down the entire length of the chamber runs a rivulet, one of the affluents of the Alcoa, a runnel of limpid water ever fresh and pure, while in a piscina, at its lower end, the river fish kept swimming until popped into the pots. Beckford saw the place in its full glory, and gives a glowing account of its plethora: its cart-loads of game and venison, its mountains of sugar and jars of purest oil (and such oil as they have in Portugal), and its "pastry in vast abundance," skilfully prepared by lay brothers "singing all the while as blithely as larks in corn-fields."

Now, alas, Alcobaça's glory has departed! Its cloisters are used as barracks, and all that is cooked in these glorious kitchens are rations of bean soup and the like delicacies of the modern soldier.

That night I tried my first hard Portuguese bed. When I say hard I mean hard as a rock. As I contemplate the kings and queens in effigy stretched upon their granite tombs in peaceful slumber, their heads resting on stone pillows, I think of them as true Portuguese sleeping their eternal sleep upon the same couches that they used to occupy in life!

Early in the morning, a day or two later, a carriage stood before the inn waiting to take us on to Batalha. The road first leads up a long hill and from the top you look back upon the great monastery nestled in its comfortable valley well sheltered from inclement winds. Then you cross a plateau and shortly rattle into the cobbly streets of Aljubarrota.

What memories this village name evokes! What a thrilling period of Portuguese history!

As you look down over the field, you can picture the Castilians in all the pomp of their steel accoutrements and the pride of their ten pieces of artillery, the first ever used in the peninsula, drawn up against the little Portuguese army, one-fifth their size, that had been hastily gathered together by John of Aviz.

Upon the eve of the battle, Assumption Day, he made a vow that if he won he would build a church, the fairest in the land, to Our Lady of Victory. He routed the Spaniards, and Batalha, Battle Abbey, was the result. When we had looked over the battle-field, we saw the bake-shop in the little square, where the baker's wife killed seven Spanish soldiers with her oven-peel, and thus gave to the Portuguese language one of its famous sayings: "As full of the devil as the baker's wife of Aljubarrota."

Then we drove on again through the odorous pine woods of a rather deserted country. But few houses were to be seen, and when we did approach a habitation the children indulged in a new form of begging. They would kneel by the roadside, their hands clasped as if in prayer and their roguish eyes turned heavenward. As we approached, they would jump to their feet and run along by the carriage holding out suppliant hands. But as they were both rosy-cheeked and neatly clothed these touching appeals failed to arouse our sympathy, but stirred us rather to mirth.

Finally, we began to descend, and came at length upon a monumental bridge adorned with parapets and pinnacled but-

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tresses, and then of a sudden the towers and gables and crested roofs of Batalha's great monastery-church stood disclosed before us. What an amazing pile it is, pinnacles silhouetted against the clear blue sky. Cold English ecclesiologists, like Fergusson, find less to admire in it than do the more warm-blooded French

The Market, Leiria.

tucked away in a quiet valley miles from anywhere—a metropolitan cathedral lost in a wilderness!

Time has imparted to its pale limestone a glorious golden tone that, in the southern sun, fairly glows in contrast with the dense green woods that surround it. As you come nearer, however, the effect is somewhat disappointing. Its low situation, combined with its simple façade and long flat roofs devoid of spires, fails at first to give it the uplift and spring of the great Gothic churches.

But the more you view it from other angles, the more beauty you discover in its varied surfaces, in the lift of its weather-beaten buttresses, in the delicate traceries of its tall lancet windows and the richness of its pierced battlements and crocketed authorities who readily yield to the fascination of its picturesque appeal. And surely I shall side with these, and, despite its evident faults, vote it comparable to any of the greatest churches of Europe.

Its nave is truly superb, simple, grave, and peculiarly pure and solemn, its great golden walls and aisles unbroken by chapel or ornament. Near the west door, however, opens a square chamber, the Capella do Fundador, an exquisite chapel, whose stilted arches, with cusps and capitals painted in the Hispanic taste, spring high in air to support a tall octagonal lantern, fitting like a crown over the tombs of the greatest family of the house of Aviz.

Directly under the dome, gazing upward at its groined vaults, lie the founders of the house: John I, surnamed the Great,

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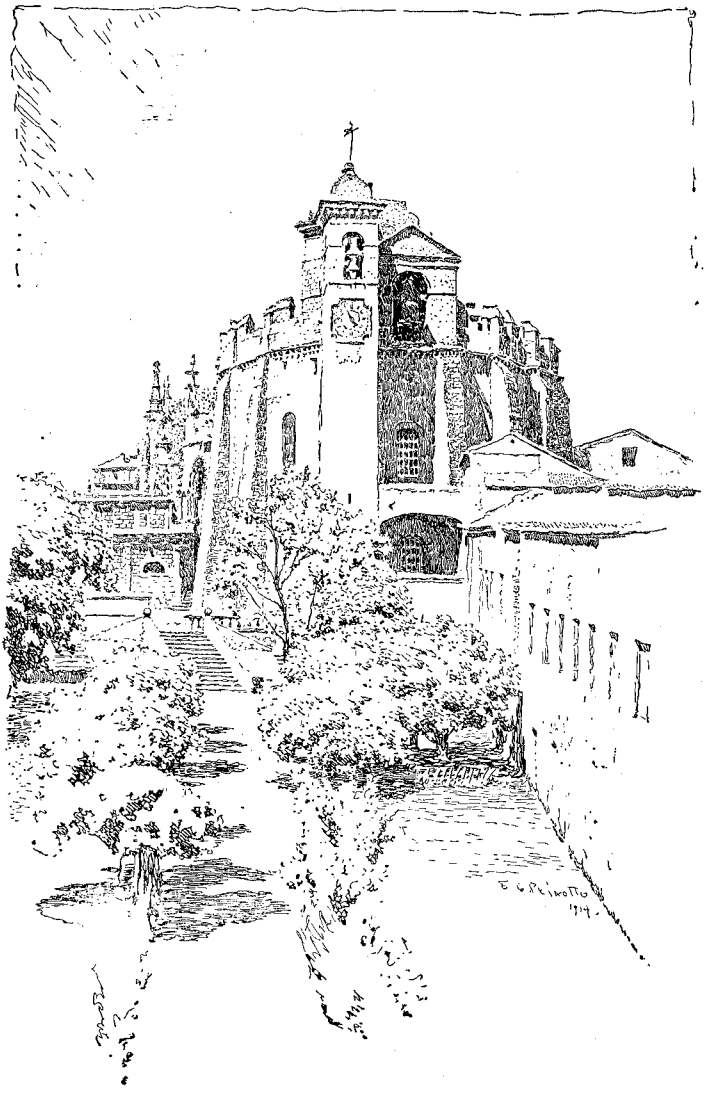

Church of the Templars, Thomar.

and his wife Philippa of Lancaster, daughter of John of Gaunt, he clad in his tabard inscribed with the royal arms, she holding her prayer-book. Side by side their effigies lie, hand clasped in hand, and as we looked at them a long shaft of light shot down from one of the painted windows overhead and touched the grave recumbent figures with glory, with a halo almost miraculous, that shone like silver in the glowing chapel.

In niches along the wall repose their noble children "inclita geração, altos infantes": John the master of Santiago; Peter the Traveller; Fernando the Martyr, who died a hostage in the prisons of Fez, rather than allow his country to exchange him for Ceuta; and the great Henry, surnamed the Navigator, the hero of Portuguese maritime exploration. His monument, the only one adorned with an effigy—a wrinkled, clean-shaven, thoughtful face—bears as its motto "talent de bien fere."

John's eldest son, named Duarte for England's king, is buried with his queen directly in front of the high altar. He it was who dreamed of the Capellas Imperfeitas, those marvels of ivory-like carving designed as a mausoleum for himself and

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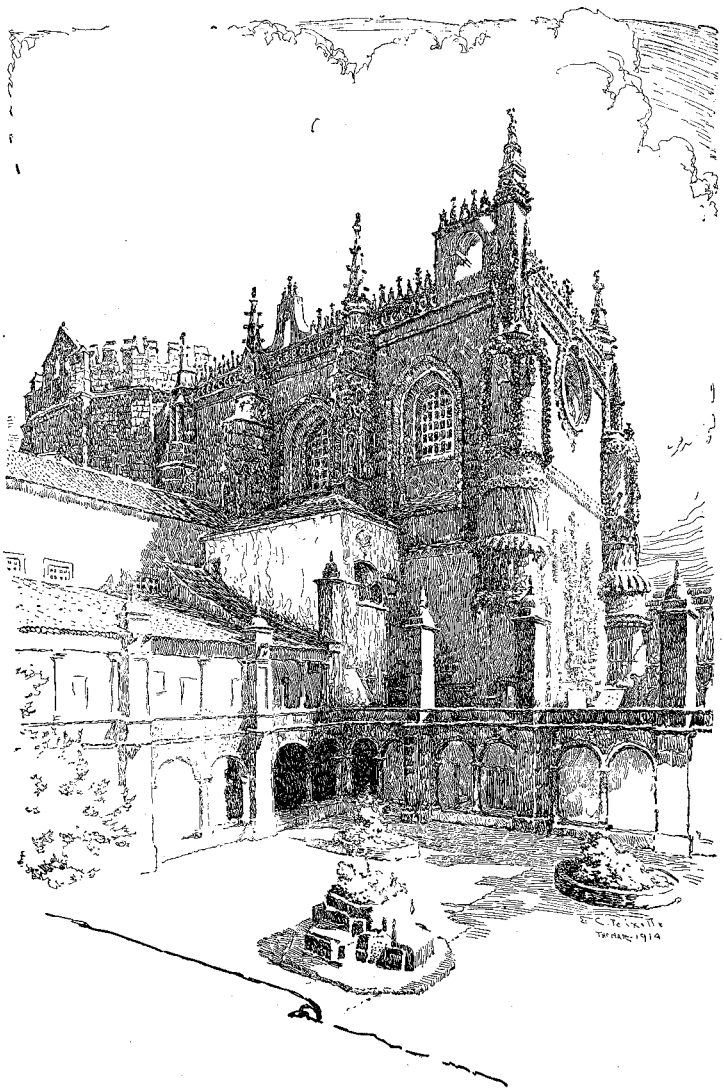

Church of the Knights of the Order of Christ, Thomar.

for his children. As their name implies, they never were completed. Their pillars rise almost to the spring of the vaulting that was to roof them in, but the giant vaults were never constructed, for Manoel at the critical moment transferred his zeal and his riches to the buildings at Belem.

The ten chapels that were to receive the tombs surround a great central chamber, occupying a place at the extreme east end of the cathedral, though not now connected with the main church, the entire group forming a sort of Lady Chapel like those in the English cathedrals. In its earlier portion this chapel is Gothic, but its later additions fall into the Manueline style in its full exuberance.

But the varied architectural features of Batalha are too manifold to describe. Its exquisite chapter-house; the delicate fountain-court, a perfect labyrinth of enrichment; the mazes of its lesser cloisters and vast stone roofs, form an ensemble that would be difficult to match and truly fit it for the major theme in this trilogy of battle abbeys that we had set out to see.

So it was with singular regret at the shortness of our stay that we drove on toward Leiria when the afternoon shadows began to lengthen. The road lay at

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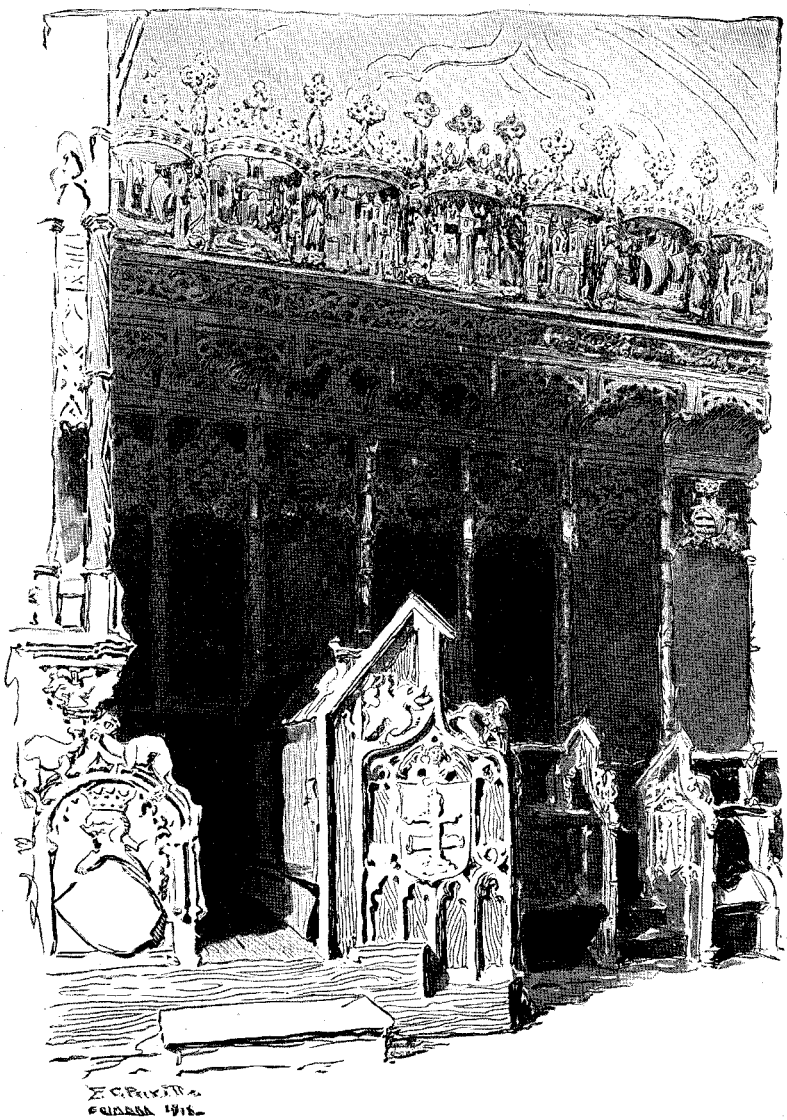

Choir stalls in the convent church of Santa Cruz, Coimbra.

first through woods, and then we began to catch glimpses of the lovely valley of the Liz, a favorite theme in Portuguese song and story. And truly a charming countryside it is—a veritable

"Jardim á beira-mar plantado."

The little houses, neat and trim, the peasantry, self-respecting and apparently happy, the climate clement, the vegetation luxuriant, the fields well cared for—what more could be desired!

Next morning I found myself a willing prisoner at my hotel-window watching the world go by. No theatre could provide so good an entertainment. In the background the river swung round a bend and upon its stony bed the women had spread their clothes to dry, while they, knee-deep in the water, beat their linen upon the rocks. To the left, crowning its steep hill, the great castle of Diniz the Good loomed grandly against the sky, smiling condescendingly down upon the

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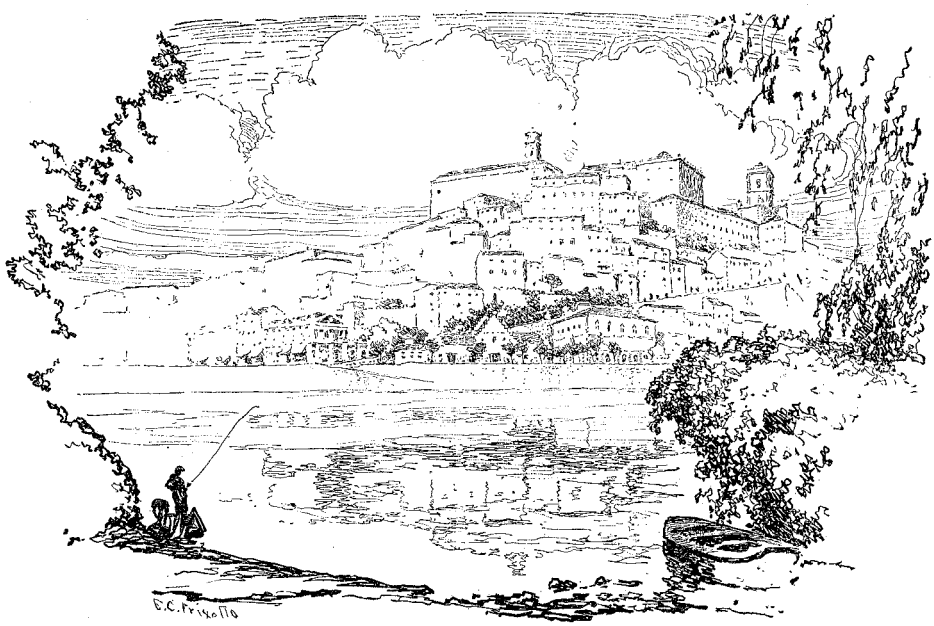
humble houses of the town that peeped up at it over acacias and plane-trees.

Across the broad foreground a procession of people went by, each to his allotted task—from left to right the peasants, setting forth for their fields with hoe or rake on shoulder, each man with his basket

the hill—small wonder that the people looked happy and content.

Later on we walked through the market, admiring the quaint costumes of the peasants. Then we climbed the hill to the castle. This is the splendid ruin of an early mediæval stronghold, still preserving



Coimbra, from the banks of the Mondego.

linked into the handle, each woman carrying hers upon her head. Students in groups of two or three, hatless, in long black coats, walked arm in arm toward the seminary; while girls, lithe and straight as young Greek goddesses, balanced tall amphoræ upon their heads as they went to draw water from the fountain adjoining the hotel. From right to left the country people flocked in to town (for it was market-day), each woman mounted upon her patient donkey heaped with panniers, upon which she sat sideways, her black-velvet tambourine-shaped hat cocked forward and to one side, and perched upon a gay kerchief that hung to her waist. The men, sober and black in bag-cap and sash, drove their animals before them, and once in a while a great ox-wain would go creaking by, preceded by its driver with his goad in hand. The donkey-bells tinkled, the chimes sounded from the steeple on

among tottering walls and towers that make one shiver at their instability, its pure Gothic chapel, its towering keep, and its old casements flanked by their stone window-seats that overlook the rich and lovely valley.

Diniz the Good, the "Re Lavrador," poet and friend of poets, whose *ritournelles* and *pastorellas* set the fashion for all the earlier bards of his kingdom, made this castle his favorite residence. And certainly he must have loved the spot, he the "Husbandman," who taught his subjects that the arts of peace were equal to those of war, giving to them their constitution, their laws, and founding for them their great University of Coimbra.

To the westward still stretches the vast Pinhal Real, the royal pine woods, planted by his orders to solidify the shifting sand-dunes and purify the air, and later to yield the stout timbers that were to build

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the ships that carried the flag of Portugal to the very ends of the earth. Their broad sombre masses make striking contrast to the bright vineyards and olive orchards that stretch off to the hills which, fainter and yet more faint, fringe the horizon in every direction.

Leiria proved so attractive that, though we had only thought to spend the night, we lingered for another day or two. Then, finally, we made another early start for our drive to Thomar, third poem of the trilogy, third panel of the triptych. These drives in central Portugal are truly delightful. The little open carriage, the horses' steady pace, the soft fragrance of the air, the ever-changing and ever-pleasant pictures along the way, make an ideal mode of travel far from the noisy railway and the dust of automobiles. The scenery is not spectacular in any way—just lovely country, peaceful and idyllic. Rows of oaks and eucalypti ranged against the sky, cork-trees by the roadside, vineyards perched on rocky terraces, vales of olive groves, and, most of all, pine woods, sun-drenched and balsamic, on the risings —such are the features of the landscape. Villages seem few for populous Europe, but the farms, when you come upon them, are homelike, freshly painted, and clean.

For some hours we drove along, crossing many steep ridges until, toward noon, Ourem's Castle came in sight, perched high on a fat, round hill. This we skirted, through vineyards and olive orchards, until we entered the long street of a town, Villa Nova d'Ourem, where we drew up before a very modest *hospedaria*. Notwithstanding its humble appearance, we found a neat, cool room up-stairs and had a good, plain luncheon.

As soon as the noonday glare had somewhat subsided we were off again for another two hours. Then, at a turning, Thomar's church and castle suddenly rose before us. It seemed too late to climb up the hill that evening, so we loitered instead in the fragrant gardens that skirt the Nabão, a little stream that seems to run right through these pleasure-grounds, feeding numerous picturesque wheels that dip its water into sluices and carry it off to the thirsty fields.

When, next morning, we did ascend to the castle, we found it a fine old ruin that overlooks a vast panorama. From its battlements you may follow the course of one river after another—the Nabão, the Zezere, the Isna—as they wind through orchard and vineyard to their junction with the mighty Tagus.

The merlons of its ramparts, pierced with loopholes in the shape of a cross standing on a circle, show that it was built for the Templars, this being their emblem—the cross upon the earth. Their day passed, the infidel was driven from the country forever, and, relieved of the nightmare of the Moor's return, a new brotherhood arose and installed itself in the castle—the Order of Christ. Headed by its grand master, Henry the Navigator, its members put their strength to a new endeavor and dreamed their dreams of conquest and exploration, unveiling one by one the secrets of the ocean, finding the water routes to the uttermost ends of the earth, adding far countries to the crown of their sovereign.

The church that adjoins the castle reflects both these periods. Its earlier portions, rugged and battlemented, suggest the warlike spirit of the Templars, built like a fortress, an outpost fronting the enemy. Its later portions voice the dreams of the Knights of Christ, and remain perhaps the supreme record of the most heroic and patriotic period of Portugal's history, when these knights constituted the vanguard of their country's civilization, supplying the wealth to back Prince Henry's enterprises and send one expedition after another over the seas, the sails of the caravels emblazoned with the special cross that was the sign of their order.

Each stone of the church speaks of some feat of these navigators; every detail of its ornament chants a song of the sea and the whole edifice is a poem of patriotism written upon stone by its genial architect, João de Castilho.

To read its story you must forget cold architectural measurements and look at the church as a vast fabric of symbols. Then, upon its buttresses, you will discern the corals and pearls of the tropic seas; upon its string-courses you will find ropes twisted through cork floaters; in the reveals of its rose window the sails of the caravels belly in the wind, restrained by taut cordage and, capping its battlements, pierced by a frieze of armillary spheres, emblem of hope and of the king, the

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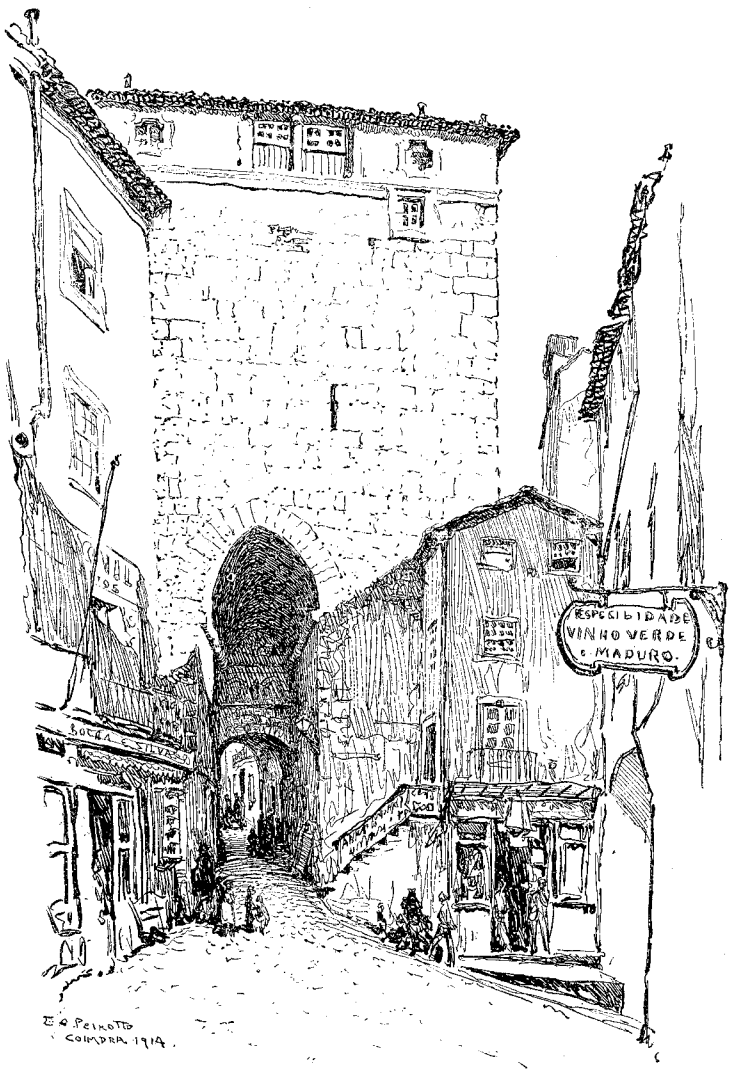
crosses of the Order of Christ form the cresting against the sky.

The extravagant climax is reached in the chapter-house window, a fantasy in limestone, a bit of submarine architecture worthy to grace a palace of the Nereids at the bottom of the sea: corals and sea-kelp, moving wave forms, bits of anchors and broken chains, shells and anemones, conches and cockles blended together in a strange medley of forms too intricate to describe and too delicate to draw that contrast beautifully with the vast plain surfaces that surround them.

The main entrance to the church is much more restrained and is perhaps the most beautiful doorway in the country, reminding one of the same architect's design at Belem, but finer both in conception and execution. The interior befits the meeting-place for holy knights recalling some temple of the Grail. The knights worshipped in the *coro alto* to which a staircase ascends from the great cloister, and one can readily picture the chevaliers, two and two, mounting its narrow steps in dignified procession.

The cloisters are of vast extent, but ow-



Arco de Almedina, Coimbra.

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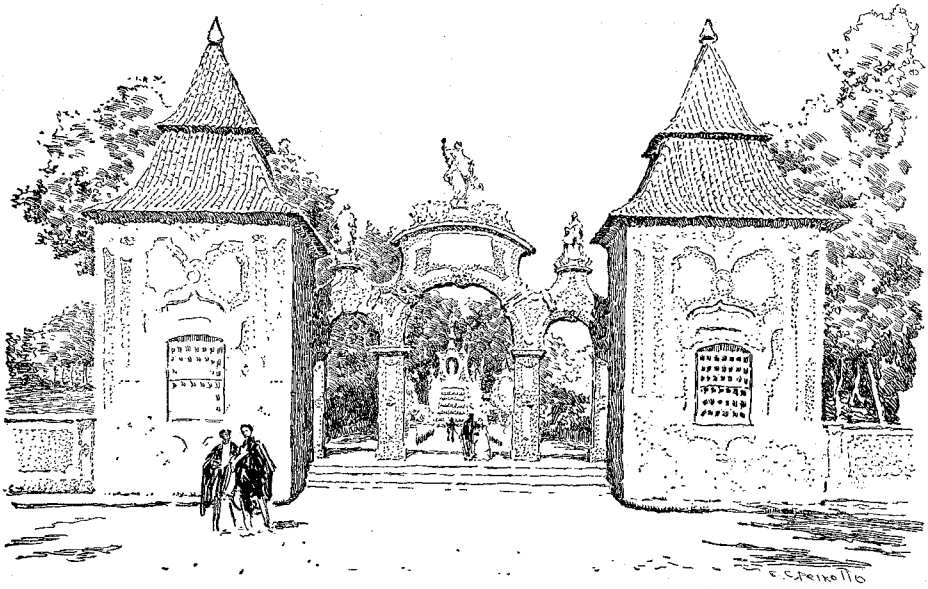

Quinta de Santa Cruz, Coimbra.

ing to their late date offer little of artistic interest, except perhaps the little cemetery courtyard gay with flowers and Moorish tiles. From one of the large cloisters you step out upon a terrace overlooking a lovely vale. The convent wall edges the hill beyond, and all between stretch the gardens of the knights—bouquets of stately pines and rich masses of foliage—while in the quinta nearer the monastery, now the property of the Count of Thomar, oleanders, oranges, and loquats bloom amid masses of handsome flowers.

Thomar is the swan-song of the Portuguese builders—the last outpouring of their soul, the final burst of glory before misfortune overtook their country and a Spanish Philip built the cold Palladian cloister that proclaims the death of the country's greatest hopes.

You drive four miles to the railway station, and then only an hour or two in the train brings you to Coimbra, which city is to Portugal what Salamanca is to Spain or Oxford or Cambridge to England—for many centuries the seat of its great university.

So, naturally, one's first steps are bent up the steep streets of the walled city to the place where the university sits enthroned upon the topmost summit. Its extensive buildings, of no particular æsthetic interest, surround a beautiful quadrangle adorned with trees and shrubs. At its southwestern angle is a little terrace, a shady spot and a favorite corner with the students. And who can wonder? Hung high above the city you look down upon its old roofs and upon a great bow of the Mondego, "river of the muses," flowing through the loveliest valley imaginable. Soft hills embowered in groves and greenwoods encompass it—range after range of varied silhouettes, fainter and more misty in the moist air as they recede, until they help to buttress the slopes of the Estrella, the Mountains of the Stars, that rear their purple silhouettes against the sky.

Boats with tall white sails work their way through the sand-bars toward the sea. A delightful peace pervades the scene and stirs to meditation. The students read or study on the benches in this angle and once in a while raise their eyes and look toward the distant mountains.

They are a fine-looking lot, these students—most of them tall and well set up, and many, especially those from north Portugal, surprisingly blond. They all wear the same costume, the long black frock coat that buttons to the neck and

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gives them an ecclesiastical air, and a wide, cape-like cloak, also black, that they drape picturesquely over their arms or throw over their shoulders according to the weather. This official garb was once supplemented by a black knitted cap which they did not like, so all now go bareheaded. They carry their papers in portfolios, from which hang long knots of ribbons, whose colors denote the courses they are following—law, medicine, and the like.

Once the capital of the kingdom, Coimbra possesses a number of interesting monuments. Its cathedral dates from the early period when it upon the west, Toledo in the centre, and Saragossa to the east were the Christian outposts against the infidel. Its color, a deep golden brown, is like that of an old warrior tanned by the wars. Squarely seated upon its platform, its walls pierced only by narrow windows that resemble loopholes, its roofs and parapets embattled, it recalls the day when praying and fighting went hand in hand, and its rough-hewn stones sheathe it as in a bronze cuirass chased with the delicate tracery of its south door added at a later epoch.

Its interior, too, is severely plain, though adorned with the only fine reredos that I saw in Portugal, and with side chapels that contain a notable array of old blue tiles.

We spent some charming days in Coimbra. We wandered in the thoroughfares of the upper town, admiring the picturesque corners, the old city gates, and the great palaces with their complicated escutcheons. We lingered upon the broad terraces of the botanical gardens, whose flora is, perhaps, as varied as any in existence. We wandered in the avenue that skirts the river.

And one morning we crossed the Mondego to visit the Quinta das Lagrimas, the Garden of Tears, and evoke sad memories of Inez de Castro, whose story Camöens has woven into one of the most touching episodes of his immortal Lusiads. From the sunlit road you enter a park, almost wild, with thickets of bamboo, araucarias, and flowers in profusion and an old gardener silently working in a vegetable-patch. Then you pass a Gothic ruin with an ivy-grown portal and come upon a square pool of water deeply shaded by giant cedars and sycamores.

Into one of its corners a tiny stream issues from a fissure in the rock, and the faint murmur of its trickle is the only audible sound. But the immortal lines of Camöens, chiselled upon a stone near by, make the place eloquent of the death of gentle Inez:

"Vede que fresca fonte rega as flores,
Que lagrimas são a agua, e o nome amores."*

On a Sunday afternoon we took tea with some friends in their home overlooking a panorama of the river valley and its many lovely hillsides. For our benefit they had assembled upon the table all the dainties of the Portuguese pastry-cook: *ovos molles*, *quejadas*, or cheese cakes, from Cintra, crystallized *cabaço*, and even the *bôlo de mel*, or honey-cake, from Madeira.

After tea they asked in a group of students—our host was taking his last year in the law school—who, with their beloved *guitarras* and *violas*, in the darkened room, sang their romances, their *fardos* and languishing love-songs, for here in Coimbra the serenades form an integral part of the college life.

I should say the students frequent the cafés but little and the book-shops much (especially a handsome one down by the river provided like a library with comfortable seats and tables strewn with journals). They are great practical jokers, and their farces and serenades form their principal diversion.

Upon our last afternoon we walked once more to the cathedral and watched the sun gild its ruddy front with its last dying rays. Then down to the river and to our hotel. At midnight we were awakened by the sound of music—guitar and viola and a sweet voice singing, and we recognized in the still night the voices of the other afternoon, first a light tenor, then a deeper barytone. What a fitting ending to this pleasant journey; what a happy climax to our stay in Coimbra, city of the muses!

*See yon fresh fountain flowing mid the flowers,
Tears are its water and its name "Amores."
—*Burton's translation.*

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MISGIVINGS OF A MALE SUFFRAGETTE

I AM a feminist; yet of late I have had a doubt—an ingrowing doubt that hurts me. Step by step as I have been more deeply convinced of the need of a revolution in the economic, social, and even moral position of women, I have felt a deeper misgiving as to the lines upon which it is proceeding.

This is a personal experience—made up of observations of necessity fragmentary; of doubts for which I can give at best half a reason; of convictions the ardor of which may seem unwarranted. Yet perhaps there will be a gain in reality. To me certainly the experiences I am to record have opened up a wholly new view of the crisis. And even as I have been recording them evidence has appeared that the world is groping toward a similar conclusion.

I

My adherence to the cause came from the motive which, I believe, is commonest among American men—respect, even reverence, for women. In our family the boys were disciplined; but we gave the feminine members whatever they cared to take—leisure, education, freedom in matters of opinion and of social conduct. In much the same spirit we were for giving them the vote. My mother was one of the earliest suffragists, comrade of Susan Anthony and Frances Willard, and I was orthodox from the cradle.

My active interest in the cause did not begin until I was married. My wife, like most New York suffragists, was a recent convert, aflame with ardor, and insisted that I come up-town and lend my countenance to the spring parade. I argued that the parade was intended to impress those who were not yet convinced. Then I got down to the root of the matter.

One of Mary's comrades was marching without her husband's permission, and was so in awe of the dominant male that she did not dare let him know it. My wife was filled with a fine rage against what she called the slaveholding patriarch (Watson was twenty-eight), and with a fine sympathy for the "servile" deceit of a sister. I was to dignify the occasion with my presence, so that if a crisis came we could overawe the reactionary. For Watson was my subordinate in the office, and was up for election to a club in which I served on the admissions committee.

If we are charged, my wife and I, with a petty personal tyranny, I can only reply that after the parade Mrs. Watson made a clean breast of it; that Watson opened his mind to discussion of the question, and is to-day an avowed suffragist. As far as it goes it is stupendously efficient, the feminine way of doing things!

Yet I felt misgiving; the seed of doubt stirred painfully. I would cheerfully have argued with the man till the cows came home and our wives perished of boredom; but I shall never enjoy the step from the sublime to the particular.

The parade, however, was pure sublime. The masculine humorists, and the very serious anti-suffragists, pictured the paraders as square-jawed viragoes, as vain sisters impelled by a thirst for notoriety, even as brazen hussies conspicuously flirting with the male voter. They threw up their hands in horror at the ribaldry of the masculine crowd, and at the fact that women could expose themselves to it. But in the anti-suffragists and their animadversions I can only see the spirit of that crowd at its worst. They voice an unseeing, unreasoning prejudice. And they are only the less respectable because they profess to be inspired by a love of decency.

There were fine women among the marshals—women who sat their horses with the air of calm command and looked the city in the eye, so to speak, with the confidence of potential conquerors. Upon their mood the leers and jeers from the gutter fell as softly as the sands of an hour-glass amid the hush of eternity. The women in the ranks marched simply, and for

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the most part with downcast eyes. They were not used to appearing in public, and were overcome with a sort of physical modesty, an atavistical shame. Yet their step was firm; and in every simple, set line of their faces could be read a heroic purpose. One of the marchers, as I knew, had come out though at that moment her father lay dead. If ever I saw heroism, self-effacement in devotion to a cause, it was then and there.

Beside my wife walked Mrs. Watson, white but undismayed. There was nothing that I would not have done at that moment to show Watson where he got off —and on.

In point of fact I discussed the parade with him, man to man, and he promised to come out and see it next year.

Therefore I promised to march—the logic of the sequence is obvious.

We were late in leaving the office, and as we hurried up a side street toward the avenue I almost lost my recruit. The uniform of the paraders was white; and beneath the shoulders of men lined up across the side street we saw ragged groups of white-clothed figures moving down the avenue. What we saw most plainly, however, was that the legs of these figures were bare. Watson stopped short and clutched me, and we looked again. There was no doubt of it! The mainstays of the procession were nothing but pink and well-turned limbs—limbs and outward flourishes, in fact, for not a few of the white-clothed figures were running. The line of male bystanders cheered as they ran. "Good God!" said Watson—"and my wife is among them!"

I cannot deny that my own heart turned over; but in a moment, of course, I understood. An evening paper had offered a prize for a Marathon race, and these were the belated stragglers. The suffrage parade could not start till they had finished.

From that moment, however, I knew that women are not our equals—perhaps not even our superiors! They are different creatures, quite. Having arrived at this conclusion, I found full confirmation of it in biology. The progress of evolution has come through a differentiation and specialization of sex function, which for the good of the race must be increased, not done away with. But after that Marathon such reasoning was superfluous, quite.

We had sent out a ringing call for men to join the parade. There was, to be sure, a crack in the ring, for we promised not to start unless we could muster at least one hundred. Only fifty-eight turned out. We were ordered to form in a side street in front of a club of which many of us were members, the windows of which were crowded. We stood on one foot, then on the other—too proud to hang our heads, too shamefaced to look up at the windows. As I think back on it, I seem to have looked inward, for all I remember is a whirling chaos of sensation, the color of which is dark-brown. As I had felt an illogical rage at the sight of that Marathon, I now felt an illogical shame.

It has been widely reported that, owing to some mix-up during the march, one of our company carried a transparency which read: "Men can vote: Why not we?" This, of course, is one of the works of the justly celebrated Ben Trovato; but the same satirical point was made right and left. One urchin shouted this finely alliterative phrase: "Willie, when ye die will yer wife them w'iskers!" It was from him that I learned to call myself a male suffragette. One cry was unceasing: "*You* go home and 'tend the baby!" Most of us were married, and some had a child or two; but the majority had no offspring to go home and "'tend."

The popular verdict, you see, is that the women in our cause are masculinized, and the men feminized. But the verdict does not stand the test of analysis. Those women showed a far finer spirit than men of their class have ever thrown into a cause; and there was as obvious a limitation upon our femininity. No! In their exaltation and our pusillanimity alike there was something that escaped me then.

During the entire parade only one incident ministered in any way to a sense of masculine dignity. I fell into conversation with a policeman. "Sure, I'll give ut 'em, the dear craytchers," he said with affable magnificence; "there's nothin' they can't have off me fer the askin'!"

As Mary and I talked over the afternoon's adventures, I told her of this. I

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was trying to believe it was an indication that the mass of men were beginning to come over to the cause.

I got small thanks for my pains. Her eyes flamed and the blood mounted in her cheeks. "*Give* it us!" she echoed. "Off *him!* Are we creatures of the harem to be given things or denied them—and by an ignorant policeman? It is our right—the eternal justice of democracy—and we are going to *take* it!"

I have never seen my wife look more handsome; but if I had said what was in my heart I should have found myself in the dread category of patriarchs, sultans, and policemen. And in point of fact was there any essential difference between the big cop's attitude and that to which I had been born and bred? The modern feminism postulates equality—postulates it theoretically, dogmatically, implacably. The same doctrine would as well justify the cry of "Marathons for women! Marathons for women!"

All this, perhaps you say, is only the record of a mind that is groping, fumbling. I answer that it is—that that's why I have set it down. In a few weeks more the State of New York, of which I am a citizen, will vote on a suffrage referendum; and the result will perhaps determine the fate of the cause in many other States. Of my fellow citizens who are to vote nine-tenths are similarly groping, fumbling.

Some of us are seriously determined to establish in our laws an equality that nature makes light of; some are lightly condescending to bestow a privilege that may have the most serious political consequences. And the ultimate cause of it all, the mainspring of what we call feminism, is an aroused passion of womanhood which is perhaps similarly groping, fumbling, but which will not be quenched until the present order is subverted, quite. What does it mean? Where is it leading? That is the most important question in the world to-day.

II

I GOT nearer to the heart of the matter one day when we were playing bridge with the Watsons. A lady in the opposing camp had insisted that if the question be submitted to a referendum it must be to a referendum not of men but of women. She gloried in the indifference of "all true wives and mothers" to public affairs, and told how delighted her husband was when he came home and found the atmosphere of unworldly domesticity, sweet and serene, personified in herself.

"The thing that made me a suffragist," said our hostess, "is the smirking idiocy of the antis!"

I doubt if the suffragist lives who has not voiced this sentiment. But I was not prepared for Watson's counter to it.

"Yet a minority who call themselves intelligent," he said, "are demanding in the name of justice that the vote be forced upon a majority of smirking idiots."

"Come, now," I retorted, "do you really believe that woman's spear is in the home?" I suppose it was with satirical intention that I misquoted the phrase.

Watson's eyes twinkled. "Her spear is in the home," he said "—and she uses it."

"Is it true," I asked, bowing to his wife, "that your spear knows no husband?"

"And yours?" he asked, bowing to Mary. "Who was it prodded up Alphonso here to haul me out to that parade?"

I made haste to get back to serious discussion.

The phrase had piqued me, however. What is the precise truth about woman's sphere and her spear?

I need scarcely retell the story of how, during the last century and a half, every labor that makes a woman's life economically productive in the middle classes has been removed from the home. The era of household industries has given way to the era of collective organization. Even the care of children is taken out of the mother's hands the moment it becomes intellectually interesting. The trained nurse and the trained teacher step in. To realize what this portends one has only to read Olive Schreiner's eloquent and impassioned "Woman and Labor," or William Hard's vehement and well-informed "Woman of To-morrow." There is a void in the lives of our women, a void which their nature abhors, and they are going out into market-place and forum to regain their economic function. That is

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the basic fact in modern feminism, and the reason why it has arisen in the middle classes—or so it seemed to me then.

I put the case squarely up to Watson.

"Where an issue is merely personal," he admitted, "women are invincible. You know what they did in San Francisco? A man was charged with assault upon a woman, and the judge put his bail so low that he jumped it. Woman's spear had just been taken out of the home—a bright, new, shiny spear known as the recall. They went after that judge, and they *got* him. Meantime across the bay in Berkeley there was a referendum on the question of issuing bonds for playgrounds sorely needed by the children. Only an infinitesimal number of women voted. The mayor, who had been strong for suffrage in the recent election, and had personally swung enough votes to decide the question for the entire state, publicly called them down. The referendum was just as bright, new, and shiny as the recall, and the welfare of children was at stake; but the issue was abstract—so nebulous to them that they couldn't see it with a telescope! I greatly fear me, Alphonso, that the circumference of woman's sphere is determined by the radius of her spear."

I began to doubt whether we had done a good job in prodding Watson with that spear. Man, being the reasoning sex, has only to argue a question to convince himself.

Being myself a man, I set out to demolish Watson.

"You remember also what the Woman's Municipal League did to one ripper bill? How about it, eh?" I thought I knew what his answer would be, for he had covered the matter in our paper.

The bill threatened to put the night court into Tammany politics. The leaders of the League, women prominent in the best element of society, had gone to Albany to protest, and had been given fair words—but no action. They went again and received words somewhat less fair—and still nothing done. On the third trip they were received with thinly veiled contempt. The tiger was fiercely bent upon battening its hungry ribs at the cost of unfortunate women. Then the ladies of the League threatened war. The Albany Solons asked with a sneer what they intended to do. The answer was a call to the women of the East Side—to the mother, wife, and daughters of every Tammany heeler—to assemble in Cooper Union and hear about it. That threw a scare into the tiger. On the morrow a leading brave called to protest earnestly if ungrammatically that the boys in Albany meant no harm. He was politely shown the door. Then came a chief who protested with equal ardor and superior grammar that he himself would go to Albany and arrange matters. Even more politely he was shown the door. Finally, a man came who had held high civic office and was everywhere current socially. He asked indulgence for the rude manners of his predecessors and, in the friendliest tone, advised the ladies not to excite the wigwam unduly. To twist the tail of the tiger only enrages him; but speak him fair and he purrs and purrs. This emissary brought the word of the big chief Himself that the ripper bill would be killed. The ladies asked with a smile if he would furnish a bond that it stay dead. They intended to take part themselves in the obsequies. So the women of the East Side assembled and listened to their sisters under the skin—and as long as the present generation lasts no politician will dare to suggest that the judge who presides over the women's court shall be appointed for any cause except merit.

"Did you ever know a time," I asked, "when the sphere of women had a bigger radius?"

"You are aware, I suppose," Watson retorted, "that the League is non-partisan in suffrage, and that personally the women who cowed the tiger are 'smirking idiots of antis'?"

"The fact remains, however, that what women have done women can do. And with the vote they can do it harder."

"What makes you think that?" he asked. "The ladies of the League say that if they had been voters the braves would have told their wives that there was nothing in it all but politics—that the swells were blackguarding them as usual in order to lay hands upon the emoluments of office. Have you ever noticed that the best cause when it gets into politics is fought out on its lowest level? That is the history of party government in every democracy.

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But if women keep out of politics they can stand unimpeached, as these women did, in the full dignity of womanhood." He paused, and then asked with a sudden gleam: "Have you ever heard of the village idiot of Banbury?"

I had not.

"They knew he was an idiot because he used to scratch where it didn't itch."

"What did I hear you say?" interjected Mrs. Watson. She had been teaching Mary a new step in the hesitation—and was lost to all minor matters. Otherwise our doubts would long ago have been resolved; for those of the true faith, as I once heard one of them say, can answer doubts such as ours in their sleep, or under an anæsthetic.

"Why, your friend Rollo Bright-eyes," said Watson, "has been arguing that all productive industry has been taken out of the home. But it seems to me there's one exception. Children also, if we can believe an old wives' tale, are a product of woman's labor. Yet in proportion as women have been relieved of one job they have thrown up the other. While they spend their lives on clothes, on dancing, on votes for women, the generations of the future are recruited from the slums."

He paused, as if to gather courage, and then shot this at me: "Or is your idea that, since the one sure power in the modern world is political, women are only waiting to take this other labor out into the forum!"

Perhaps I should be ashamed to admit that I burst out laughing. "Why not," I said, "since you thought them capable of parading as a Marathon?"

"You made it three hearts half an hour ago," Mrs. Watson interrupted, "and I doubled you. What on earth are you two men talking about?"

III

WHAT Watson said made me think—made me think, as the French say, like the devil. The result was a conviction that, metaphorically at least, this matter of child-bearing will have to be taken out into the forum.

For what conceivable reason has the great mass of productive labor been removed from the lives of women, except that they may pursue with energy and ardor undivided their exclusive and all-important function? Is it possible that the social and economical changes which seem to us so blind are wiser than we—that our thinking has lagged pitifully behind them?

Children of the well-born and well-bred are the only vital wealth of any nation. Ruskin was right about that; and the world is ceasing to smile at his economic doctrine. Of what use are the utmost material gain, the most perfectly devised institutions, if the men and women who inherit them are enfeebled in blood, defective in upbringing? Darwin himself pointed out that the one sure result of our philanthropic democracy is to waste our resources and reduce our stamina; yet, while we follow him in thinking evolutionally in biology, even in tracing the development of our economic and social systems, we think of the welfare of the race only in the dead terms of material wealth. And so we have made it impossible for the race to advance. As soon as a family raises its head above the slums it tends to be sterilized.

That is a matter of familiar observation—as of equally familiar statistics. But the underlying causes, as far as I can find, have never been clearly outlined. I must state them as best I can.

Our economic system has, for half a century, been inspired and controlled by a single class, the rich. They exploit our capital—our capital in dead wealth, and our capital in lives. That is no news. But has it ever been pointed out that our social system also is administered in behalf of a single class?

For the poor there are free maternity hospitals, free clinics and dispensaries, free parks and playgrounds, free baths and outings in summer. There are free trades schools by day and by night, free lectures, and free music. And now it is urged that we serve free meals in the public schools. It is as easy as not to have children, and the family that has them positively rises in the social and intellectual scale. Yet, relatively, the poor have least need of help in these matters; for in their lives the industrial revolution has wrought no vital change. Women are still economically productive—and chil-

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dren, too, as soon as they are through grammar school. Still, as in the patriarchal day and the day of household industries, a family is no burden but an economic asset. And so, in the lower planes of living, the race still breeds with its age-old fecundity. The slums swarm with the children of the ill-born, the ill-bred, and ill-fed—who are to inherit the future.

Inherit it, yes—but for how long? Those of them that rise into the middle class have, in times past, given the world its best blood. The middle class has energy, ambition, intelligence—or it would not have risen thus far. And it has the great incentive, for the whole world is open to it and to its children. Yet between the upper millstone of the rich and the nether millstone of the poor the middle class is ground to pulp, extinguished in its heyday.

This sounds paradoxical, perhaps. A middle-class country has sterilized its middle classes? The land of promise blights the fruit of that promise? Well, let us see how it fares with sober, competent people who aspire to rise—and raise children.

Over nine-tenths of municipal taxes fall on real estate, which is to say upon rents. That is a heavy burden upon the shops and the homes of the well-to-do: income and outgo suffer alike that the poor may swarm upon the municipal bounty.

The national government, under a protective tariff takes its share mainly out of food and clothing. Again the burden falls upon the families of those who aspire. For a bachelor is taxed only upon what he himself eats and wears, while a father is taxed upon as many as there are members of his household. Yet we are surprised that an increasing number of men prefer to lead single lives, and we search the streets and byways for the causes of prostitution. If parents educate their children as middle-class parents aspire to—until the age of eighteen, twenty-two, even twenty-five for those who study professions—then the parents continue to be taxed not only for what the children eat and wear, but largely also for what is eaten and worn by their teachers. The more parents do for their children, in short—the greater their service to the race—the more severely they are penalized. And, confronted by a vanishing birth-rate among the well-born and well-bred, we scold our women because they do not do their duty by the future!

The income tax is an engine which we might develop into a decisive power in behalf of race culture; but in the long agitation through which we have passed has the idea been suggested? Three thousand dollars a year is riches for a bachelor; but under the law as it stands he pays no tax on it—and is largely relieved of the old tax on food and clothing. People who are married are given an exemption of a thousand dollars more. That is scant justice, for a wife at least doubles a man's expenses. Thus the tax, in effect, penalizes marriage. And it takes not the least thought of the middle-class woman who has, or wants to have, children. For her four thousand is hardly half an income; yet she is still taxed by the tariff on food and clothing, and if there is more than four thousand income that is taxed also.

To have any relation to the vital needs of the moment, the income tax should be revised from the ground up. Single persons should be taxed on every dollar above what is needed to keep body and soul together—let us say a thousand dollars, instead of three thousand. And here is one case in which the sexes may be regarded as equal. This tax should not be to discourage celibacy, but to raise a justly distributed revenue. To facilitate marriage, the income of a couple, though childless, should be tax-free on a more liberal amount—say two thousand dollars. For each child an exemption should be granted of a full thousand, up to six or seven thousand dollars; and this exemption should continue as long as the child is being educated at the charge of the parents. Such a tax incidentally would provide far more revenue, and a far more equitably distributed revenue; for it would be levied not merely upon the very rich but also on the moderately well-to-do who make no other contribution to the national welfare.

Under any conditions now existing or proposed a middle-class father mortgages his future—his best work in the world. The mother faces not only an ordeal of

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life and death but a strong probability that she and all who are dearest to her will be disclassed—turned backward to the soil or the slums. Many, it is true, still have a child or two; but to do so is no longer an act of happy, normal functioning but a deed of rare personal heroism. Until the present order is revised from the ground up, young men will continue to seek their mates in the street by night; and married women will continue to find no better use for their new leisure than what is called society and culture. And the future of the Republic will continue to be recruited from the slums.

Here, I take it, is the truest cause, the deepest well-spring, of the feminine uprising—and the reason why its most passionate adherents are not of the poor but of the middle classes. Through all the unrecorded æons of biology, our ancestors have had children and reared them—without one break in the age-old line. They have followed the vital impulse, to their own profit and to the profit of the race. Now for the first time women well-born and well-bred are bereft of labor—reproductive as well as productive. When the storm rages, there is somewhere a void to be filled. All our talk of the tyranny of man, of the equality of the sexes, is only the cry of the wind in the trees, its howling among the rocks that oppose it. The true secret of the storm is in the void beyond. Let any one listen intently and he will hear the deep cry of our women: "Let us, too, suffer and create. Give us back our labor; give us back our children!"

IV

I SPOKE of these things to Watson. "Then, as you dope it out," he said, "suffrage isn't really a cause—only an effect. Remember that old saying about a certain inhabitant of Banbury?"

I begged to change the figure. When the great gods pass, as they have passed out of the lives of well-born women, it is only human to make new gods. They are ill-shaped things, perhaps, to begin with; but at worst they keep alive the spirit of worship; and out of them in time we fashion gods that are worthy of a larger, a freer, a recreated world. Through the "effect" we shall reach the "cause."

"I acquire you, Stephen," he said. "It all works out beautifully! It explains why in England they have militants. The colonization of the empire has drained the home country of its men, leaving upward of a million women who haven't a ghost of a show even for a husband." A slow grin wreathed his face. "And the real war-cry of the suffragettes, as they roll bombs beneath the great chair of the prime minister, is: 'Give us back our husbands! Give us back our husbands!'"

"Possibly."

"Have you told your wife how comparatively happy is her lot—in having you?"

"Not yet."

"*I*'m going to tell mine! Only I'll break it to her gently. I'll begin by saying that you have converted me to the cause—of course I'll still call it a cause."

"But *are* you converted?"

"Sure, *Mike!* They'll have to get this equal franchise stuff out of their systems before they'll ever wake up to what's really the matter with 'em. They've got their spears out for that vote, and they won't be happy till they get it. So votes for women, I say. Votes for women!"

For all the levity of this avowal, the fruitful seed of doubt had struck root in Watson. But, to be candid, so had it also in me—and it is of that I am writing.

In the history of the world, has there ever been a great cause waged in such colossal self-ignorance? Even the many reforms which women have already achieved—from his honor the judge in New York to his honor of San Francisco—have been inspired by what a biologist would call a secondary sex instinct. To all questions affecting the vital rights and functions of women well-born and well-bred, the woman well-born and well-bred has shown a marked indifference.

It is men who have devised the benefit for widowed and deserted mothers; who have attacked the strongholds of shoddy woollens and poisoned food; who are striving to prevent the marriage of young girls to diseased and degenerate males. And now it is men who, blunderingly enough, to be sure, have given us, in an income tax, our best weapon against an economic system which lays the heaviest burden of all upon the fecundity of the middle

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classes. We may be slow to comprehend, but we are not tyrants, not usurpers. Our deepest instinct—and this the humble dramatist of the movies knows well—is the instinct of the son and of the lover.

V

I SAT beside Watson's friend of the Municipal League one evening at dinner, and told her of my misgivings, and of how Watson had been converted to the Effect.

"There are several nations," she said, "and many of our States, in which women have long been in politics. Have they given promise anywhere of waking up? Even in advanced Scandinavia, Ellen Key scolds them for blindness to the real destiny of womanhood."

I asked why her League did not state the issue and start a propaganda.

"Unfortunately," she said with a smile, "we have been anticipated—by our tyrant oppressors. Have you been to 'Damaged Goods'? There is a play that touches upon the true cause of women, in its ugliest and most virulent form. It was put on for a special public, yet took its place as one of the great popular successes of the season. Now it is touring the country; and women's clubs are coming forward everywhere and pledging organized, active assistance."

"But do you think that here, in our prim and sexless democracy, such a question can be raised to a cause—the cause of women?"

"Have you observed that the modern women practise any special reticence?"

I was forced to admit that I had not. The things ladies have discussed with me I am too much a gentleman to mention. Now that they have learned they can talk about anything, they talk about nothing else.

"But," I gasped, "as *the* cause of woman . . . !"

"Not her whole cause—the opportune point of departure, the first concrete target for her spear. The important fact is that, as you would say, we are beginning to think of our cause in the light of a primary instinct. Everywhere women, even young girls, are coming to realize their relation to the race."

"Young girls?"

"Especially young girls. My husband and I use the journal of the Eugenical Society as home reading. The other day my daughter, aged fifteen, lunched with the family of a friend—a rather conventional lot. 'I don't think they are very intellectual,' Helen reported. 'When Mattie and I began to talk eugenics they hadn't a word to say—only stared.' Can you see them? The whole world of elders will soon wear that face, for the dawn of a new era is upon us."

"Yet in order to assure the future of the race, even the most matronly woman will have to go out of the home, into politics?"

"Out of the house, perhaps. She must have thorough training: know what is to be known of the traffic in food and clothing; of prostitution and the libertine; of the origins of defective children and of the means of putting an end to them; of the health of those to be married and of the conditions under which children should be born. On all these subjects our knowledge is as yet rudimentary and our ideas chaotic. If there is any true feminism in the world, men and women, and especially women, will search out such matters and master them. Then, when any legislation, such as the income tax, has special bearing on the fecundity of the biologically fit, women should have a decisive vote in the matter. The interests of the home have gone out of the house, and women will follow into their new home, enlarged, extended. But they will not go into politics."

"But without politics," I cried, "how will they get things done?"

"You men are what your mothers and your wives have made you; and though we have much to answer for in your shortcomings, it may still be said that no real need of women has ever appealed to you in vain. We shall speak, not for ourselves, but for the race and the future. What we say will not be disregarded."

VI

THIS view disposes rather summarily, I think, of the unmarried, the wage-earning, and the taxpaying woman. They have ends to gain, energies to give—both of deep moment. They might well be granted political activity not only as a right but as a duty.

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As to the matron, an important question of fact remains to be determined. What will be the effect of the suffrage upon her work—upon the future of the race? Will she gain her ends more surely by descending into the political arena? Or can she best fulfil her destiny by remaining outside of politics and above politics—as a priestess of race culture, so to speak, an unofficial aristocrat in biology? That, to my mind, is the crucial question, and I lately laid it explicitly before a leading agitator for the suffrage. Her answer was categorical. "Fundamental problems," she wrote, "such as race suicide, eugenics, celibacy, etc., are beside the suffrage question. If any one hopes to solve them through suffrage he is on the wrong path. No suffragist, however uninformed, would hold such premises."

If this is so, it must be equally true that the tariff, the income tax, and the trusts are beside the question of male suffrage. Voting, in short, has no relation either to sociology or to politics. Surely no statement could be devised which would justify more fully the old charge that the suffrage agitation in its present form is doctrinary, insensate, fanatical. Really, it would be a joke, if it were not pathetic, that our so-called feminism places every "fundamental" womanly concern "beside the question."

Meantime, as a citizen of New York, I await with interest the form which the proposed law will take. If it is truly feministic—a conscious effort to mitigate spinsterhood, to promote marriage, and to restore the fecundity of the middle classes—then I, as a feminist, shall work for it and vote for it. If it is the mere expression of abstract doctrine, unrelated to any vital forces, I shall have to regard it as confusing the great issue.

For the present, I am afraid, the larger feminism is undreamed of by most of us. But against a fruitful idea, to adapt a phrase of Schiller's, the gods themselves wage war in vain. To-morrow the rights of the race will be ringing in our ears. And the cry of those who join battle will be: "Give us back our children—give us back our work as parents of the brighter world to come!"

IN PURSUIT OF AN INTEREST

By Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer

I

MOTHER is sometimes very unexpected.

"Virginia," she said suddenly, "I must have an interest."

It was last night at bedtime, and we were toasting our toes and sipping our glasses of hot water before the open fire in her room.

"Haven't you got me?" I asked.

She laughed. "Of course, there's always you. But I don't flatter myself that I shall keep you with me. What about Billy Carew?"

Billy had stayed later than usual, and mother, who always thinks she must sit up in the next room, had almost gone to sleep over her patience cards.

"Oh, there's no hurry about Billy," I said.

"Goodness knows I'm not anxious to have you marry him or any one else," said mother, "but I'm afraid you are a little unprincipled about your beaux. The poor boy is so dreadfully in love with you."

"We are both ridiculously young," said I. "And it is good training for him to be kept guessing. And, anyway, I give him a pretty good time. Why, to-night I gave him something to eat and let him talk a lot about himself and a little about me. That's the reason he stayed so late."

She laughed again. "Well, at any rate, I've got to have an interest of my own. It isn't so much fun playing patience in the next room while you are training Billy or some other boy to be a good husband. And then you are out a good deal—and

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some day you will leave me altogether, for if it isn't Billy it will be some one else. Life is getting very dull, and I'm likely to fall into melancholy."

"For heaven's sake!" I cried. "Am I a selfish pig?"

"No, no!" said mother, "but we belong to two generations and you have your natural and legitimate interests." She added musingly: "Yet I don't feel old."

"You're not *old*."

She smiled. "Only elderly? Well, at least my *mind* isn't old, and that's what matters."

It was a new idea to me that she should feel bored and want to put more into her life than it already held. I suppose I have taken it for granted that a woman who has had a husband and has a grown-up child has had all that is coming to her. But now that she mentioned it I could see it—and it seemed pathetic.

"I didn't know—" I said. "You always seemed interested in the house and garden, and in books and bridge parties."

"Yes," she said, "I'm interested in whatever comes along, but it isn't an Interest—something personal to me—an intimate part of me—something that makes me look forward to each day as—as you do. I'll tell you about it, Virginia. You see—" She hesitated a little. "I've always wanted to write—all my life. When I was young, everything I saw and did seemed to say 'copy' to me, and I used to make little shamefaced secret efforts which never suited me and I burned them up. Then I married, and there has been plenty to do and think about. But now—oh, you don't know how I want to do it!" Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were shining.

"It's a perfectly splendid thing!" I exclaimed. "I do believe you have begun already."

"Just a little bit," she confessed. "I wrote an answer to one of those essaylets in the 'Literary Back Yard' of the *Arctic Monthly*. And, my dear, they've accepted it! And sent me ten dollars!"

I looked at her with a new respect. "I never could do it in a thousand years," I sighed. "Did you sign your own name to it?"

"Oh, those things are not signed, but I *would* sign my own name. And I'm going to buy you a present with the ten dollars. This first money simply can't go into bread and butter."

"No—but something for yourself. I'm *not* a pig."

"We'll see. Meantime, this will take a lot of time, if I'm really going into it. And I shall have to buy a typewriter. It will be cheaper in the end than to hire one. I shall wear my old winter suit. What does it matter?"

"But I must help," I said. "I'll tell you what! I'll darn my own stockings, and—and I'll take the housekeeping."

"You are a dear," said mother. "I'll let you do it, because you really ought to learn how—against the time——"

I took her empty glass and gave her a squeeze. "Against the time when you are rich and famous."

II

It seems a good while since mother and I decided that she was to become a famous writer. She writes little stories and lets me read them. They seem quite wonderful—for mother; but somehow they lack something. Perhaps it is the professional touch. The worst of it is that the editors think so too. They send them all back. Mother turns white when she sees the big envelopes and is dreadfully melancholy for a whole day. She doesn't look out for the mail-carrier any more, but goes and shuts herself up somewhere. I run down and get the mail, and when a manuscript comes I debate whether I shall give it to her right away or hide it for a while. It all comes to the same thing in the end.

"Why don't you give up?" I asked her this morning. It somehow seems undignified for a woman of her age to go on trying to do a thing that she can't do.

"I only wish I could give up," said she, "but I *can't* be beaten. These editors are all perfectly right. I can see it after the things come back. But I'll do it yet."

"Of course," I said, "there's no doubt you could have done it if you had begun a good while ago."

She was standing with her back to me, looking into the fire, with a rejected manuscript in her hand. She turned around quickly and a red spot flamed up in each cheek.

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"I'm not old!" she exclaimed. I suppose I looked startled, for she added: "Oh, I'm not a fool. I know my wretched body is growing old. My hair is turning gray, and I've wrinkles and all that. But my mind! My mind isn't old—and it shan't be!"

With that she flew out of the room and I knew she was going to cry. It did seem dreadful, and so utterly unsuitable.

I suppose that what keeps us dragging along is that once in a while the *Arctic* accepts one of those little unsigned articles. That elates us both, and we think the luck is going to turn, but it never does. I'm getting horribly tired of keeping house and knowing what we are going to eat and trying to keep the bills down. It makes me rather dread the idea of being married some day—and yet Billy certainly is a dear! I don't tell him a word about mother, but he sees that I am worried and stops talking about himself and his affairs and just tries to amuse me—and succeeds, too.

III

Such a horrid thing has happened. Yesterday we were talking about a novel we had been reading. The heroine was a writer, and in an evil moment, when her brain was fagged and her imagination failed, and she had to send off a story she had promised and hadn't yet begun, she took some green chartreuse, which braced her up so that she wrote a wonderful tale. Then she took more chartreuse, and finally got into the habit of stimulants, and she and her family had an awful time. I was saying that a book of that kind ought to do some good as a warning.

"Do you think so?" said mother. "I believe I'd take anything that would make me write a really good story—except drugs. I draw the line there."

"But the habit?" I said, quite shocked.

"The habit is perfectly unnecessary," said mother. "The woman was a fool." It is curious how much stronger language mother is getting to use.

Nothing more was said at the time, but last night, when I went into her room for what we always call our "party," she wasn't undressed.

"I thought I would try writing at night for a change," she said carelessly.

I went to bed, but couldn't get to sleep, for it seemed so strange not to have mother in the next room, and I hated to think of her sitting up alone until all sorts of hours. After a while I got up and went to the little sitting-room, which she has made into a study for herself. There she was, with a bottle and tiny glass on the table beside her. The light struck the label. It was green chartreuse.

"Oh, mother!" I cried.

She gave a great start and looked up at me with the most frightened expression. "Go away!" she said quite crossly, and I went back to my room and cried myself to sleep.

This morning she came to breakfast looking rather shamefaced. "Don't worry, Virginia," she said. "I didn't take much of the horrid stuff. It made me so sleepy I couldn't write at all. I've put the bottle in the sideboard, and we'll use it with the coffee when we have people to dinner."

I gave a great sigh of relief.

IV

It was only a few days after the chartreuse experience that mother remarked, *à propos* of nothing: "I'm going to try tea."

"Try tea?" I echoed stupidly.

"Why, yes," said mother. "I have read that coffee stimulates thought and tea stimulates expression. Now, I really have a lot of ideas, but I need more freedom of expression—and my style wants cultivating."

Well, the tea wasn't so bad if she cared to try it, so that evening I bade her goodnight very cheerfully. She was already in her study with the tea things on a little table beside her.

"I expect you to do something wonderful," I said, and she smiled at me hopefully.

But next morning she was haggard and wild-eyed.

"How did it go?" I asked.

"Virginia!" she said. "I haven't slept one wink all night—and *yet* I couldn't write. I made the tea as strong as lye and drank quantities of it—clear. It almost nauseated me, and somehow I got

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so tired. Tireder and wider awake every minute. I never want to see a cup of tea again."

"Anyway," I said, "your style isn't so bad. It is getting quite sophisticated."

"Do you really think so?" cried mother. She fairly beamed.

But I went on. "What you need is climax. Your stories slump at the end. You know I've told you that before."

Her face clouded again. "Out of the mouth of babes," she said. "But I believe you are right. I've been trying to be natural—and real life does slump so. I must cultivate the dramatic sense."

So back she went to her writing-table with fresh determination. But in a day or two discouragement set in.

"I don't seem to have any dramatic sense," she said. Then she went off in a brown study.

Last evening some of the girls and men came in, and of course I let the boys smoke. After they had gone and I had cleared up the room a little and had put all the ashes and stumps into the fireplace, I still seemed to smell smoke. I went into mother's study, and there she was with a cigarette between her lips and a boxful on the table. I was simply speechless, but she heard me come in and looked up.

"Virginia," she said, taking the cigarette in her fingers and regarding it contemplatively, "I have been reading anecdotes of authors. You would be surprised to know how many cigarettes it has taken to write some of the best-sellers."

"I hope it will make you horridly sick," I said viciously.

"No," said mother, smiling, "it isn't going to. I am beginning very carefully, and it isn't doing a thing to me. But I've had almost enough for to-night. You go to bed and I'll come. We'll have a party again, like old times."

"I don't want any party," I said, and went off miserably enough. When mother came I pretended to be asleep.

This is really dreadful! Mother is actually becoming queer—and I maintain that a queer mother is unbearable. Queer uncles and aunts—yes, and grandfathers, and even grandmothers, one may put up with, if one has to, but a mother ought to be like other people, only nicer. A queer mother is a monstrosity. I put it to any one! And mother has always been so fastidious—a person to be proud of, even if she didn't always get one's point of view. I am in despair! . . .

I don't know what possessed me, but I've told Billy all about it. He came up on the veranda where I was trying not to cry, and when he said, "Hello, what are you so doleful about?" I just burst into tears. He was so scared and so wild to comfort me that if we had been in the house I'm sure he would have kissed me. I shouldn't have been able to prevent it—and perhaps, just for the moment, I shouldn't have wanted to. But being out-of-doors saved the situation. Well, I told him the whole thing—all about mother's ambition to write and her disappointments and these dreadful efforts of hers to get some sort of stimulation. He was very sympathetic and only chuckled a little over the smoking, but when I said I was afraid she was getting to be queer he broke out:

"Queer nothing! Your mother is a dead-game sport, and I hope she succeeds! Why shouldn't she smoke if she wants to?" And then he chuckled some more. Somehow it did me good to see how he took it, for I had been deadly serious for so long.

"See here, Virginia," he went on. "The only thing to worry about is the hard time your mother is having. But she's twice as clever as we are, and has twice as much pluck. She'll come out all right. Lord! I wish we could help her. But nobody can. I only wish——"

I knew what Billy wished. His own mother died when he was little, and I sometimes tell mother that he wants her for a mother as much as he wants me for—something else. I didn't say he could have her, but I feel ever so much better about her—and he certainly is a dear.

V

THE smoking experiment went on for a week. Billy told me to let mother alone, but I couldn't help remonstrating occasionally.

"I know," she would say. "I object to it myself, but there's no inherent reason why it should be worse for me to smoke than for your father, or mine. They

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both did it. I'll admit that it displeases me to see a woman smoke, but I am obliged to acknowledge that that is a mere prejudice. I'm bound to see what it will do for me."

But finally, to my unutterable relief, she announced that she had given it up. "It's no use," she said. "I get so interested in the smoking itself that I cannot think of other things. I'm afraid I really am too old a dog to learn this trick. You can keep the rest of this box for Billy—and you needn't tell him who smoked the ones that are gone."

I felt guilty, but this was no time for confession. I flew to her and hugged her. "Dear, dearest mother," I cried, "don't do any more of those queer things. *Can't* you give up the writing?" A manuscript had come back that morning.

"No, Virginia," she said, with a pathetic little drop in her voice. "I almost wish I hadn't begun, but I don't know how to give up. I hate it and I love it—and it has got me. But I won't distress you by any more uncanny doings."

That was a few days ago, and only last night she had me frightened out of my wits, for I really thought she was going insane. We have communicating rooms and sleep with the door open between. I happened not to go to sleep as quickly as usual last night and heard mother talking, as I supposed, in her sleep. She had never done it before, as far as I knew, and it had the weirdest effect. I was going to call out, but thought it might be entertaining to hear what she was saying. We could laugh over it in the morning. I crept softly out of bed and, crossing the room in my bare feet, stood beside her. She was saying just above her breath:

"Come now, my other self—my subliminal, or whatever you want to be called—you must come to my rescue. Lend a hand, please, and give me the ideas that I'm sure you have. And look out for the dramatic situations."

"Mother! mother!" I screamed.

Mother laughed. "What business have you here?" she said. "I thought you were asleep." She seemed perfectly calm and wide-awake and put out her hand and took hold of mine. I was shivering all over.

"You silly child," she said. "Get into bed with me and get warm."

"But what—what—?" I stammered.

"Oh, it seems too foolish to tell you, but I suppose I must. Why, you know I cannot leave a stone unturned—and I've been reading a book about autosuggestion. They say you must speak out loud just before you fall asleep—and it *is* rather hard to be wide enough awake to speak and sleepy enough to fall asleep, both at the same time. And it does make me feel very silly. However, if you want to try the experiment you must talk to your subliminal—your subconscious self and get it to help your mind to work in the way you want it to. And it is supposed to work best while you are asleep. You know about your subconscious self, don't you?"

"I don't want to know," I sobbed. I was crying hard by this time. "I only wish you wouldn't be so queer any more. You make me so—so—unhappy."

"Do I?" said mother, in her sweetest, tenderest tone, the tone that always makes me adore her. "Then I won't be queer any more, dearest child. I think, myself, it doesn't pay." She had her arms around me and was kissing my cheek and my hair.

"Then you'll really give up the writing?" I exclaimed joyfully.

"No." She still petted and kissed me. "No, darling, I won't give it up, but it shan't worry you any more. I think my final experiment will be the *mens sana in corpore sano*, without any artificial aids whatever. That's about the only Latin phrase I remember, but it's sufficient. Now will you stay and sleep in my bed?"

VI

THE old, happy-go-lucky way in which we used to spend our days has seemed very far back in the past; until quite lately, when we have come back to it, but with a difference. For months and months we have been so methodical that I have hardly known myself. Mother has faithfully pursued her régime of open air and exercise, with early to bed and early to rise. It hasn't been much fun making my beaux go home at ten, but she was firm. Every morning for months she shut herself up in her study and positively refused to let me rush in and disturb her with trifles. Sometimes I have felt a little lonely of a morn-

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ing, but it has occurred to me that she has had her lonely and shut-out times too, while I have been enjoying myself, so it's all fair play. I still keep house and it rather bores me, but, after all, she must have got bored with it too, so I may as well take my share. A long time ago I noticed that there were no more manuscripts arriving in the mail.

"What are you writing?" I asked her one day.

She smiled mysteriously. "I am writing a book."

"But do you think——"

"What I think is that I'd rather have one big snub than a good many little ones. I can have such a good time before it comes."

So she went on, day after day, and week after week, but in all this time she never showed me anything she had written. "It would break the spell," she said.

But after four o'clock in the afternoon she was her old self again, just as gay and interested in everything, with her afternoon tea-table surrounded by the girls of my set, whom she loves dearly. Then one morning she didn't go to her study at all. It was an enchanting summer day and she came out on the veranda and sat down idly in an armchair. After a little while she went and hunted up an old piece of embroidery and brought it out there.

"This is lovely," I said, "but where is the book?"

A dimple showed in mother's cheek. "I have sent it off," she said demurely.

"Sent it off? Not to a publisher?"

She nodded.

"And never showed it to me! I call that mean."

"I couldn't. You'll see it if it's printed—but of course it won't be." She threw down her work. "I'm as nervous as a witch!" she declared. "I suppose I shan't hear from it for months. What will become of me?"

Well, it was six weeks—and what a gay six weeks! Billy and I got up picnics and drives and parties just to amuse mother. Billy really was a perfect dear. He didn't bother me a bit about myself, but we were simply partners, taking care of mother. By that time I had told her that he knew about her writing, and she didn't mind a bit, and we were all quite frank and comfy. Finally she got her letter from the publisher. The book was accepted! What a day that was! Mother laughed and cried and grew ten years younger in a minute, and I telephoned to Billy and we three went on a picnic that evening.

When the proofs came mother found she didn't know how to read proof. She studied the specimens in the back of Webster's Dictionary and Billy gave her some lessons—Billy knows a lot of things—but still she wouldn't show us a word of the book. All we could do was to persuade her to tell us the title, and that didn't throw any light. She had called it "The Experiment." We finally gave up teasing her and let her alone, even when the page proofs came. But at last—at last came the book itself, several copies, making quite a package. She and I opened it together. Her hands were as cold as ice and all trembling. The dark-blue cover was very pretty and refined, and mother's name—Marion Grayson—under the title was the most thrilling thing I ever read. She took a copy and wrote my name in it and handed it to me.

"Run away with it," she said.

Then she put on her hat and went out—I don't know where. She didn't come home to lunch. She gave me the day. I needed it. I read all the morning and part of the afternoon. I told our little black maid, Onyx, to say that I was out.

Oh, yes, the book was wonderful. I never dreamed that mother could do anything like it. No amateurishness, plenty of climax, but— That "but" was very large.

About five o'clock mother came back. Her eyes were shining and there was a red spot in each cheek. Onyx had put the tea-table on the veranda and mother called me out. She had dropped into a chair and was taking out her hatpins.

"Well?" she said.

"Do you think it was nice," I said, and my voice *would* shake—"do you think it was nice to put *me* into a book?"

"I didn't—exactly," said mother, taking off her hat and sticking the hatpins in it.

"But you did, just exactly," I said, getting more indignant with the sound of my own voice. "And the book published with your name, too! Every one will know it."

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She was exasperatingly composed. "Do you find yourself nice—in the book?" she asked.

"Of course you've made me nice—nicer than I am. And the book is fearfully clever, but such bad taste. The only thing I have to be thankful for is that at least you had decency enough not to put Billy in. I don't know how you happened to leave him out." My tone was vastly sarcastic. As a matter of fact, Billy is very much nicer than her imaginary hero.

She began to show her dimple again. "I thought an older type would suit my purpose better," she said.

I was very huffy, indeed, and began to say something crushing, but she interrupted me.

"Calm yourself, Virginia," she said, smiling a little. It seemed so unkind of her to smile. "I hate to destroy your illusions, but Nature didn't break the mould when she made you. There are lots of girls very much like you. Just now you are only about one half Virginia—and the other half Youth. And I studied only Youth in you. By and by you'll be more individual—almost all Virginia—and then I shouldn't dream of putting you into a book. So don't take this so much to heart. The other girls may think I meant *them*."

She stopped and waited a moment, but I kept sulkily silent. "Is that really all you have to say to me about my book?" she asked at last. Her voice was wistful and the tears were just back of her eyes. With a rush of remembrance I recalled all those months of hard work, and it suddenly came to me that I was pretty horrid. I ran to her and threw my arms around her neck.

"Oh, mother!" I cried. "It's wonderful, perfectly wonderful. I thought so all the time, and I should have been crazy about it—and I *am* so proud of you—only I thought——"

"Yes, darling, I was afraid you would think—but I haven't made any mistake. Just wait and see."

She was right. Several of my friends—Carol and Betty and Rosamond—have told me, each one separately and privately, that they were sure mother had them in mind and they didn't dream that she knew them so well. They all seemed to feel immensely flattered, so I let them alone and didn't tell them that it was just Youth.

Of course mother wrote Billy's name in a copy of the book and gave it to him. He kissed her hand and thanked her, and they both looked so affectionate and so moved that I felt a couple of ridiculous tears come into my eyes and ran into the next room to hide them. For a few minutes I heard them talking in low tones, and then Billy followed me and for the last time asked me to marry him—for the last time, because I simply was obliged to say yes.

"You wouldn't have the heart to keep me out of the family now—after all this?" says Billy, and I really didn't see how I could.

"What will mother say?" I said at last.

"She said I might ask you," said he.

"You've asked me before without any permission," said I.

"Yes," said he, "but this time it seemed different."

After a while we went and told mother. "You see," I said, "you have an interest now, so you can let me go."

She was smiling and the tears were running down her cheeks. "Let you go?" she cried. "You'll both be mine, all my life!"

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THE POINT OF VIEW

Vassar's Fiftieth Anniversary

AS Vassar College celebrates her fiftieth birthday, the honor due to a life of high intent and hard work is hers, and few will be found to dispute this. No *Godey's Lady's Book* is needed now to apologize, question, approve. It is difficult to realize, so much a part of our national life have the colleges for women become, how short is the span of life behind them, how great and how hazardous an innovation they seemed in the early days. Laughed at because of the preposterousness of the idea that women should receive the "higher education"; frowned at because of the certainty of conviction that they would undermine the American home and bring womanhood to the dust, they have quietly taken their place in our civilization, doing their work of training as well as they have been able; and the American home still exists, nor is womanhood in the dust.

The college girls of to-day have little actual realization that the institutions in which they study do not go back to the dawn of time; and even five and twenty years ago they seemed to their indwellers a something stable, of long descent. Undoubtedly, this swift fitting into place is because they were right; because they met a fundamental need; because they should have been, long before they were, a part of the order of things. Innovations of real menace do not amalgamate in this way with our national life, become so quickly an unconscious organic part of it.

Vassar in no way claims to be the *alma mater* of the idea that women should receive advanced training. Reading of those early days, we are conscious of a rustle and a stir, an expectation, an inquiry; the current was setting that way. Oberlin had granted women its full educational opportunity; Miss Willard had made to the New York legislature her great plea for the cause; Mount Holyoke Seminary was hard at work; Elmira College had been opened. These, and many other efforts, were part of a great wave of human thought and interest, showing that there is a tide in the affairs of women as well as in the affairs of men.

Yet to Vassar, and to the founder of Vassar, is due great praise for hard pioneer work done; for more determined effort to secure better equipment, more generous endowment; for more resolute insistence that the standard of work should be equal to that in the better colleges for men. Vassar, at her opening in September, 1865, took her place as the first of the great colleges for women; and her history of fifty years has a significance not to be measured by mere dates, nor yet by the number of her alumnæ, nor by the variety of their occupations and achievements. The three buildings of that year have increased to twenty-one; in this expansion is especially notable the growth of the last ten years, crowned by the beautiful Taylor Hall. The degree of bachelor of arts has been given to nearly five thousand. The alumnæ are working in every department of effort, as teachers, investigators, doctors, lawyers, social workers, while undoubtedly their greatest service lies in phases of activity that do not reach print: intelligent citizenship, duties of church, if not of state; manifold social activities that centre in the family; able conduct of the "home," which the woman's college was to shatter so swiftly.

The sense of pleasure in contemplating the achievements of the fifty years is greater than mere satisfaction in one's own college, and extends to the whole new endeavor, to all that has been done in training women. Yet the daughters of Vassar may be forgiven if, at moments, they stop to think with pride of the distinctive personality of their *alma mater*, remembering a certain graciousness and stateliness in her ways, as in her abode near the liberal banks of the Hudson, among her great evergreens and wide green meadows. The dignity of her dwelling-place is a fit setting for her intellectual dignity, shunning modern ways of boast and advertisement. There has been from the first a quiet steadiness in the discipline given here, something a thought conservative in the evenness, thoroughness, all-aroundness of the training. The curriculum, showing that here is not so extreme an elective opportunity as in some places,

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betrays wisdom, for the college world, after its wild career of multiplying electives, is surely coming back to a faith in certain things as basic, fundamental, necessary. Perhaps no single decision of the college has been more wise than the limitation of the numbers admitted, whereby the danger of overcrowded classrooms and dormitories is prevented. Vassar, in the steadfastness, and the maturity of her thought and of her ways, perhaps ever remembers that she is the eldest of the great colleges for women, and that upon her rests something of the elder sister's responsibility.

Here's to her fiftieth birthday, and here's to her five-hundredth!

THOSE pioneers, the founders of colleges for women, would undoubtedly have been astonished, could they have looked forward a brief forty or fifty years, to see how crowded are the September trains carrying myriads of girls collegeward. The besieging multitudes standing, figuratively speaking, at the gateways of the larger colleges, the hundreds yearly turned away because of lack of room, would leave no doubt of the overwhelming response to the invitation to "fresh woods and pastures new." Undoubtedly, great currents are sweeping this way; year by year the eagerness to have a part in this new life grows. What does it all mean? To those who have the opportunity of watching closely it is an ever-interesting problem, complex and many-sided and never fully solved.

Tendencies

An obvious part of the answer, that the opportunity for intellectual development brings into the open forces long stored and awaiting opportunity, is far from solving the puzzle. This is not the whole story, is not, perhaps, to-day, the main part of the story. The purely intellectual appeal—surely one may venture this after reading the records of an earlier day and watching the manifestations of this—is not so dominant to-day as in the sixties and seventies. Some there are, it may be many, who are inspired by love of pure knowledge, and who regard the college years as part of the trail leading to ancient library, with its manuscripts; to laboratory, with its instruments of discovery, bent on knowing, like Paracelsus of old. These, however, are by no means the majority, nor do they give the stamp, in most places, to the college life of to-day.

Yet those critics who aver that the majority of young girls troop collegeward for the "life," for teas, athletics, dramatic activities, are wrong. Some are undoubtedly drawn by reported amusements; yet many of these waken to deeper interests, responding quickly to the more serious influences of the new environment. Others, persisting in being froth and foam on waves whose deeper stirrings are indeed deep, eventually fade and vanish at examination and test time. The emergence of the type is a perfectly normal manifestation of youth and spirit; is it, perhaps, in part due to a feminine resolve to be just like the men?

There is something of broader significance in this great movement of the daughters of the race; some stirring of deep instinct; some profound appeal of the community life, the common interest. Chief among the forces is the old human passion for liberty; each woman's college charter stands as a kind of *magna charta*, a declaration of independence, meaning freedom to act, decide, face the problems of life with due sense of responsibility; and the enthusiastic response of feminine youth to the opportunity gained by this bloodless revolution is wholly human and admirable.

Great is the disciplinary power, great the promise of student government in the women's colleges, standing for liberty under law and self-made laws. In all the colleges where this exists, women are being trained for effective citizenship. In the sense of the larger issue, the civic responsibility, gladly shouldered, bravely held, women are gaining something quite as important as pure intellectual delight, and, if one may venture a surmise, something in which feminine gift may prove, in the long run, more effective than in pushing forward the boundaries of knowledge in purely creative scholarship. No one who has seen the way in which young girls of immature years rise to their large opportunities and their hard duties in student government could doubt the power of womankind to rise to the height of any civic or state responsibilities that may be put upon them. The promise of those early years has already been abundantly confirmed in later; in their economic activities, women are carrying bravely on, as keepers of the larger house,

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holders of the greater trust, duties of national importance—in Child Labor work, the Infant Mortality Association, the Children's Bureau, and uncounted other ways in their official and professional activities.

It is no figment of the imagination that the sense of common interests, of a common cause to serve, to which mere individual claim is to be subordinated, has already wrought much for the younger generations of womankind. A new generosity, a new impersonality, a willingness to sink individual will and desire in the general good is apparent among them. Whatever loss there may be may surely, for the moment, be forgotten in the realization of this great gain, for the greatest freedom that can be achieved is freedom from self.

Nothing has more significantly suggested the real advance made by the women's colleges than the commencement address made at one of them this year by our distinguished ex-President, Mr. Taft, in which he spoke to a great audience of young women on the subject of an international peace court, addressing them precisely as he would have addressed an audience of young men, bringing forward his large problem and discussing it without condescension, treating them as if they were, in full measure, citizens of the country.

In all the achievement, over which the heart grows warm with pride, a question intrudes itself now and then as to the possibility of excess in this direction or in that. The dominant impulse in the women's colleges to-day is undoubtedly toward social service; nothing could be more significant of normal feminine instincts; nothing could be more useful at this moment, with hundreds of thousands of immigrants pouring into the country and countless children waiting for all that enlightened and disinterested women can give them. Yet a certain danger lurks in the generous impetuosity of womankind, meaning, sometimes, a nervous impatience to get at the task before one is ready for the task, which, more than most others, needs ripe knowledge and something, at least, of experience. Certain young workers plunge into social work, slum work, settlement work primed with radical political theory, trained in the latest philanthropic course in economics, with little or no knowledge of history; aware of new analytical method, but, because of lacking knowledge of the past, unaware of growth, of evolutionary process in human affairs.

The other question reaches out until it touches all the education of to-day. Are the finer cultural aspects of the old training vanishing in the insistent search for immediate efficiency? If all rush to the immediate, the practical, will the sense of deeper need in time die away? Who, in all the contemporary clamor for comfort and for physical betterment, will try to win the young to finer ways of thinking, and of feeling? Remembering that these beneficent activities of to-day grow out of the long quest of the race for truth and for beauty, one cannot help wondering if these activities will not also cease if the larger quest is forgotten.

The Pose of Men

HOW wonderful that men should be content to pose—even spending a lifetime at it! Everywhere I go I see mediocre persons presenting themselves as Napoleons, or Lincolns, or Washingtons, according as their fancy dictates. Do the wives or valets of these gentlemen never find them out? Or are they so successful as even to delude themselves into believing they are strong and terrible?

But, when all is said and done, how much real fun a man loses if he has to live so as constantly to impress those around him with his Napoleonic calibre! He may not admit of little weaknesses in common with ordinary men—those defects which are so important in the association of congenial friends—but must stand aloof, separate, uncompromising, infallible, condemned to introspection and the cultivation of the congressional face.

I know a score of men who can silence me; but why should I associate with them? Far more fun it is to converse with some gentle lunatic who will encourage me to talk and think of new things, or listen indulgently to my artless discourse of the oldest things in the world. I love doctors, and farmers, and ministers, especially bishops; but I am rather afraid of bankers, and brokers, and "club-men," and all that crew that are constantly advertising; for they always seem so hard and material, and totally unable to be chummy and intimate. Their conversation runs to autobiography and anecdote, and they have no silly private ideas that will not

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bear analysis. At election time they vote, not as I do, to further certain perhaps Quixotic ideals and fundamental principles, but to insure "prosperity," whatever that means. In truth, they spend their lives in pursuit of prosperity; and the more prosperous they become, the more disposed they are to consider their mode of existence the only true expression and end of life.

But as for me, I am naturally a soft substance. I don't like to be lectured or made efficient. I confess to a vagrant and irresponsible interest in religion, and anarchy, and various toy philosophies of no possible utilitarian value. I like to sit in the park and watch the swan-boats, or walk along the city streets in the summer evenings and see the children dancing to the hurdy-gurdies, and the babies being fed in a very old-fashioned way.

I admit I am not a sport. I like to sit in the cafés, and observe the airs of proprietorship exercised by the gentlemen in entertaining their ladies. I like to listen to the music, and I like to receive the attentions of the waiter—if he does not discipline me too much. But I simply cannot stay up very late, and I harbor an immense dread of consuming very many infuriating refreshments.

It is these deficiencies in me which make me such a poor companion for the gentlemen who make their living in Wall Street; for who could spend all day screaming numbers round a post in the stock exchange, entertaining rich patrons, thinking in terms of vast sums of money, and then be content to chatter aimlessly of shoes and ships and sealing-wax? How unimportant, how wasteful of the powerful mentality of such persons, must the discussion of such topics appear!

Acquiring a Sense of the Picturesque

LIKE almost everything else in life, apparently, from a taste for olives to one for camembert, the sense of the picturesque seems to be an acquired habit with most of us. To learn to see and find pleasure in the unusual aspects of things about us calls for the cultivation of our observing faculties in new ways. An artist friend told me of a fellow painter he had met in Venice who said he could see nothing there to paint. It is this way with many city dwellers. They overlook the pictures that confront them on every side. In New York, beyond question one of the most picturesque cities in the world, thousands pass by the things that lie close at hand—go their ways about the city, following beaten paths, with eyes only upon the actual, the obvious, the outwardly commonplace material aspect of things. Once some one with an observing eye, a visitor from the outside who comes to it for the first time—some foreign artist maybe, who knows his world—becomes enthusiastic over some hitherto undiscovered picture, how they begin to confront one at every turn as you walk the streets! How soon the various *moods* of the city begin to impress you too—the sense of its vastness, its wonderful contrasts by day, at night—away from the glittering vulgarity of the white-light regions—its brooding mystery, its infinite loneliness, its unceasing, insatiable onward rush! Its life is like the life of its environing waters, ever restless, changing with the tides of the races, with the impulse that the whole world is sending to us across the seas.

New York is, indeed, a wonderful and fascinating city, even on days of glittering sunlight with blue skies as hard as adamant, everything sharply defined, cut out with cameo sharpness—but it is lacking in sentiment, in toleration, in refinement, in intimacy, on such days. It seems then to be more than ever expressive of the dominating spirit of human selfishness, of the eternal struggle for place that so impresses even the stranger within the gates. How compelling it is, though, how irresistible, how stimulating the contact with its restless life! And how gay, and indifferent to everything but the moment, it seems on such a sparkling day, with the throngs in the streets, the color everywhere, the endless procession of automobiles in Fifth Avenue, the waving banners of steam over the roofs! How arrogant and assertive of power, of money, are the towering masses of its architecture!

But it is not this aspect of New York that especially appeals to the artist or to the sense of the picturesque—it is too literal, too lacking in touches of sentiment. Soften its hard outlines with a film of mist, a gray curtain of rain, the soft mystery of falling snow—when all the towers look like blue hills against the sky—or shut it in under the cover of night, with its long vistas of receding lights, and it becomes a city of romance with an appeal to the imagination in a thousand ways.

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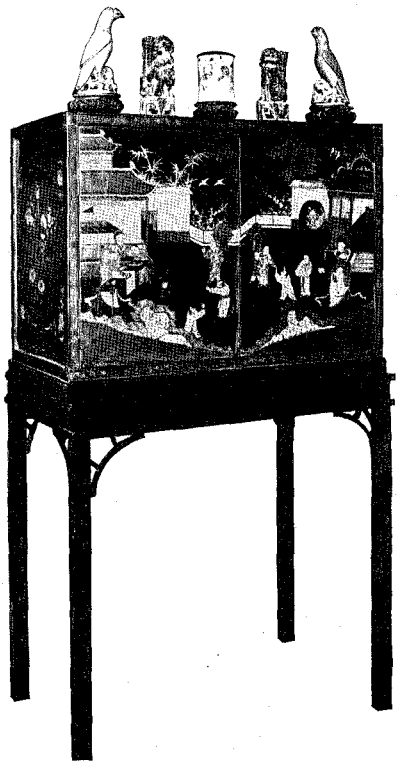
·THE FIELD OF ART·

ORIENTAL LACQUER—ITS INFLUENCE ON THE ART OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

DURING the course of the development of decorative art, through the many centuries during which it has expanded and blossomed, numerous exotic elements have, from time to time, added fresh and interesting notes to the creations of European artists and artisans; and of all the Oriental arts that have influenced decoration in Europe none have played a more important rôle than Chinese and Japanese lacquer.

Lacquer has furnished a most valued material for one of the earliest industrial arts of China, and, though there are no authentic records of its origin nor of the steps of its early development, the process is already called an ancient one in a work published in 1387, in the first years of the Ming period, which proves that the art was known in as remote an epoch as the Sung dynasty. The culminating years of its development were reached in the reign of the Emperor Chien Lung (1736–95), who greatly encouraged its manufacture and had large quantities of lacquered objects made with which to furnish and decorate his palace. After his death the art seems to have declined in merit, and since that time little or nothing of any high artistic value in Chinese lacquer has been accomplished.



Cabinet of early Chien Lung lacquer. (Circa 1740.)

Design painted in colored lacs on a flat surface of black lacquer. This variety was frequently copied in Europe. The porcelains are of the Ming and Kang-hsi dynasties. (Property of H. C. May, Esq.)

The Japanese first learned the process from China, but have since brought it to a point of perfection which surpasses the finest productions of the Chinese. In Japan, however, lacquer is applied solely to objects of comparatively small size, while in the Chinese Empire it served to decorate screens and panels of tremendous dimensions.

Lacquer is divided into two classes—painted and carved lacquer. Both kinds are sometimes inlaid with mother-of-pearl, ivory, jade, and various semiprecious stones.

It was in the early seventeenth century, when Holland and Portugal began their trade with the remote East, and more particularly with China, that marvellous empire teeming with so many extraordinary artistic manifestations, that Europe first began to realize the new and vast field of decorative elements which were contained in and revealed to her artists by Oriental art. It is true that in "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" Chinese porcelains found their way to England, but it was not until after the seventeenth century had dawned, when the adventurous Dutch merchants brought to Europe the amazing ceramics and lacquers which so astonished and delighted Occidental artists, that a veritable revolution in the realm of interior decoration was brought about. To the superb though perhaps somewhat too pompous creations of

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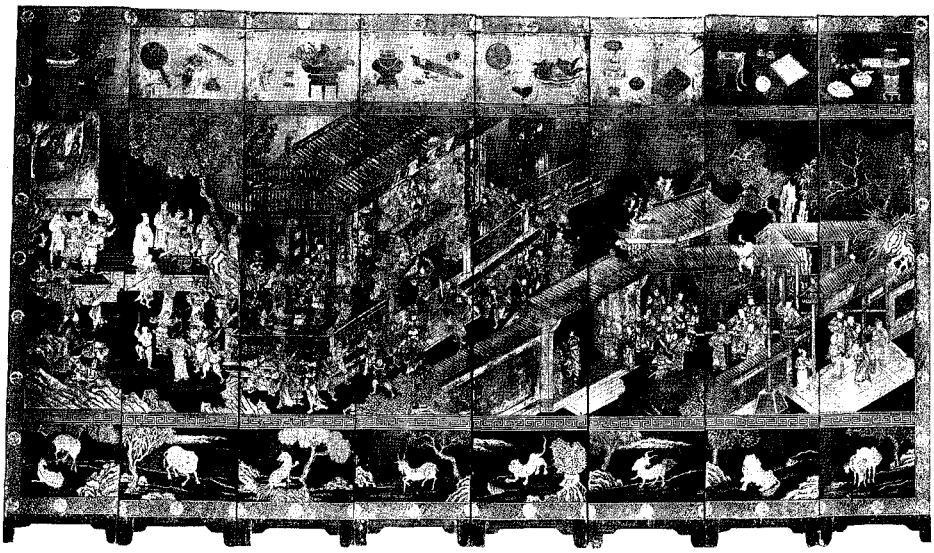

Coromandel screen of early

The wood is lacquered a brilliant black and the design incised and painted in gilded and colored lacs. One side represents a court ciated in Europe toward the end of the seventeenth century and during the

Daniel Marot, Du Cerceau, and Philibert de l'Orme a lighter and more fantastic touch was added by the arrival of these hitherto unknown objects of art. Strange details and curious motives borrowed from the designs seen on the screens and porcelains of a distant and fabulous land were introduced into the ornamentation of town houses and country seats. Oriental art rapidly became the rage in the great world of Europe, although at that time among these Occidental enthusiasts there seems to have prevailed a great confusion as to the land of its origin, and Eastern objects were indiscriminately designated as coming from India, China, or Japan, and sometimes, indeed, from all three of these countries at once.

Mazarin, that great protector of the arts, was one of the first in France to realize the charm and beauty of these foreign products, and bought from the Portuguese merchants large quantities of porcelain and numerous screens and cabinets of lacquer. During the seventeenth century in France, however, although Oriental objects were assiduously collected, their influence had hardly begun to seriously affect French decoration. It was not until the close of the reign of Louis XIV and the period of the regency that "singeries" and "chinoiseries" began spontaneously, from the brushes of native artists, to cover the walls and ceilings of palaces, châteaux, and private hotels. With the beginning of the eighteenth century the movement grew, and the incomparable artists of that epoch made these exotic elements their own, and not only decorated rooms but created "bibelots" of all descriptions into which this Chinese feeling was transfused. One can imagine the range of subjects gained from this "point de départ": unknown birds and flowers, delightfully imaginative landscapes in which porcelain pagodas and arched bridges rise beside twisted rocks and out of lotus lakes, mandarins sitting in contemplation within extraordinary pavilions, processions of monkeys and elephants, and, among fanciful arabesques, groups of Celestial children and charmingly naïve Chinese ladies.

The new movement was given a magnificent impetus by the approval of the sublime Watteau and by his participation in it in decorating with Chinese subjects the king's study in the Château de la Muette. It was helped by the immediate realization of Oriental motives in the mural decorations and ceilings of Bérain.

In the first half of the eighteenth century these "chinoiseries" became supreme and ran riot until the last quarter of the reign of Louis XV, when, after the discovery of the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum and the subsequent classic revival, the taste for the

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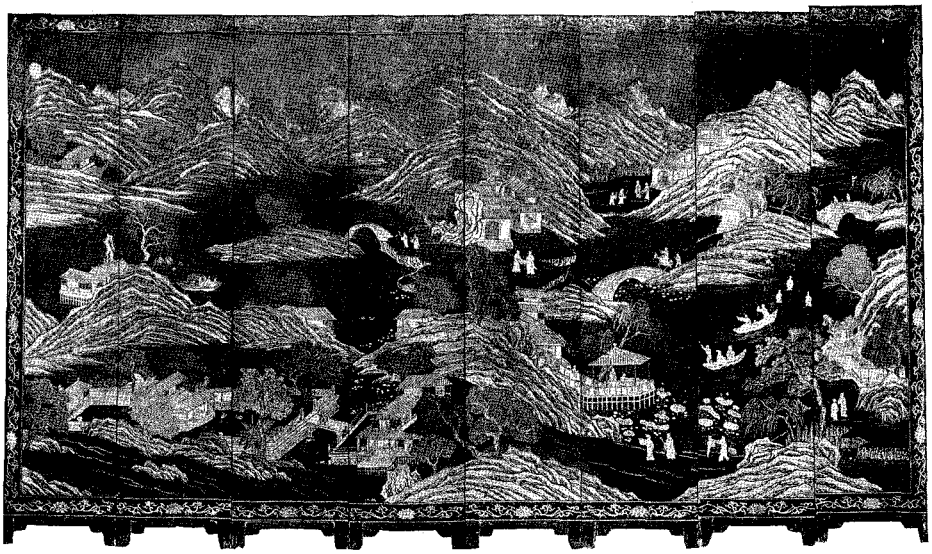

Kang-hsi period. (About 1660.)

scene of the Han period, the other a fantastic landscape. This is a particularly fine specimen and is of the kind that was greatly appre- first three-quarters of the following epoch. (Property of H. C. May, Esq.)

Orient declined and finally disappeared in the new enthusiasm for Greek and Roman forms. But by this time marvels of art, full of imaginative charm and Oriental feeling, had been created by such artists as Boucher and his followers, by the inexhaustible Huet, by Claude Gillot and Pillement, by such designers and decorators as Meissonier, Oppenordt, and, in his early period, Neufforge. Cressent and the brothers Caffieri moulded gold bronzes in the semblance of Eastern ornaments, applying them to Chinese porcelains as well as to their own creations, and the innumerable "ébénistes" of the period produced tables, consoles, and commodes in the Chinese taste, using plaques and panels of ancient lacquer in the making of furniture and the decoration of walls. Tapestries were woven after cartons depicting scenes of an ideal Orient, while embroideries were executed in the same feeling; and for the houses of the less wealthy or the more simple rooms of country residences Oberkampf called into existence the delightful chintzes or "toiles de Jouy," decorated with Chinese subjects inspired by the details found on their screens and cabinets.

In England, as well as in France, the furnishing of great houses was considered incomplete at this time unless it comprised several examples of imported lacquer, and practically every residence of any importance in both these countries still possesses specimens of these exotic productions. In Great Britain, always less certain in questions of artistic taste than her Gallic neighbor, and given sometimes to exaggerations and extremes, the Chinese manner in art became a veritable frenzy and even passed the bounds of good taste. Not only were porcelains highly prized, but more particularly was lacquer in enormous favor, so much so, in fact, that soon the supply became inadequate to meet the demand, and English and Dutch artisans, after carefully studying and reproducing the Chinese method, produced copies of Eastern lacquer and made, first, screens and chests in direct imitation of the Chinese, and later covered furniture of European design with black, red, or green lacquer ornamented with Oriental scenes and arabesques. Some of these productions are extremely fine and often difficult to distinguish from the articles of really Oriental origin. At the same time there has come down to us from this period a great number of lacquered pieces of obviously inferior workmanship, undoubtedly the work of amateurs, for in England the process, then called "japanning," became a fashionable pastime toward the end of the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth century.

Chinese paintings on glass were also exceedingly popular, and the walls of bedrooms

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and small salons were often covered with paper on which were hand-painted designs of birds and flowers, the work of Chinese artists. These papers were sent out from China in great quantities, having been made in that country solely for foreign markets, and it is still possible to find rolls of them in England which from the time of their arrival there in the eighteenth century have never been used and consequently retain a remarkable freshness and brilliancy of coloring.

Chippendale's Chinese manner is too well known to be dwelt upon, but it is not too much to assert that the master's creations in this style, a style which influenced a whole generation of English decorators, were derived entirely from the scenes on objects of Oriental lacquer imported into England during the preceding century; and such masterpieces as the celebrated Chinese room at Badminton no doubt owed their origin to an inspiration Chippendale may have received from a panel or chest of Oriental workmanship.

Although the French were able to finally merge this Oriental craze into a manifestation distinctly Occidental, in the product called "Vernis Martin," a use of lacquer which gives a totally European impression both in color and design, the English were content to copy or to make innumerable "pastiches" of the too popular art, until, somewhat before the rest of the artistic world, they followed the lead of the brothers Adam, inspired by Piranesi, into the era of classicism and relegated objects of exotic inspiration into the limbo of the past.

Of all the varieties of Chinese lacquer, that which is the most valuable and which has never been imitated by Europeans is the kind commonly called "coromandel." This variety was in immense favor in France during the latter half of the period of Louis XIV, throughout the regency, and in the reign of Louis XV. The few pieces of furniture in which lacquer panels were used during the epoch of Louis XVI were, as a rule, of Japanese origin, as the more delicate and restrained feeling which characterizes the specimens from that country—in distinction from the boldness of Chinese work—was seen to be more suitable to the far less exuberant lines of Louis XVI design.

In the preceding period, for commodes and corner-pieces, the use of "coromandel" lacquer was very frequent. The term "coromandel," though generally used and accepted, is evidently a misnomer, since the word designates a certain kind of wood, which, however, is to be found only in India and not in China. This mistaken term only serves to emphasize the confusion which reigned in regard to the real place of origin of Chinese and Japanese lacquer when it was first imported into Europe. The name probably comes from the fact that the preparation of coromandel lacquer is of a dark-brown color which resembles the appearance of the Indian timber. The use of the variety in question consists of an application of very dark-brown or brilliant black lacquer to the wood. The substance, applied with more than the usual thickness, is then incised following the design, which is finally painted in gilded and colored lacs. The effect obtained by this process is one of remarkable brilliancy, and its immense decorative value was fully realized by the "ébénistes" of the eighteenth century, who put panels of this sort of lacquer to a great variety of successful uses.

In the last few years of our own time there has been a great revival of interest in Oriental lacquer in its relation to European decoration. This interest has doubtless been called into being by the tremendous enthusiasm which the eighteenth century, that period when all the decorative arts blossomed into perfection, has excited in those who welcome the return of an appreciation of the beautiful. A love of lacquer is inseparable from a thorough comprehension of the century of Watteau and Gabriel, and what can form a more distinctive background to the harmonious lines and cool colors of the "époque Louis Quinze" than the sombre richness and depth of Chinese and Japanese lacquer?

Like all periods the eighteenth century had its moments of exuberance, its lapses into exaggeration and riot, and the arts of Japan and China had not a little to do with these momentary extravagances, but one is obliged to excuse the wildest eccentricities when their culmination is in the triumph of beauty and of good taste.

HENRY COLEMAN MAY.

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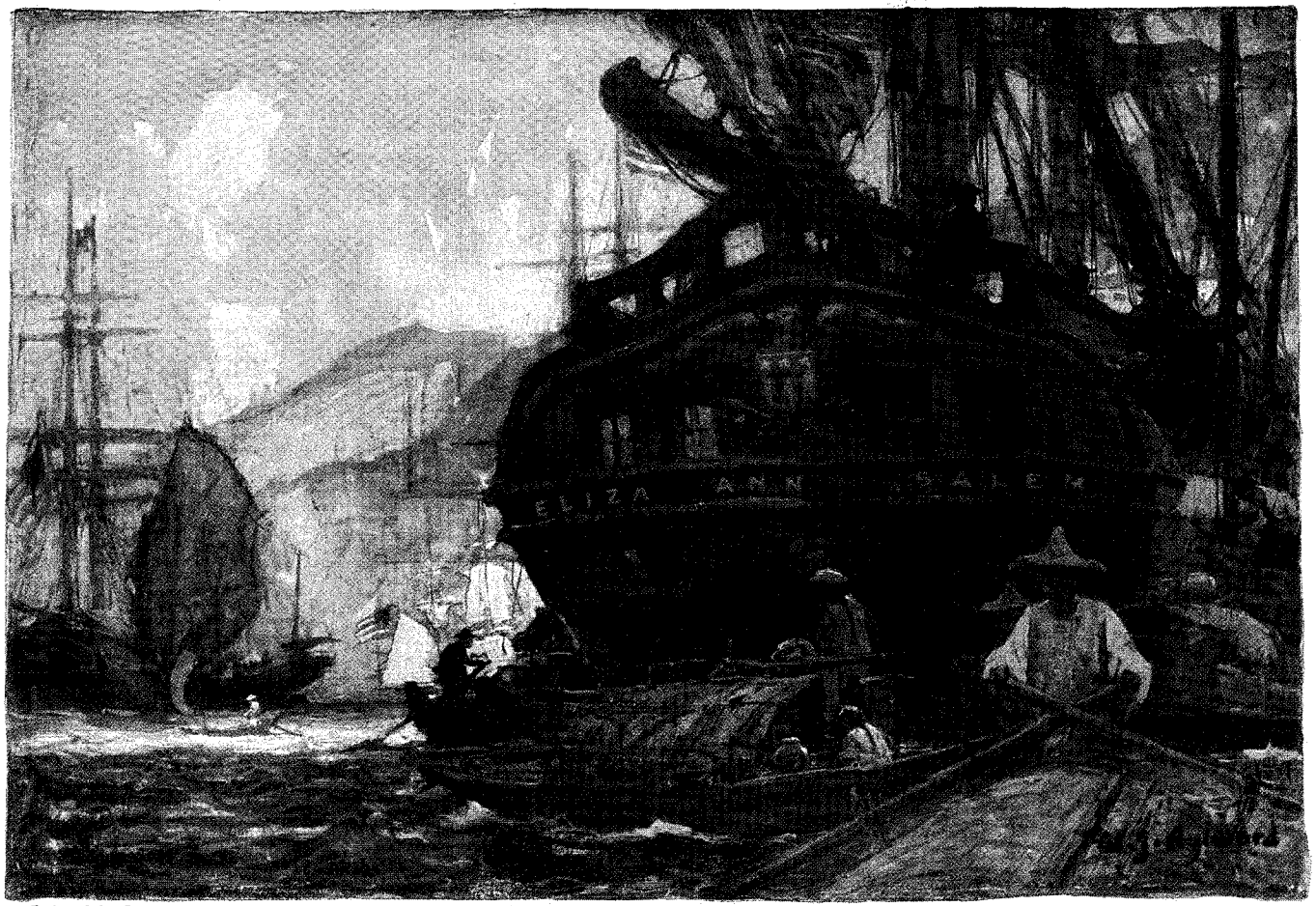

Painted for Scribner's Magazine by W. J. Aylward.

WHEN AMERICAN SHIPS WERE FOUND IN EVERY PORT OF THE WORLD.

American merchantmen, the forerunners of the famous clippers, loading at a port in China in 1830. After the War of 1812 there was an enormous expansion of commerce.

[The fifth of twelve American historical frontispieces.]

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